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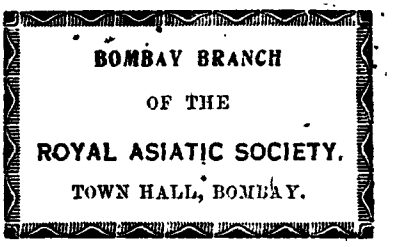

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TO THE GOLD COAST FOR GOLD

VOL. II.

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TO THE GOLD COAST FOR GOLD

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

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BY

RICHARD F. BURTON

AND

VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

Z-C:45

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1883

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TO THE GOLD COAST FOR GOLD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SÁ LEONITE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In treating this part of the subject I shall do my best to avoid bitterness and harsh judging as far as the duty of a traveller—that of telling the whole truth—permits me. It is better for both writer and reader to praise than to dispraise. Most Englishmen know negroes of pure blood as well as 'coloured persons' who, at Oxford and elsewhere, have shown themselves fully equal in intellect and capacity to the white races of Europe and America. These men afford incontestable proofs that the negro can be civilised, and a high responsibility rests upon them as the representatives of possible progress. But hitherto the African, as will presently appear, has not had fair play. The petting and pampering process, the spirit of mawkish reparation, and the coddling and high-strung sentimentality so deleterious

to the tone of the colony, were errors of English judgment pure and simple. We can easily explain them.

The sad grey life of England, the reflection of her climate, has ever welcomed a novelty, a fresh excitement. Society has in turn lionised the *marmiton*, or assistant-cook, self-styled an 'Emir of the Lebanon;' the Indian 'rajah,' at home a *munshi*, or language-master; and the 'African princess,' a slave-girl picked up in the bush. It is the same hunger for sensation which makes the mob stare at the Giant and the Savage, the Fat Lady, the Living Skeleton, and the Spotted Boy.

Before entering into details it will be necessary to notice the history of the colony [1]—an oft-told tale; yet nevertheless some parts will bear repetition.

According to Père Labat, the French founded in 1365 Petit Paris at 'Serrelionne,' a town defended by the fort of the Dieppe and Rouen merchants. The official date of the discovery is 1480, when Pedro de Cintra, one of the gentlemen of Prince Henry 'the Navigator,' visited the place, after his employer's death A.D. 1463.

[1] The following is its popular chronology:—
1787. First settlers (numbering 460) sailed.
1789. Town burnt by natives (1790?).
1791. St. George's Bay Company founded.
1792. Colonists (1,831) from Nova Scotia.
1794. Colony plundered by the French.
1800. Maroons (550) from Jamaica added.
1808. Sá Leone ceded to the Crown; 'Cruits' introduced.
1827. Direct government by the Crown.

In 1607 William Finch, merchant, found the names of divers Englishmen inscribed on the rocks, especially Thos. Candish, or Cavendish, Captain Lister, and Sir Francis Drake. In 1666 the Sieur Villault de Bellefons tells us that the river from Cabo Ledo, or Cape Sierra Leone, had several bays, of which the fourth, now St. George's, was called *Baie de France.* This seems to confirm Père Labat. I have noticed the Tasso fort, built by the English in 1695. The next account is by Mr. Surveyor Smith,[1] who says 'it is not certain when the English became masters of Sierra Leone, which they possessed unmolested until Roberts the pirate took it in 1720.' Between 1785 and 1787 Lieutenant John Matthews, R.N., resided here, and left full particulars concerning the export slave-trade, apparently the only business carried on by the British.

Modern Sá Leone is the direct outcome of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield's memorable decision delivered in the case of Jas. Somerset *v.* Mr. James G. Stewart, his master. 'The claim of slavery never can be supported; the power claimed never was in use here or acknowledged by law.' This took place on June 21, 1772; yet in 1882 the Gold Coast is not wholly free.[2]

[1] He is mentioned in the last chapter.

[2] Slavery was abolished on the Gold Coast by royal command on December 7, 1874; yet the *Gold Coast Times* declares that domestic slavery is an institution recognised by the law-courts of the Protectorate.

Many 'poor blacks,' thrust out of doors by their quondam owners, flocked to the 'African's friend,' Granville Sharp, and company. Presently a charitable society, with a large command of funds and Jonas Hanway for chairman, was formed in London; and our people, sorely sorrowing for their newly-found sin, proposed a colony founded on philanthropy and free labour in Africa. Sá Leone was chosen, by the advice of Mr. Smeathman, an old resident. In 1787 Captain Thompson, agent of the St. George's Bay Company, paid 30*l.* to the Timni chief, Naimbana, *alias* King Tom, for the rocky peninsula, extending twenty square miles from the Rokel to the Ketu River. In the same year he took out the first batch of emigrants, 460 black freed-men and about 60 whites, in the ship *Nautilus*, whose history so far resembled that of the *Mayflower*. Eighty-four perished on the journey, and not a few fell victims to the African climate and its intemperance; but some 400 survived and built for themselves Granville Town. These settlers formed the first colony.

In 1790 the place was attacked by the Timni tribe, to avenge the insult offered to their 'King Jimmy' by the crew of an English vessel, who burnt his town. The people dispersed, and were collected from the bush with some difficulty by Mr. Falconbridge. This official was sent out from England early in 1791,

and his wife wrote the book. In the same year (1791) St. George's Bay Company was incorporated under Act 31 Geo. III. c. 55 as the 'Sierra Leone Company.' Amongst the body of ninety-nine proprietors the foremost names are Granville Sharp, William Wilberforce, William Ludlam, and Sir Richard Carr Glynn. They spent 111,500*l.* in establishing and developing the settlement during the first ten and a half years of its existence; and the directors organised a system of government, closely resembling the British constitution, under Lieutenant Clarkson, R.N.

Next year the second batch of colonists came upon the stage. The negroes who had remained loyal to England, and had been settled by the Government in Nova Scotia, found the bleak land utterly unsuitable, and sent home a delegate to pray that they might be restored to Africa. The directors obtained free passage in sixteen ships for 100 white men and 1,831 negroes. Led by Lieutenant Clarkson, they landed upon the Lioness range in March (1792), after losing sixty of their number.

Bred upon maize and rice, bread and milk, the new comers sickened on cassava and ground-nuts. They had no frame-houses, and the rains set in early, about mid-May, before they had found shelter. The whites were attacked with climate-fever, which did not respect even the doctors. Quarrels and insubordination

resulted, and 800 of the little band were soon carried to the grave. Then a famine broke out. A ship from England, freighted with stores, provisions, and frame-houses, was driven back by a storm. Forty-five acres had been promised to each settler-family; it was found necessary to diminish the number to four, and the denseness of the bush rendered even those four unmanageable. Disgusted with Granville Town, the new comers transferred themselves to the present site of Freetown, the northern *Libreville.*

The Company offered annual premiums to encourage the building of farm-houses, stock-rearing, and growing provisions and exportable produce. Under Dr. Afzelius, afterwards Professor at Upsal, who first studied the natural history of the peninsula, they established an experimental garden and model farm. An English gardener was also employed to naturalise the large collection of valuable plants from the East and West Indies and the South Sea Islands supplied by Kew. The Nova Scotians, however, like true slaves, considered agriculture servile and degrading work — a prejudice which, as will be seen, prevails to this day not only in the colony, but throughout the length and breadth of the Dark Continent.

Meanwhile war had broken out between England and France, causing the frequent detention of vessels; and a store-ship in the harbour caught fire, the pre-

cursor of a worse misfortune. On a Sunday morning, 1794, as the unfortunates were looking out for the Company's craft (the *Harpy*), a French man-of-war sailed into the roadstead, pillaged the 'church and the apothecary's shop,' and burnt boats as well as town. The assailant then wasted Granville, sailed up to Bance Island, and finally captured two vessels, besides the long-expected *Harpy*. Having thus left his mark, he disappeared, after granting, at the Governor's urgent request, two or three weeks' provision for the whites. Famine followed, with sickness in its train, and the neighbouring slave-dealers added all they could to the sufferings of the settlement.

In the same year Zachary Macaulay, father of Lord Macaulay, became Governor for the first time. The Company also made its earliest effort to open up trade with the interior by a mission, and two of their servants penetrated 300 miles inland to Timbo, capital of that part of Pulo-land. A deputation of chiefs presently visited the settlement to propose terms; but the futility of the negro settler was a complete obstacle to the development of the internal commerce, the main object for which the Company was formed. Yet the colony prospered; in 1798 Freetown numbered, besides public buildings, about 300 houses.

In 1800 the Sierra Leone Company obtained a Charter of Justice from the Crown, authorising the

directors to appoint a Governor and Council, and to make laws not repugnant to those of England. During the same year the settlers, roused to wrath by a small ground-rent imposed upon their farms, rose in rebellion. This movement was put down by introducing a third element of 530 Maroons, who arrived in October. They were untamable Coromanti (Gold Coast) negroes who boasted that among blacks they were what the English are among whites, able to fight and thrash all other tribes. They had escaped from their Spanish masters when the British conquered Jamaica in 1655; they took to the mountains, and, joined by desperadoes, they built sundry scattered settlements.[1] Introducing these men fostered the ill-feeling which, in the earlier part of the present century, prevented the rival sections from intermarrying. Many of the disaffected Sá Leonites left the colony; some fled to the wilds and the wild ones of the interior, and a few remained loyal.

Rumours of native invasions began to prevail. The Governor was loth to believe that King Tom would thus injure his own interests, until one morning, when forty war-canoes, carrying armed Timnis, were descried paddling round the eastern point. Londoners and Nova Scotians fled to the fort, and next day the Timni

[1] In 1738, after regular military operations, the Maroons of Jamaica agreed to act as police and to deliver up runaways. In 1795 the Trelawny men rebelled, and, having inflicted a severe loss upon the troops, were deported to Nova Scotia and Sá Leone.

drum sounded the attack. The Governor, who attempted to parley, was wounded; but the colonists, seeing that life was at stake, armed themselves and beat off the assailants, when the Maroons of Granville Town completed the rout. After this warning a wall with strong watch-towers was built round Freetown.

Notwithstanding all precautions, another 'Timni rising' took place in 1803. The assailants paddled down in larger numbers from Porto Loko, landed at Kissy, and assaulted Freetown, headed by a jumping and drumming 'witch-woman.' Divided into three storming parties, they bravely attacked the gates, but they were beaten back without having killed a man. The dead savages lay so thick that the Governor, fearing pestilence, ordered the corpses to be cast into the sea.

The first law formally abolishing slavery was passed, after a twenty years' campaign, by the energy of Messieurs Clarkson, Stephen, Wilberforce, and others, on May 23, 1806. In 1807 the importation of fresh negroes into the colonies became illegal. On March 16, 1808, Sá Leone received a constitution, and was made a depôt for released captives. This gave rise to the preventive squadron, and in due time to a large importation of the slaves it liberated. Locally called ''Cruits,' many of these savages were war-captives; others were criminals condemned to death, whom the wise chief preferred to sell than to slay. With a marvellous obtuseness and want

of common sense our Government made Englishmen by wholesale of these wretches, with eligibility to sit on juries, to hold office, and to exercise all the precious rights of Englishmen. Instead of being apprenticed or bound to labour for some seven years under superintendence, and being taught to clear the soil, plant and build, as in similar cases a white man assuredly would have been, they were allowed to loaf, lie, and cheat through a life equally harmful to themselves and others. 'Laws of labour,' says an African writer,[1] 'may be out of place (date?) in England, but in Sierra Leone they would have saved an entire population from trusting to the allurements of a petty, demoralising trade; they would have saved us the sight of decayed villages and a people becoming daily less capable of bearing the laborious toil of agricultural industry. To handle the hoe has now become a disgrace, and men have lost their manhood by becoming gentlemen.' I shall presently return to this subject.

Thus the four colonies which successively peopled Sá Leone were composed of destitute paupers from England, of fugitive Nova Scotian serviles, of outlawed Jamaican negroes, and of slave-prisoners or criminals from every region of Western and inner Africa.

The first society of philanthropists, the 'Sierra Leone Company,' failed, but not without dignity. It

[1] *Sierra Leone Weekly Times*, July 30, 1862.

had organised a regular government, and even coined its own money. In the British Museum a silver piece like a florin bears on the obverse 'Sierra Leone Company, Africa,' surrounding a lion guardant standing on a mountain; the reverse shows between the two numbers 50 and 50 two joined hands, representing the union of England and Africa, and the rim bears 'half-dollar piece, 1791,' the year of the creation of the colony. The Company's intentions were pure; its hopes and expectations were lofty, and the enthusiasts flattered themselves that they had proved the practicability of civilising Africa. But debt and native wars ended their career, and transferred, on January 1, 1808, their rights to the Crown. The members, however, did not lose courage, but at once formed the African Institution, the parent of the Royal Geographical Society.

The government of the Crown colony has undergone some slight modifications. In 1866 it was made, with very little forethought, a kind of government-general, the centre of rule for all the West African settlements. The unwisdom of this step was presently recognised, and Sá Leone is now under a charter dated December 17, 1874, the governor-in-chief having command over the administration of Bathurst, Gambia. Similarly farther south, Lagos, now the Liverpool of West Africa, has been bracketed, foolishly enough, with the Gold Coast.

The liberateds, called by the people ''Cruits,' and officially 'recaptives,' soon became an important factor. In 1811 they numbered 2,500 out of 4,500; and between June 1819 and January 1833 they totalled 27,167 hands. They are now represented by about seventeen chief, and two hundred minor, tribes. A hundred languages, according to Mr. Koelle, increased to a hundred and fifty by Bishop Vidal, and reduced to sixty by Mr. Griffith, are spoken in the streets of Freetown, a 'city' which in 1860 numbered 17,000 and now 22,000 souls. The inextricably mixed descendants of the liberateds may be a total of 35,430, more than half the sum of the original settlement, 53,862. Being mostly criminals, and *ergo* more energetic spirits, they have been the most petted and patronised by colonial rule. There were governors who attempted to enforce our wise old regulations touching apprenticeship, still so much wanted in the merchant navy; but disgust, recall, or death always shortened their term of office. Naturally enough, the ''Cruits' were fiercely hated by Colonists, Settlers, and Maroons. Mrs. Melville reports an elderly woman exclaiming, 'Well, 'tis only my wonder that we (settlers) do not rise up in one body and *kill* and *slay*, *kill* and *slay!* Dem Spanish and Portuguese sailors were quite right in making slaves. I would do de same myself, suppose I were in dere place.' 'He is only a liberated!' is a favourite sneer at the new

arrivals; so in the West Indies, by a curious irony of fate, 'Willyfoss nigger' is a term of abuse addressed to a Congo or Guinea 'recaptive.' But here all the tribes are bitterly hostile to one another, and all combine against the white man. After the fashion of the Gold Coast they have formed themselves into independent caucuses called 'companies,' who set aside funds for their own advancement and for the ruin of their rivals.

The most powerful and influential races are two—the Aku and the Ibo. The Akus[1] or Egbas of Yoruba, the region behind Lagos, the Eyeos of the old writers, so called from their chief town, 'Oyo,' are known by their long necklaces of tattoo. They are termed the Jews of Western Africa; they are perfect in their combination, and they poison with a remarkable readiness. The system of Egba 'clanship' is a favourite, sometimes an engrossing, topic for invective with the local press, who characterise this worst species of 'trades-union,' founded upon intimidation and something worse, as the 'Aku tyranny' and the 'Aku Inquisition.' The national proverb speaks the national sentiment clearly enough: '*Okùn kau lè ase ibi, ikoko li asi ìmolle bi atoju ìmolle taù, ke atoju ibi pella, bi aba kû ara enni ni isnì 'ni*' ('A man must openly practise the duties of kinship, even though he may privately belong to a

[1] This is a nickname from the national salutation, 'Aku, ku, ku?' ('How d'ye do?')

(secret) club; when he has attended the club he must also attend to the duties of kinship, because when he dies his kith and kin are those who bury him').

The Ibos, or 'Eboes' of American tales, are even more divided; still they feel and act upon the principle 'Union is strength.' This large and savage tribe, whose headquarters are at Abo, about the head of the Nigerian delta, musters strong at Sá Leone; here they are the Swiss of the community; the Kruboys, and further south the Kabenda-men being the 'Paddies.' It is popularly said that while the Aku will do anything for money, the Ibo will do anything for revenge. Both races are astute in the extreme and intelligent enough to work harm. Unhappily, their talents rarely take the other direction. In former days they had faction-fights: the second eastern district witnessed the last serious disturbance in 1834. Now they do battle under the shadow of the law. 'Aku constables will not, unless in extreme cases, take up their delinquent countrymen, nor will an Ebo constable apprehend an Ebo thief; and so on through all the different tribes,' says the lady 'Resident of Sierra Leone.' If the majority of the jury be Akus, they will unhesitatingly find the worst of Aku criminals innocent, and the most innocent of whites, Ibos, or Timnis guilty. The Government has done its best to weld all those races into one, and has failed. Many, however, are becoming Moslems, as at

Lagos, and this change may have a happier effect by introducing the civilisation of El-Islam.

Trial by jury has proved the reverse of a blessing to most non-English lands; in Africa it is simply a curse. The model institution becomes here, as in the United States, a better machine for tyranny than any tyrant, except a free people, ever invented. The British Constitution determines that a man shall be tried by his peers. Half a dozen of his peers at Sá Leone may be full-blooded blacks, liberated slaves, half-reformed fetish-worshippers, sometimes with a sneaking fondness for Shángo, the Egba god of fire; and, if not criminals and convicts in their own country, at best paupers clad in dishclouts and palm-oil. The excuse is that a white jury cannot be collected among the forty or fifty eligibles in Freetown. It is vain to 'challenge,' for other negroes will surely take the place of those objected to. No one raises the constitutional question, 'Are these half-reclaimed savages my peers?' And if he did, Justice would sternly reply, 'Yes.' The witnesses will forswear themselves, not, like our 'posters,' for half a crown, but gratis, because the plaintiff or defendant is a fellow-tribesman. The judge may be 'touched with a tar-brush;' but, be he white as milk, he must pass judgment according to verdict. This state of things recalls to mind the Ireland of the early nineteenth century, when the judges were prefects armed with a

penal code, and the jurymen vulgar, capricious, and factious partisans.

Surely such a caricature of justice, such an outrage upon reason, was never contemplated by British law or lawgiver. Our forefathers never dreamt that the free institutions for which they fought and bled during long centuries would thus be prostituted, would be lavished upon every black 'recaptive,' be he thief, wizard, or assassin, after living some fourteen days in a black corner of the British empire. Even the Irishman and the German must pass some five years preparing themselves in the United States before they become citizens. Sensible Africans themselves own that 'the negro race is not fitted, without a guiding hand, to exercise the privileges of English citizenship.' A writer of the last century justly says, 'Ideas of perfect liberty have too soon been given to this people, considering their utter ignorance. If one of them were asked why he does not repair his house, clear his farm, mend his fence, or put on better clothes, he replies that "King no give him work dis time," and that he can do no more than "burn bush and plant little *cassader* for yam."'

But a kind of *hysterica passio* seems to have mastered the cool common sense of the nation—a fury of repentance for the war about the Asiento contract, for building Bristol and Liverpool with the flesh and blood of the slave, and for the 2,130,000

negroes supplied to Jamaica between 1680 and 1786. Like a veteran devotee Great Britain began atoning for the coquetries of her hot youth. While Spain and Portugal have passed sensible laws for gradual emancipation, England, with a sublime folly, set free by a stroke of the pen, at the expense of twenty millions sterling the born and bred slaves of Jamaica. The result was an orgy for a week, a systematic refusal to work, and for many years the ruin of the glorious island.

If the reader believes I have exaggerated the state of things long prevalent at Sá Leone, he is mistaken. And he will presently see a confirmation of these statements in the bad name which the Sá Leonite bears upon the whole of the western coast. Yet, I repeat, the colony is changed for the better, physically by a supply of pure water, morally by the courage which curbed the black abuse. Twenty years ago to call a negro 'nigger' was actionable; many a 5*l.* has been paid for the indulgence of *lèse-majesté* against the 'man and brother;' and not a few 50*l.* when the case was brought into the civil courts. After a rough word the Sá Leonite would shake his fist at you and trot off exclaiming, 'Lawyer Rainy (or Montague) lib for town!' A case of mild assault, which in England would be settled by a police-magistrate and a fine of five shillings, became at Freetown a serious 'bob.' Niger, accompanied by his friends or his 'company,'

betook himself to some limb of the law, possibly a pettifogger, certainly a pauper who braved a deadly climate for uncertain lucre. His interest was to promote litigation and to fill his pockets by what is called sharp practice. After receiving the preliminary fee of *5l.*, to be paid out of the plunder, he demanded exemplary damages, and the defendant was lightened of all he could afford to pay. When the offender was likely to leave the station, the *modus operandi* was as follows. The writ of summons was issued. The lawyer strongly recommended an apology and a promise to defray costs, with the warning that judgment would go by default against the absentee. If the defendant prudently 'stumped up,' the affair ended; if not, a *capias* was taken out, and the law ran its course. A jury was chosen, and I have already told the results.

At length these vindictive cases became so numerous and so scandalous that strong measures became necessary. Governor Blackall (1862–66) was brave enough to issue an order that cases should not be brought into the civil courts unless complainants could prove that they were men of some substance. Immense indignation was the result; yet the measure has proved most beneficial. The negro no longer squares up to you in the suburbs and dares the 'white niggah' to strike the 'black gen'leman.' He mostly limits himself to a mild impudence. If you ask a well-dressed black the way

to a house, he may still reply, 'I wonder you dar 'peak me without making compliment!' The true remedy, however, is still wanting, a 'court of summary jurisdiction presided over by men of honour and probity.'[1]

It cannot be said that the Sá Leonite has suffered from any want of religious teaching or educational activity. On the contrary, he has had too much of both.

After the collapse of Portuguese missionary enterprise on the West Coast, the first attempts to establish Wesleyan Methodism at Sá Leone were made in 1796, when Dr. Thomas Coke tried and failed. The Nova Scotian colonists in 1792 had already brought amongst them Wesleyans, Baptists, and Lady Huntingdon's connexion. This school, which differs from other Methodists only in Church government, still has a chapel at Sá Leone. Thus each sect claims 1792 as the era of its commencement in the colony. In 1811 Mr. Warren, the first ordained Wesleyan missionary, reached Freetown and died on July 23, 1812. He was followed by Mrs. Davies, the prima donna of the corps: she 'gathered up her feet,' as the native saying is, on December 15, 1815. Since that time the place has never lacked an unbroken succession of European missionary deaths.

The Church Missionary Society, founded in 1799,

[1] *Wanderings in West Africa*, ii. pp. 221–23.

sent out, five years afterwards, its first representatives, MM. Renner and Hartwig, Germans supported by English funds. In 1816 they devoted themselves steadily to converting the 'recaptives,' and many of them, together with their wives, fell bravely at their posts. In twenty years thirty-seven out of seventy died or were invalided. The names of Wylander and W. A. B. Johnson are deservedly remembered. Nearly half a million sterling was spent at Sá Leone, where the stone church of Kissy Road was built in 1839, and that of Pademba Road in 1849. The grants were wisely withdrawn in 1862. At the present moment only 300*l.* is given, and the church is reported to be self-supporting. The first bishopric was established in 1852. In 1861 Bishop Beckles instituted the native Church pastorate: its constitution is identical with that of the Episcopalians, whose ecclesiastical functions it has taken over.

According to the last census-returns, Sá Leone contains 18,660 Episcopalians; 17,093 Wesleyans and Methodists of the New Connection; 2,717 Lady Huntingdonians; 388 Baptists, and 369 Catholics. These native Christians keep the Sundays and Church festivals with peculiar zest, and delight in discordant hymns and preaching of the most ferocious kind. The Dissenting chapel combines the Christy minstrel with Messieurs Moody and Sankey; and the well-peppered

palaver-sauce of home cookery reappears in hotly spiced, bitterly pious sermons and 'experiences;' in shouts of 'Amen!' 'Glory!' and 'Hallelujah!' and in promiscuous orders to 'Hol' de fort.' Right well do I remember while the rival pilots, Messieurs Elliot and Johnson, were shamelessly perjuring themselves in the police-court,[1] the junior generation on the other side of the building, separated by the thinnest of party-walls, was refreshing itself with psalms and spiritual songs.

We went to hear the psalmody. Ascending the staircase in the gable opposite the court-house, we passed down the hall, and saw through the open door the young idea at its mental drill in the hands of a pedagogue, apparently one of the *ἀναιμόσαρκα*, who, ghastly white and thatched with Paganini hair, sat at the head of the room, the ruling body of the unruly rout. Down the long length, whose whitewashed walls were garnished with inscriptions, legal, moral, and religious, all sublime as far as size went, were ranged parallel rows of *négrillons* in the vast costumal variety of a ragged school. They stood bolt upright, square to the fore, in the position of ''tention,' their naked toes disposed at an angle of 60°, with fingers close to the seams of their breeches (when not breekless), heads up and eyes front. Face and body were motionless, as if cast in ebony: nothing moved but the

[1] *Wanderings in West Africa*, i. pp. 256–58.

saucer-like white eyes and the ivory-lined mouths, from whose ample lips and gape issued a prodigious volume of sound. Native assistants, in sable skins and yellowish white chokers, carrying music-scores and armed with canes, sloped through the avenues, occasionally halting to frown down some delinquent, whose body was not perfectly motionless, and whose soul was not wholly fixed upon the development of sacred time and tune. I have no doubt that they sang—

The sun, the moon, and all the stars, &c.

precisely in the same spirit as if they had been intoning—

Peter Hill ! poor soul !
Flog 'um wife, oh no ! oh no !

and that famous anthropological assertion—

Eve ate de appel,
Gib one to daddy Adam ;
And so came mi-se-ry
Up-on dis worl'.

Chorus (*bis*) Oh sor-row, oh sor-row !
Tri-bu-la-tion
Until sal-va-tion day.

It is a pity that time and toil should be thus wasted. The negro child, like the Hindu, is much sharper, because more precocious, than the European; at six years he will become a good penman ; in fact, he promises more than he can perform. Reaching the age of puberty, his capacity for progress suddenly disappears,

the physical reason being well known, and the 'cute lad becomes a *dummer Junge.* Mrs. Melville thus describes her small servant-girl from one of these schools: 'She looks almost nine years old; and, as far as reading goes, she knows nothing more than her alphabet; can repeat the Prayer-Book Catechism by rote, and one or two hymns, utterly ignorant all the while of the import of a single word.' Even in Europe education, till lately, exercised the judgment too little, the memory too much; consequently there were more learned men than wise men. The system is now changing, and due attention is paid to the *corpus sanum,* the first requisite for the *mens sana.* The boys at Sá Leone are kept nine hours in school, learning verse by heart, practising a vocalisation which cannot be heard without pain, and toiling at the English language, which some missionaries seem to hold a second revelation. Far better two or three hours of the 'three Rs' and six of the shop or workyard. Briefly, the system should be that of the Basle Missionary Society,[1] which combines abstract teaching with practical instruction in useful handicraft, and which thus suggests the belief that work is dignified as it is profitable.

The Sá Leonites from their earliest days were greedy

[1] I deeply regret that *Wanderings in West Africa* spoke far less fairly of this establishment than it deserves. My better judgment had been warped by the prejudiced accounts of a fellow-traveller.

to gain knowledge as the modern Greeks and Bulgarians; but the motive was not exalted. Their proverb said, 'Read book, and learn to be rogue as well as white man.' Hence useless, fanciful subjects were in vogue; —algebra, as it were, before arithmetic;— and the poor made every sacrifice to give their sons a smattering of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The desire of entering the 'professions' naturally affected the standard of education. What is still wanted at Sá Leone is to raise the mass by giving to their teaching a more practical turn, which shall cultivate habits of industry, economy, and self-respect, and encourage handicrafts and agriculture as well as trade.

I have already noticed the Fourah Bay College. The Church Missionary Grammar-School, opened in 1845, prepares boarders and day-scholars for university education; and the curriculum is that of an ordinary English grammar-school. The establishment, which has already admitted over 1,000 boys, is now self-supporting, and has an invested surplus, with which tutors are sent to England for higher instruction in 'pædagogia.' The Wesleyan High School for Boys, opened in 1874, receives youths from neighbouring colonies; that for girls, originating with Mrs. Godman, the wife of a veteran missionary still on the Coast, was founded in 1879. It was cordially taken up by the natives, who subscribed all the funds. The founders

thought best to adopt the commercial principle; but no one as yet has asked for profit, and the school shows signs of prosperity and progress. The Annie Walsh Memorial School for Girls, dating from a bequest by the lady whose name it bears, is under the management of the Church Missionary Society. The Catholics are, as usual, well to the fore. The priests keep a large school for boys, and the sisters educate young women and girls. I have before described the dark novice,—

> Under a veil that wimpled was full low;
> And over all a black stole shee did throw.

The masters also make their children learn Arabic and English. There is a manliness and honesty in the look of the Mandenga and the Susu never seen in the impudent 'recaptive.' The dignity of El-Islam everywhere displays itself: it is the majesty of the monotheist, who ignores the degrading doctrine of original sin; it is the sublime indifference to life which *kazá wa kadar*, by us meagrely translated 'fatalism,' confers upon the votaries of 'the Faith.' These are not the remarks of a prejudiced sympathiser with El-Islam: many others have noted the palpable superiority of the Moslem over the missionary convert and the liberated populace of Sá Leone.

As a rule journalism on the West Coast is still in

the lowest stage of Eatanswillism, and the journal is essentially ephemeral. The newspapers of twenty years ago are all dead and forgotten. Such were the 'African Herald,' a 'buff' organ, edited by the late Rev. Mr. Jones, a West Indian, and its successor, the 'African Weekly Times.' The 'Sierra Leone Gazette' succumbed when the Wesleyans established (1842) the 'Sierra Leone Watchman.' Other defuncts are the 'Free Press,' a Radical paper, representing Young Sá Leone, and a fourth, the 'Intelligencer,' which strove to prove what has sometimes been asserted at negro indignation-meetings, namely, that 'a white man, if *he behave himself*, is as good as a black man.' Cain, like the rest of the family, was a negro; but when rebuked by the Creator he turned pale with fear, a tint inherited by his descendants. The theory is, *par parenthèse*, as good as any other. The only papers now published are the 'West African Reporter,' whose proprietor and editor was the late Hon. Mr. Grant, and the 'Watchman,' a quasi-comic sheet.

The worst feature of journalism in West Africa is that fair play is unknown to it. The negroes may thoroughly identify themselves with England, claim a share in her greatness, and display abundant lip-loyalty; yet there is the racial aversion to Englishmen in the concrete, and to this is added the natural jealousy of seeing strangers monopolise the best appointments.

The Sá Leonite openly declares that he and his can rule the land much better and more economically than the sickly foreigner, who spends half his service-time on board the steamers and at home. 'Dere goes another white raskel to his grave!' they will exclaim at the sight of a funeral. 'Wish dey all go and leave colony to us.' And as the reading and paying public is mainly composed of Nigers, the papers must sooner or later cater for their needs, and lose no opportunity of casting obloquy and ridicule upon the authorities and Albus in general. We can hardly blame them. I have shown that the worst and most scandalous display of journalism comes from London.

After the church, the school, and the newspaper, the most important civilising institution is the market. Sá Leone is favourably situated for collecting the interior trade, and yet seven-tenths of the revenue is derived from articles passing through the Loko and Rokel rivers; the rest is levied from wines, spirits, and tobacco, and in the form of preposterous harbour-dues. The export duties are light, but the exports do not seem to have increased as rapidly as they should have done during the last twenty years; this, too, despite missions into the interior and the hospitable reception of native chiefs and their messengers. There are no assessed or house taxes. The revenue and expenditure of the past five years have averaged,

respectively, 63,869*l.* and 59,283*l.*, leaving a surplus of 4,586*l.*, which might profitably be expended upon roads. But the liabilities of the colony early in 1881 still amounted to 50,637*l.*, being the balance of a debt resulting principally from the harbour-works.

The present population of the original settlement —including British Kwiáh (Quiah), an early annexation —is 53,862. The dependencies, Isles de Los, Tasso, Kikonkeh, and British Sherbro, according to the census of 1881, add 6,684, a figure which experts would increase by 4,000. The total, therefore, in round numbers, would be nearly 65,000. At the last census only 163 were resident whites; the crews and passengers of ships in port added 108.

On the whole the Sá Leonite cannot be called a success. Servants in shoals present themselves on board the steamers, begging 'ma'sr' to take them down coast. In vain. The fellow is handier than his southern brother: he can mend a wheel, make a coffin, or cut your hair. Yet none, save the veriest greenhorn, will engage him in any capacity. As regards civility and respectfulness he is far inferior to the *emancipado* of Cuba or the Brazil; with a superior development of 'sass,' he is often an inveterate thief. He has fits of drinking, when he becomes mad as a Malay. He gambles, he overdresses himself, and he indulges in love-intrigues

till he has exhausted his means, and then he makes 'boss' pay for all. With a terrible love of summonsing, and a thorough enjoyment of a law-court, he enters into the 'spirit of the thing like an attorney's clerk. He soon wearies of the less exciting life in the wilder settlements, where orgies and debauchery are not fully developed; home-sickness seizes him, and he deserts his post, probably robbing house or till.

Even a black who has once visited Sá Leone is considered spoilt for life, as if he had spent a year in England. Hence the eccentric Captain Phil. Beaver declared that he 'would rather carry a rattlesnake than a negro who has been in London.' I have met with some ugly developments of home-education. One was a yellow Dan Lambert, the son of a small shopkeeper, who was returning—dubbed a 'Templar'—from the Land of Liberty. He was not a pleasant companion. His face was that of a porker half-translated; he yelped the regular Tom Coffee laugh; and when asked why Sá Leone had not contributed to the Crimean Widow Fund, he uttered the benevolent wish that 'the damned —— and their brats might all starve like their husbands.' Another was a full-blooded negro, a petty huckster at the 'Red Grave,' who, in his last 'homeward' voyage, had met at Madeira the Dean and Deaness of Oxbridge. The lady resolved to keep up the creditable acquaintanceship: so strong is feminine

love for the 'black lion.' Shortly afterwards Niger paid his promised visit, which he described graphically and sans sense of shame—how he had been met at the station by a tall gentleman in uniform and gold-laced hat, how he was invited to enter a carriage, and how great was his astonishment when the 'officer' preferred standing in the open air behind to accompanying him inside. After this naïve *début* he showed tact. Mr. Dean wished to know if anything could be done towards advancing the interesting guest in his 'profession'—not trade. We talk of an English schoolmaster, but a mulatto or a negro becomes a 'professor.' Niger whispered 'No,' which, ladylike, meant a distinct 'Yes.' He ended by graciously accepting an introduction to a Manchester firm, and soon relieved it of 16,000*l.*

No one who knows the West African coast will assert that the influence of Sá Leone has been in any way for good. All can certify that this colony, intended as a 'model of policy,' and founded with the object of promoting African improvement, has been the greatest obstacle to progress. She fought to keep every advantage to herself, and she succeeded in securing a monopoly of 'recaptives,' who were more wanted elsewhere. She became an incubus in 1820, when all British possessions from N. Lat. 20° to S. Lat. 20° were made her dependencies. The snake

was scotched in 1844 by the Gold Coast achieving her independence. Yet Sá Leone raised herself to a government-general in 1866, and possibly she will do so again.

The Sá Leonite has ever distinguished himself by kicking down, as the phrase is, the ladder which raised him. No man maltreats his wild brother so much as the so-called 'civilised' negro: he never addresses his congener except by 'You jackass!' and tells him ten times a day that he considers such trash like the dirt beneath his feet. Consequently he is hated and despised withal, being of the same colour as, while assuming such excessive superiority over, his former equals. No one also is more hopeless about the civilisation of Africa than the semi-civilised African returning to the 'home of his fathers.' He feels how hard has been his struggle to emerge from savagery; he acknowledges, in his own case, a selection of species; and he foresees no end to the centuries before there can be a nation equal even to himself. Yet in England and in books he will cry up the majesty of African kings,—see, for a specimen, Bishop Crowther's 'Niger Diary.' He will give his fellow-countrymen, whom he thoroughly despises, a thousand grand gifts of morals and industry. I have heard a negro assert, with the unblushing effrontery which animates the Exeter Hall speechifier, that at some African den of thieves men leave their money

with impunity in the storehouse or on the highway. I read the assertion of a mulatto, who well knew the contrary, 'A white man who supposes himself respected in Africa, because he is white, is grievously mistaken.' The 'aristocracy of colour' is a notable and salient fact in Africa, where the chiefs are lighter hued and better grown than their subjects; and the reason is patent—they marry the handsomest women.

Finally, the Sá Leonite is the horror of Europeans on the West Coast. He has been formally expelled by his neighbours, the Liberians. At Lagos and Abeokuta he lost no time in returning to his original fetishism, which the 'recaptive' apparently can never throw off. Moreover, he became an inveterate slave-dealer, impudently placing himself under native protection, and renegading the flag that saved the crime-serf from lifelong servitude. These 'insolent, vagabond loafers' were the only men who gave me much trouble in the so-called 'Oil rivers,' where one of them accused a highly respected Scotch missionary of theft. Finally, the Gaboon merchants long preferred forfeiting the benefits of the mail-steamers to seeing themselves invaded by a locust tribe, whose loveliest view is, apparently, that which leads out of Sá Leone.

Part of this demoralisation arose from the over-tenderness of the British Government, in deference to the philanthropist and the missionary. Throughout

the Bights of Benin and Biafra, where the chief stalks about with his fetishman and his executioner, there is still some manliness amongst men, some modesty amongst women. There the offending wife fears beheading and 'saucy water;' here she leaves with impunity her husband, who rarely abandons the better half. Consequently the sex has become vicious as in Egypt—worse than the men, bad as these are. Petty larceny is carried on to such an extent that no improvement is possible: as regards property, the peninsula contains the most communistic of communities. The robbers are expert to a degree; they work naked and well greased, and they choose early dawn or the night-hour when the tornado is most violent. The men fight by biting, squeezing, and butting with the head, like the Brazilian *capoeira*. The women have a truly horrible way of putting out of the world an obnoxious lover. Ask an Aku if an Ibo is capable of poisoning you: he will say emphatically, 'Yes.' Put the same question to an Ibo touching an Aku, and he will not reply, 'No.'

With respect to the relative position of Japhet and Ham—perhaps I should say Ham and Japhet—ultra-philanthropy has granted all the aspirations of the Ethiopian melodist:—

'wish de legislatur would set dis darkie free;
'Oh, what a happy place den de darkie world would be!
We'd have a darkie parliament,
An' darkie code of law,
An' darkie judges on de bench,
Darkie barristers and aw.

I own that darkey must be defended, and sturdily defended too, from the injustice and cruelty of the class he calls 'poor white trash;' but the protection should be in reason, or it becomes an injustice. Why, for instance, did the unwise negrophile propose to protect the Jamaica negro against the Indian coolie? Because Niger wants it? Pure ignorance and prejudice of gentlemen who stay at home! Though physically and mentally weaker than Europeans, the negro can hold his own, as Sá Leone proves, by that combination which enables cattle to resist lions. Japhet Albus is by nature aggressive; if not, he would not now be dwelling in the tents of Shem and the huts of Ham. He feels towards Contrarius Albo as the game-cock regards the dunghill-fowl. Displays of this sentiment on the part of the white population must be repressed; but this should be done fairly and without passion.

I do not for a moment regret our philanthropical move, despite its awful waste of life and gold. England, however, can do her duty to Africa without cant, and humbug, and nonsense about the 'sin and crime of slavery.' Serfdom, like cannibalism and polygamy, are

the steps by which human society rose to its present status: to abuse them is ignorantly to kick down the ladder. The spirit of Christianity may tend to abolish servitude; but the letter distinctly admits it, and the translators have unfairly rendered 'slave' and 'bondsman' by 'servant,' which is absurd. England can fight, if necessary, against a traffic which injures the free man, but she might abstain from abusing those who do not share her opinions. The anti-slavery party has hitherto acted rather from sentiment than from reason; and Mr. Buckle was right in determining that morality must be ruled by, and not rule, intellect. We have one point in our favour. The *dies atra* between 1810–20, when a man could not speak what he thought upon the subject of slavery, ended as the last slave left the West African coast; and yet I doubt whether the day is yet come when we can draw upon the great labour-bank of Africa and establish that much-wanted institution, the black *ouvrier libre*.

There are several classes interested in pitting black man against white man. An unscrupulous missionary will, for his own ends, preach resistance to time-honoured customs and privileges which Niger has himself accepted. An unworthy lawyer will urge litigation; a dishonest judge or police-magistrate will make popularity at the expense of equity and honour; a weak-minded official will fear the murmurs, the com-

plaints, and the memorials of those under him, and the tomahawking which awaits him from the little army of negrophiles at home. But the most dangerous class of all is the mulatto; he is everywhere, like wealth, *irritamenta malorum*. The 'bar sinister,' and the fancy that he is despised, fill him with ineffable gall and bitterness. Inferior in physique to his black, and in *morale* to his white, parent, he seeks strength by making the families of his progenitors fall out. Had the Southern States of America deported all the products of 'miscegenation,' instead of keeping them in servitude, the 'patriarchal institution' might have lasted to this day instead of being prematurely abolished.

My first visit to Sá Leone showed me the root of all her evils. There is hardly a peasant in the peninsula. Had the 'colony-born' or older families, the 'King-yard men,' or recaptives, and the creoles, or children of liberated Africans, been apprenticed and compelled to labour, the colony would have become a flourishing item of the empire. Now it is the mere ruin of an emporium; and the people, born and bred to do nothing, cannot prevail upon themselves to work. But the 'improved African' has an extra contempt for agriculture, and he is good only at destruction. Rice and cereals, indigo and cotton, coffee and arrowroot, tallow-nuts and shea-butter, squills and jalap, oil-

palms and cocoas, ginger, cayenne, and ground-nuts are to be grown. Copal and bees'-wax would form articles of extensive export; but the people are satisfied with maize and roots, especially the cassava, which to Sá Leone is a curse as great as the potato has proved to Ireland. Petty peddling has ever been, and still is, the 'civilised African's' *forte*. He willingly condemns himself to spend life between his wretched little booth and his Ebenezer, to waste the week and keep the Sabbath holy by the 'holloaing of anthems.' His *beau idéal* of life is to make wife and children work for, feed and clothe him, whilst he lies in the shady piazza, removing his parasites and enjoying porcine existence. His pleasures are to saunter about visiting friends; to grin and guffaw; to snuff, chew, and smoke, and at times to drink *kerring-kerry* (*caña* or *caxaça*), poisonous rum at a shilling a bottle. Such is the life of ignoble idleness to which, by not enforcing industry, we have condemned these sable tickets-of-leave.

Before quitting the African coast I diffidently suggested certain steps towards regenerating our unhappy colony. For the encouragement of agriculture I proposed a tax upon small shopkeepers and hucksters, who, by virtue of sitting behind a few strings of beads or yards of calico, call themselves traders and merchants. This measure, by-the-by, was attempted in 1879 by Governor Rowe, but the strong opposition

compelled him to withdraw it. I would have imposed a heavy tax upon all grog-shop licenses, and would have allowed very few retail-shops in the colony. Police-magistrates appeared to me perfectly capable of settling disputes and of punishing offenders. I would have discouraged the litigation which the presence of lawyers and a bench suggests, and which causes such heartburn between Europeans and Africans. I would have established a Court of Summary Jurisdiction, and never have allowed a black jury to 'sit upon' a white man, or *vice versâ*; and in the case of a really deserving negro or mulatto I would rather see him appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland than Governor or Secretary of Sá Leone.

On my last journey I met the Hon. Mr. T. Risely Griffith, a West Indian and Colonial Secretary at Sá Leone. He kindly read what I had written about the white man's Grave, and found it somewhat harsh and bitter. At the same time he gave me, with leave to use, his valuable lecture delivered before the Royal Colonial Institute.[1] Making allowance for the official *couleur de rose*, and reading between the lines, I found that he had stated, in parliamentary language, what had been told by me in the rude tongue of a traveller. The essay, he assured me, had been well

[1] *The Colonies and India*, a weekly newspaper. London: December 17, 1881.

received at Sá Leone; and yet, to my knowledge, the newspapers of the western coast had proposed to make it the subject of an 'indignation-meeting.'

Hear what Mr. Griffith has to say upon the crucial question—agriculture. 'The ordinary observer cannot fail to be impressed with the great number of traders and hawkers. In the peninsula of Sierra Leone there are returned 53,862; of these, traders and hawkers number 10,250, or about 19 per cent., or, including hucksters, 23 per cent. Little good can result to a country as long as one-fourth of its people are dependent for their livelihood for what they sell to the remaining three-quarters. . . . The same tendency to engage in the work of distribution rather than the production of wealth seems to be a general characteristic of the negro race.

'The real number of artisans or mechanics who have any right to the term is very limited; and it is to be regretted that in Sierra Leone, where the people are apt to learn, and tolerably quick to apply, there is not a greater number of thorough workmen to teach their handicrafts and make them examples for the rising generation. A youth who has been two years with a carpenter, boat-builder, blacksmith, or mason, arrogates the name to himself without compunction, and frequently, whilst he is learning from an indifferent teacher the rudiments of his trade, he sets up as a

master. There is hardly a single trade that can turn out half a dozen men who would be certificated by any European firm for possessing a thorough knowledge of it. Of all trades in Sierra Leone, and certainly in Freetown, that of tailoring is the most patronised, but this arises from the love of dress, which is inherent.

'The proper cultivation of the soil is, and must always be, the true foundation of prosperity in any country. The shop cannot flourish unless the farm supports it, and the friends of the colony regard with anxiety the centralisation of capital at Freetown. I have been gratified, however, to notice that the desire to acquire land and cultivate it has lately increased to a very great extent, and I regard it as a very hopeful sign for the future. The people still want two things, capital and scientific agricultural knowledge. The native implements are of the rudest kind—their hoes little more than sufficient to scratch the ground, and their only other implement a cutlass to cut down the bush. Ploughs are unknown, and spades very little used. Wheelbarrows are detested, although they are not quite unknown; the people would sooner "tote" the soil in a box on their heads, and instances are on record where the negro has "toted" the wheelbarrow itself, wheel, handle, and all.'

Mr. Griffith further informs us that the Colonial Government is desirous of fostering and encouraging

agriculture; that it proposes to establish, or rather to re-establish, a model farm; that lands have been granted at a trifling sum to Mr. William Grant on condition of his devoting capital and labour to the development of agriculture; that Mr. Thomas Bright has laid out a coffee and cocoa farm at Murray Town; and that Mr. Samuel Lewis, a barrister-at-law, universally well spoken of, is engaged in cultivation, with a view of studying the best methods and of influencing his fellow-countrymen in favour of agricultural pursuits. Major Bolton also is working the land seventeen miles down coast, and planting cocoa-nuts, chocolate, and Kola-trees. The latter, when ten years old, are said each to fetch 15*l.* per annum. Here, therefore, we have at least a beginning.

During the discussion on Mr. Griffith's lecture, some home-truths were told by the Hon. Mr. Grant,[1] a full-blooded negro, of the Ibo tribe, and a member of the Sierra Leone Legislative Council. He objected to the term 'white man's Grave.' He bravely and truly told his audience that if the French held possession of Sá Leone they would have made it a 'different thing.'

[1] This 'eminent African,' who had gone to England with the view of buying agricultural implements and an ice-machine, died in London on January 28, 1881. His speech, therefore, was delivered only a week or so before his death. Much fulsome praise of him followed in the press, which seemed completely surprised that a black man could talk common sense.

After praising the present Governor's instruction-ordinance he spoke these remarkable words:—

'But education from the point I allude to is that practical education which develops the man and makes him what he is, not the education which makes him simply the blind imitator of what he is not. Of course the education, as originally introduced into the colony, was an experiment, and a grand experiment it was. They said, "There are these people, and we will educate them as ourselves." It was a good idea, but it was defective, because there is as great a difference between the negro and the white man as there can be. He is capable of doing anything that the white man can do; but then, to get him to do that, you must educate him in himself. You must bring him out by himself: you must not educate him otherwise. He must be educated to carry out a proper and distinct course for himself. The complaint has been general of the want of success in the education of the negro; but it is not his fault: the fault is from the defect of his education. He fancies, by the sort of education which you give him, that he must imitate you in everything—act like you, dress in broadcloth like you, and have his tall black hat like you. Then you see the result is that he is not himself; he confuses himself, and when he comes to act within himself as a man he is confused, and you find fault that he has not improved as he

ought to do. But if he is properly educated you will find him of far greater assistance to you than you have any idea of.'

The remarks on agriculture and on capital were equally apposite; and Captain Cameron remarked that these were the 'truest words of wisdom about Africa that it ever was his lot to hear.' They will leave a sweet savour in the reader's mouth after a somewhat acid chapter.

But the ingrained idleness of generations is not so easily cleared away. The real cure for Sá Leone will be an immigration of Chinese or of Indian coolies, that will cheapen labour and enable men of capital to farm on a large scale. It may be years before agriculture supplants trade with its light work and ready profits; but the supplanting process itself will do good. At present Sá Leone finds it cheaper to import salt from England than to lay out a salina, and to make an article of commerce which finds its way into the furthest interior. Immigration, I repeat, is the sole panacea for the evils which afflict the Lioness Range.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM SÁ LEONE TO CAPE PALMAS.

FROWSY old Sá Leone bestowed on us a parting smile. After a roaring tornado at night and its terminal deluge, the morning of January 19 broke clear and fine. We could easily trace, amongst the curious series of volcanic cones, the three several sanitary steps on the Leicester or Lioness Hill. These are, first the hospice of the French Jesuits, now officers' quarters; then a long white shed, the soldiers' hospital; and highest (1,700 feet) the box which lodges their commandant. Even the seldom-seen 'Sugarloaf' was fairly outlined against the mild blue vault. Although the withering hand of summer was on the scene, the old charnel-house looked lovely; even the low lines of the Bullom shore borrowed a kind of beauty from the air. The hues were those of Heligoland set in frames of lapis lazuli above and of sapphire below; golden sand, green strand of silky Bermuda-grass, and red land showing chiefly in banks and thready paths. Again we admired

the dainty and delicate beauties of the shore about Pirate Bay and other ill-named sites. Then bidding adieu to the white man's Red Grave and steering south-west, we gave a wide berth to the redoubted 'Carpenter,' upon which the waves played; to the shoals of St. Anne, and to a multitude of others which line the coast as far as that treacherous False Cape and lumpy Cape Shelling or Shilling, whose prolongation is the Banana group.

Sherbro, fifty miles distant, was passed at night. Then (sixty miles) came the Gallinas River, a great centre of export, which has not forgotten Pedro Blanco. This prince of slavers, whose establishment appears on the charts of 1836–38, imported no goods; he bought cargoes offered to him and he paid them by bills on England, drawing, says the Coast scandal, upon two Quaker brothers at Liverpool. Not a little curious that our country supplied the money both to carry on the *traite* and to put it down. Three miles south of the Gallinas the Sulaymá River flows in. Here the scenery suggests a child's first attempt at colouring in horizontal lines; a dangerous surf ever foams white upon the yellow shore, bearing an eternal growth of green. Two holes in the bush and a few thatched roofs, separated by a few miles, showed the Harris factories, which caused frequent teapot-storms between 1865 and 1878. The authorities of Liberia, model claimants with a touch of

savage mendicancy, demanded the land and back-dues from time immemorial. 'Palaver' was at last 'set' by the late lamented David Hopkins, consul for the Bights, in the presence of a British cruiser and two American ships of war.

The weather resumed its old mood, a mixture in equal parts of 'Smokes' and of Harmatan or Scirocco. At noon next day we steamed by Cape Mount, the northernmost boundary of Liberia,[1] a noble landmark and a place with a future. Approaching it, we first see the dwarf bar of the Máfá, draining a huge lagoon ('Fisherman's Lake'). On the banks and streams are sundry little villages, Kru Town and Port Robert, the American mission-ground. The harbour is held to be the first of five, the others being Monrovia; Grand Bassá (Bassaw), with Edina; Sinou, and Cape Palmas.

The Mount is an isolated rocky tongue rising suddenly like an island from the low levels, and trending north-west to south-east. The site is perfectly healthy; the ground is gravel, not clay, and the stone is basalt. The upper heights are forested and full of game; the lower are cleared and await the colonist. With the pure and keen Atlantic breeze ever blowing over it, the

[1] The 'liberateds' of Liberia, who lose nothing by not asking, claim the shore from the Sam Pedro River southwards to the Jong, an affluent of the Shebar or Sherbro stream, 90 miles north of Cape Mount. We admit their pretensions as far only as the Sugary River, four miles above the Máfá (Mafaw), or Cape Mount stream.

Mount is a ready-made sanatorium. Its youth has been disreputable. Here Captain Canot,[1] the Franco-Italian lieutenant of Pedro Blanco, sold the coast till compelled by H.M. cruisers to fall back upon honest trade. His name survives in 'Canot's Tree,' under whose shade he held his palavers. Let us hope that the respectable middle age of Cape Mount will be devoted to curing the sick coaster.

Beyond this fine headland, a handsome likeness of Holyhead seen from the south, stretch the long, low, dull shores of Liberia, canopied by unclean skies and based on dirty-looking seas. The natives, who, as usual, are new upon the coast, and who preserve curious traditions about their predecessors, are the Vái (not Vei), a Mandengan race still pagan. They call, however, the world 'duniyá,' and the wife 'námúsi,' words which show whence their ideas are derived. Their colour is lighter than the Kruman's; there are pretty faces, especially amongst the girlish boys, and the fine feet and delicate hands are those of 'les Gabons.' And they are interesting on two other counts. Their language combines the three several forms of human speech, the isolating (*e.g.* 'love'), the agglutinating ('lovely'), and the polysynthetic ('loving,' 'loved'). Furthermore they developed an alphabet, or rather a syllabary, which made much noise amongst missionary

[1] *Wanderings in West Africa*, vol. i. chap. v.

'circles,' and concerning which Lt. Forbes, R.N., Mr. Norris, and Herr Koelle wrote abundant nonsense. Its origin is still unknown. Some attribute it to direct inspiration (whatever that may mean), others to marks traced upon the sand originally by boys stealing palm-wine. My belief is that the suggestion came from the Moslems. Of late years it has been waxing obsolete, and few care to write their letters in it.

The Vái, who extend as far as Little Cape Mount River, are depicted in a contrast of extremes. Mr. H. C. Creswick,[1] who long dwelt amongst them, and dealt with them from Cape Mount, gives a high character to those who have not been perverted by civilisation. He found the commonalty civil, kind, and hospitable; active and industrious, to a certain extent. Their palm-oil is the best on the coast, and can be drunk like that of the olive or the cod-liver. The chiefs he describes as gentlemen. The missionaries assert that they are wholly without morals, never punishing the infringement of marital rights; petty thieves, and idle and feckless to the last degree. Certain Monrovia men have laid out farms of coffee and cacáo (chocolate) upon the St. Paul River, which, heading in Mandenga-

[1] Late manager of the 'Gold Coast Mining Company.' Mr. Creswick treated the subject in 'Life amongst the Veys' (*Trans. Ethnol. Soc. of London*, 1867). He tells at full length the curious legend of their immigration, and notes the same reverence for the crocodile which prevails at Dixcove and prevailed in Egypt.

land, breaks the chord of the bay; but nothing can induce these ex-pets or their congeners, the Golás and the Pesis, to work.

Like most of the coast-races, the Vái seem to be arrant cowards. The headmen salute their visitors Arab-fashion, with flourishes of the sword; but sword-ing ends there. Of late they were attacked by the savages of the interior, Gallinas, Pannis, and Kúsús. The latter, meaning the 'wolves' or the 'wild boars,' is the popular nickname of the Mendi or Mindi tribes, occupying the Sherbro-banks. They did excellent service in the last Ashanti war (1873–74) by flogging forward the fugitive Fantis. Winwood Reade,[1] an excellent judge of Africans, declares that they are very courageous, 'keen as mustard' for the fray. On the raid they creep up to and surround the doomed village; they raise the war-cry shortly before sunrise, and, as the villagers fly, they tell them by the touch. If the body feels warm after sleep, unlike their own dew-cooled skins, it soon becomes a corpse. They advance with two long knives, generally matchets, one held

[1] *The Story of the Ashanti Campaign.* Smith & Elder, London, 1874. It is a thousand pities that the volume was pruned, to use the mildest term. My friend's memory seems to brighten with the years, doubtless the effect of his heroic honesty in telling what he held to be the truth. His *Martyrdom of Man*, in which even his publisher did not believe, has reached a fourth edition; it was quoted by Mr. Gladstone, and Mrs. Grundy still buys it, in order to put it behind the fire.

between the teeth. They prefer the white arm because 'guns miss fire, but swords are like the chicken's beak, that never fails to hit the grain.' Some 250 of these desperadoes lately drove off 5,000 of the semi-civilised recreants and took about 560 prisoners, including the 'King' of the Vái.

After covering forty-three miles from Cape Mount we anchored (5 P.M.) in the long, monotonous roll under Mount Mesurado. The name was probably Monserrate, given by the early Portuguese. It is entitled the Cradle of Liberia. The idea of restoring to Africa recaptured natives and manumitted slaves was broached in 1770 by the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, of Newport, R.I. The scheme for 'civilising and christianising' the natives assumed organic form at Washington in 1816. In January 1820 the first emigrants embarked from New York for 'Liberia.' The original grant of land was made (April 1822) to the 'American Society for Colonising the Free People of the United States,' by King Peter and sundry chiefs of the Grain Coast, who little knew what they were doing. The place was described in those days as an Inferno, the very head and front of the export trade, the waters swarming with slavers, the shore bearing forty slave-factories, and the whole showing scenes of horror which made the site 'Satan's seat of abominations.' It has now changed its nature with its name, and has become the head-quarters of

Dullness, that goddess who, we are assured, never dies.

Mesurado Mount, with the inverted cataract rushing white up its black rocks, is a picturesque feature. Halfway clearings for coffee-plantations, with a lime-washed bungalow, the President's country-quarters, lead to the feathered and forested crest which bears the 'pharos.' This protection against wreck is worse than nothing; it is lighted with palm-oil every night, and then left to its own sweet will. Consequently the red glimmer, supposed to show at thirteen miles, is rarely visible beyond three. A dotting of white frame-houses and curls of blue smoke betray the capital. It lurks behind the narrow sand-bar which banks the shallow and useless Mesurado River, and few men land without an involuntary ablution in the salt water. Usually the stream mouths by an ugly little bar at some distance from the roadstead; after heavy rains it bursts the sand-strip and discharges in straight line.

We had visitors that evening from the Yankee-Doodle-niggery colony, peopled by citizens who are not 'subjects.' Bishop C. C. Pinnock, absent from his home at Cape Mount, dined with us and told me about the death of an old friend, good Bishop Payne. His successor objects to learning and talking native tongues, and he insists upon teaching English to all the mission-scholars. His reasons are shrewd, if not convincing;

for instance, 'most languages,' says the Right Reverend, 'have some term which we translate "love." But "love" in English is not equivalent to its representative in Kru or in Vái. Therefore by using their words I am expressing their ideas; I bring them over to mine by the reverse process.'

We shipped for Grand Bassá two citizens, a lawyer and an attorney. Of course one was an 'Honourable;'[1] as Mr. H. M. Stanley says,[2] 'mostly every other man is here so styled.' They talked professionally of the 'Whig ticket' and the 'Re-publican party,' but they neither 'guess'd' nor 'kalklated,' and if they wore they did not show revolvers and bowie-knives. They did not say, 'We air a go-ahead people,' they were not given to 'highfalutin',' nor did they chew their tobacco. They were, however, accompanied by an extremely objectionable 'infant,' aged seven, who lost no time in laying hands upon Miss M.'s trinkets, by way of returning civility. Her father restored them, treating the theft as a matter of course.

The citizens gave me sundry details about the 'rubber'-trade, which began in 1877. Monrovia now exports to England and the Continent some 100,000 lbs., which sell at 1*s.* 4*d.* each. Gum-elastic is gathered

[1] Even the Coast English are always confounding the Hon. John A. (son of a peer) with the Hon. Mr. A. (official rank), and I have seen sundry civilians thus mis-sign themselves.

[2] *Coomassie and Magdala.* New York, Harpers, 1874.

chiefly by the Bassá people, who are, however, too lazy to keep it clean; they store it in grass-bags and transport it in canoes. Liberian coffee is, or rather would be, famous if produced in sufficient quantities to satisfy demand. At present it goes chiefly to the United States, where, like Mocha, it serves to flavour burnt maize. Messieurs Spiers and Pond would buy any quantity of it, and of late years Brazilian coffee-planters have taken shoots to be grown at home. Here it fetches 1*s.* per lb.; in England the price doubles. This coffee requires keeping for many months, or the infusion is potent enough to cause the 'shakes;' it is the same with Brazilian green tea. The bouquet is excellent, and the flavour pretty good. There is a great difference in the shape of the beans, which range between the broad flat Harar and the small, round, horny Mocha.

I could obtain few details concerning the 'Black Devil Society,' which suggests the old 'Know-nothings.' It has been, they say, somewhat active in flogging strangers, especially Sá Leone men. Most of the latter, however, have been expelled for refusing to change their style from 'subjects' to 'citizens'—a foreign word in English and Anglo-African ears.

At the time of our visit the republic was in a parlous state. H.E. Mr. Gardiner, the new President, refused to swear in the Upper House, and the Lower

refused to acknowledge the Presidential authority. Consequently business had been at a standstill for six weeks. We were disappointed in our hopes of being accompanied by the Honourable Professor E. W. Blyden, ex-minister to England and afterwards principal of the college. He had travelled with Winwood Reade, and I looked forward to hearing the opinions of an African Arabic scholar touching the progress and future of El-Islam in the Dark Continent. That it advances with giant steps may be proved by these figures. Between 1861 and 1862 I found at most a dozen Moslems at Lagos; in 1865 the number had risen to 1,200, and in 1880, according to my old friend M. Colonna, Agent Consulaire de France, it passes 10,000, requiring twenty-seven mosques.

The latest charts of Liberia show no less than twenty-six parallelograms stretching inland, at various angles with the shore, and stated to have been acquired by 'conquest or purchase' between 1822 and 1827; but the natives, especially the Krumen, complain that after allowing the foreigners to dwell amongst them they have been despoiled of their possessions, and that, once lords of the soil, they have sunk to mere serfs. Hence the frequent wars and chronic bad blood. Every African traveller knows the meaning of land-purchase in these regions. There are two ideas peculiar to the negro brain, but apparently inadmissible into

European heads. The first is the non-alienation of land. Niger never parts with his ground in perpetuity; he has always the mental reservation, while selling it to a stranger, that the soil and its improvements return to him by right after the death or the departure of the purchaser. Should the settler's heirs or assignees desire to remain *in loco*, they are expected to pay a fresh gratification; the lessor will raise his terms as high as possible, but public opinion will oblige him to remain content with a 'dash,' or present, equivalent to that paid by the original lessee.

The second idea is even more repugnant to European feelings. In Africa a born chattel is a chattel for ever: the native phrase is, 'Pose man once come up slave, he be slave all time.' There is no such thing as absolute manumission; the unsophisticated *libertus* himself would not dream of claiming it. We have on board a white-headed negro in an old and threadbare Dutch uniform, returning from Java on a yearly pension of fifteen dollars. According to treaty he had been given by the King of Ashanti to the Hollanders, and he had served them so long that he spoke only Low German and Malay. He will be compelled to end his career somewhere within the range of our fort-guns, or his owner's family will claim and carry off their property.

At 8 A.M. we steamed against a fine fresh wind past

Mount Mesurado *en route* for Grand Bassá (Bassaw), distant fifty-five miles. To port lies Montserrado County, where the shore-strip looks comparatively high and healthy. The Bassás begin some thirty miles below the Jong River, and now we enter the regions of Grand, Middle, and Little Piccaninny (*pequenino*), Whole and Half, *i.e.* half-way. Thus we pass, going southwards, Bassá, Middle Bassá, Grand Bassá, and Bassá Cove, followed by Cestos and Cess, Settra and Sesters, Whole and Half. The coast is well known, while the interior is almost unexplored. Probably there is no inducement to attract strangers.

We are grateful for small mercies, and note a picturesque view from the open roadstead of Grand Bassá. The flats are knobbed with lumpy mounds; North Saddle Hill, with its central seat; Tall Hill; the blue ridges of the Bassá Hills, and St. John's Hill upon the line of its river. Nothing can be healthier than these sites, which are well populated; and the slopes are admirably fitted for that 'Arabian berry' whose proper home is Africa. But, while hill-coffee has superior flavour lowland-coffee is preferred in commerce, because the grain is larger and heavier.

Grand Bassá is the only tract in Liberia where the Sá Leonite is still admitted. The foreshore of yellow sand, pointed and dotted by lines and falls of black rock, fronts a shallow bay as foul and stony as the

coast. Here are three settlements, parted by narrow walls of 'bush.'* Edina, the northernmost, is said to do more business than any other port in the republic; she also builds fine, strong surf-boats of German and American type, carrying from one to five tons. The keels are bow-shaped, never straight-lined from stem to stern; and the breakers are well under the craft before their mighty crests toss it aloft and fling it into the deep trough. They are far superior to the boats with weather-boards in the fore which formerly bore us to land. The crew scoop up the water as if digging with the paddle; they vary the exercise by highly eccentric movements, and they sing savage barcarolles the better to keep time.

The middle settlement is Upper Buchanan, whose river, the St. John's, owns a bar infamous as that of Lagos for surf and sharks. The southernmost, Lower Buchanan, is defended by a long and broken wall of black reef, but the village is far from smooth water. All these 'towns' occupy holes in a curtain of the densest and tallest greenery. They are composed of groups and scatters of whitewashed houses, half of them looking like chapels and the other like toys. Each has its adjunct of brown huts, the native quarter. These Bassá tribes must not be confounded with their neighbours the Krumen; the languages are quite different, and the latter is of much harsher sound.

There is no doubt of this being a good place for engaging labour, and it is hoped that in due time Bassá-hands, who work well, will be engaged for the Gold Coast mines. At present, however, they avoid English ships, call themselves 'Americans,' and willingly serve on board the Yankee craft which load with coffee, cam-wood, and palm-oil.

We steamed along the Cape, River, and Town of Sinou, the very home of the Kráo, or Krumen, strictly speaking a small tribe. Returning homeward-bound, we here landed a host of men from the Oil-rivers, greatly to my delight, as they had cumbered the deck with their leaky powder-kegs, amid which wandered the sailors, smoking unconcernedly. In the 'good old times' this would not have been allowed. At least one poor fellow was drowned, so careful were the relatives to embark the kit, so careless of the owner's person. Next day we sighted the 'Garraway-trees,' silk-cottons some 200 feet high, fine marks for clearing the Cape shoals. Then came Fishtown and Rocktown, once celebrated for the exploits of Ashmun and his associates; and at 2.15 P.M. we anchored in the heavy Harmatan roll off

The Cape of Palmas, called from palmy shade.

A score of years ago the A.S.S. steamers lay within half a mile of shore; and, 'barrin'' the ducking, it was easy to land. But the bay is bossed with rocks and

skirted with shoals; they lurk treacherously under water, and have brought many a tall ship to grief. As for the obsolete hydrographic charts, they only add to the danger. Two wrecks give us ample warning. One is a German barque lying close to the bar of the fussy little river; the other, a huge mass of rust, is the hapless *Yoruba*. Years ago, after the fashion of the *Nigritia* and the *Monrovia*, she was carelessly lost. Though anchored in a safe place, when swinging round she hit upon a rock and was incontinently ripped up; the injured compartment filled, and the skipper ran her on the beach, wrecking her according to Act of Parliament. They once managed to get her off, but she had not power to stem the seas, and there she still lies high and dry.

Cape Palmas, or Bamnepo, with its outlying islet-reef of black rock, on which breaks an eternal surf, is the theoretical turning-point from the Windward coast, which begins with the Senegal, to the Leeward, and which ends in the Benin Bight. We are entering the region

> Unde nigerrimus Auster
> Nascitur.

Practically and commercially the former is worked by the Bristol barques and the latter commences at Cape Threepoints. The bold headland, a hundred feet tall and half a mile broad by a quarter long, bounded north by its

river, has a base of black micaceous granite supporting red argillaceous loam. Everywhere beyond the burning of the billows the land-surface is tapestried with verdure and tufted with cocoas; they still show the traditional clump which gave the name recorded by Camoens. The neck attaching the head to the continent-body is a long, low sand-spit; and the background sweeps northward in the clear grassy stretches which African travellers agree to call 'parks.' These are fronted by screens of tall trees, and backed by the blue tops of little hills, a combination which strongly reminded me of the Gaboon.

The prominent building is still the large white-washed mission-house with its ample windows and shady piazzas: the sons of St. Benedict could not have placed it better. In rear lies the square tower yclept a lighthouse, and manipulated like that of Monrovia; its range is said to be thirteen miles, but it rarely shows beyond five. An adjacent flagstaff bears above the steamer-signal the Liberian arms, stripes and a lone star not unknown to the ages between Assyria and Texas. The body of the settlement lying upon the river is called Harper, after a 'remarkable negro,' and its suburbs lodge the natives. When I last visited it the people were rising to the third stage of their architecture. The first, or nomad, is the hide or mat thrown over a bush or a few standing sticks; then comes the

cylinder, the round hovel of the northern and southern regions, with the extinguisher or the oven-shaped thatch-roof; and, lastly, the square or oblong form which marks growing civilisation. The American missionaries laboured strenuously to build St. Mark's Hospital and Church, the latter a very creditable piece of lumber-work, with 500 seats in nave and aisles. But now everything hereabouts is 'down in its luck.' This puerile copy, or rather caricature, of the United States can console itself only by saying, 'Spero meliora.'

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM CAPE PALMAS TO AXIM.

I HAD no call to land at Cape Palmas. All my friends had passed away; the Rev. C. E. Hoffman and Bishop Payne, both in America. Mr. Potter, of the stores, still lives to eat rice and palm-oil in retirement; but with the energetic Macgill departed the trade and prosperity of the place. Senator John Marshall, of Marshall's Hotel, has also gone to the many, and the stranger's only place of refuge is a mean boarding-house.

Much injury was done to the settlement by the so-called 'Grebo war.' These wild owners of Cape Palmas are confounded by Europeans with the true Krumen, their distant cousins. The tribal name is popularly derived from *grê*, or *gri*, the jumping monkey, and it alludes to a late immigration. A host of some 20,000 savages closely besieged the settlement and ravaged all the lands belonging to the intruders, especially the fine 'French farm.' Fighting ended with a 'treaty of peace and renewal of allegiance' (*sic!*) at Harper on

March 1, 1876, following the 'battle of Harper' (October 10, 1875). The latter, resulting from an attack on Grebo Big Town, proved a regular 'Bull's Run,' wherein the citizens lost all their guns and ammunition, and where the Grebos slaughtered my true and trusty steward, Selim Agha.

I must allow myself a few lines in memory of a typical man. Selim was a Nubian of lamp-black skin; but his features were Semitic down to the nose-bridge, and below it, like the hair, distinctly African: this mixture characterises the negroid as opposed to the negro. In the first fourth of the present century he was bought by Mr. Thurburn—*venerabile nomen*—of Alexandria, and sent for education to North Britain. There he learned to speak Scotch, to make turtle-soup, to stuff birds, to keep accounts, and to be useful and valuable in a series of ways. Then his thoughts, full of philanthropy, turned towards the 'old mother.' The murder of Dr. Barth's companion, Vogel, in 1856, originated seven fruitless expeditions to murderous Wadáy, and he made sundry journeys into the interior. I believe that he took service for some time with Lieutenant (now Sir John H.) Glover before he became my factotum between 1860 and 1865. When I left the Coast he transferred himself to Liberia, where, he wrote, they proposed to 'run him for the presidency.'

Selim joined the Mourovians during the Grebo war as an assistant-surgeon, his object being to mitigate the horrors of the campaign; and he met his death on October 9, 1875, during the mismanaged attack on Grebo Big Town. Captain A. B. Ellis, in his amusing and outspoken 'West African Sketches,' quotes from the 'Liberian Independent' the following statement: 'Mr. Selim Agha was also overtaken by the barbarous Greboes, and one of them, "Bye Weah" by name, after allowing him to read his Bible, which he had by him in his pocket, and which he made a present of to the barbarian, chopped his body all about, chopped off his head, which he took to his town with eighteen others, and threw the body with the gift into the swamp.' The account sounds trustworthy, especially that about the Bible: it is exactly what the poor fellow would have done. But many have assured me that he was slaughtered by mistake during the rout of his party. R.I.P.

Another reminiscence.

Although it has melancholy associations, I can hardly remember without a smile my last visit to good Bishop Payne. He led me to the mission-school, a shed that sheltered settles and desks, tattered books, slates and boards, two native pedagogues, and two lines of pupils sized from the right, the biggest being nearest the 'boss.' We took our places upon the bench, and the catechiser,

when bade to begin, opened, after a little hesitation, as follows:—

Q. Who he be de fuss man?—*A.* Adam.
Q. Who he be de fuss woman?—*A.* Ebe.
Q. Whar de Lord put 'em?—*A.* In de garden.
Q. What he be de garden?—*A.* Eden.
Q. What else he be dere?—*A.* De sarpint.
Q. What he be de sarpint?—*A.* De snake.
Q. Heigh! What, de snake he 'peak?—*A.* No, him be debbil.

And so forth. The reading was much in the same style. The whole scene reminded me of a naïve narrative [1] which gives the 'following account of the fall of our First Parents from the lips of an aged negro at the examination of candidates:'—

'Massa (God) said Adam must nyamee (eat) all de fruit ob de garden, but (be out, except) de tree of knowledge. And he said to Adam, "Adam! you no muss nyamee dis fruit, else you dead." De serpent come to say to Mammy Eve, "Dis fruit berry good; he make you too wise." Mammy she take lillee (little) bit, and bring de oder harf gib Daddy Adam. Daddee no will taste it fuss time, but Mammy tell him it be berry good. Den him nyamee de oder harf. Den Daddy and Mammy been know dat dem be naked. Dey go hide for bush. Massa come from heaven, but Him no fin' Adam all about. Den Massa strike Him

[1] *The Gospel to the Africans: Narrative of the Life and Labours of the Rev. William Jameson.* London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1861.

foot on de ground and say, "I wage Adam been nyamee de fruit." Massa go seek Adam and fin' him hidin' in de bush, and put him out ob de garden. Then Daddy and Mammy dey take leaves and sew 'em for clothes.'

The Bishop looked on approvingly. We then spoke of the mysterious Mount Geddia, the Lybian Thala Oros of Ptolemy.[1] The people say that it may be seen at times from Settra Kru, that the distance by round road is some 200 miles, and that none have ascended it on account of the intense cold. If this be fact, there is a Kilima-njáro 18,000 feet high in Western Africa. The glitter of the white cap has been visible from great distances, and some would explain it by a bare vein of quartz—again, Kilima-njáro. The best time to travel would be in October or November, after the rains; and the Grebo rascals might be paid and persuaded to supply an escort.

At Cape Palmas we engaged thirty so-called Krumen: only seven were ready to accompany us, and the rest came nearly two months behind time. This is the farming season, and the people do not like to leave their field-lands. Jack Davis, headman, chief, crimp and 'promising' party, had been warned to be ready by Mr. R. B. N. Walker, whose name and certificate he wore upon a big silver crescent; but as *Senegal* appeared on

[1] Lib. iv. 6, §§ 12, 14, 16, the home of the Thála tribe.

Sunday instead of Saturday, he gravely declared that his batch had retired to their plantations—in black-man's English, 'small countries.' We were compelled to make an advance, a measure unknown of old, and to pay more than double hire for working on the Gold Coast. These races, Kruboys, Grebos, and their cognates, have not improved during the last score of years. Their headmen were old hands approaching the fifties: now they are youths of twenty-five. The younger sort willingly engaged for three years; now they begin to notch their tallies for every new moon, and they wax home-sick after the tenth month. Once they were content to carry home a seaman's chest well filled with 'chow-chow' and stolen goods: in these days they must have ready money to deal with the Bristol barques.

Having before described the 'Kráo' and the Kru republic, with its four recognised castes, I need not repeat myself.[1] We again admired the magnificent development of muscle, which stood out in bunches as on the Farnese Hercules, set off by the most appropriate dress, a coloured oblong of loin-cloth, tucked in at the waist. We marvelled too at the contrast of Grecian figure and cynocephalous features, whose frizzly thatch, often cut into garden-plots, is unnecessarily protected by a gaudy greasy cap.

[1] *Wanderings*, &c., vol. ii. chap. vi., which ends with a short specimen of the language.

In morals too these men are as peculiar as they are contradictory. They work, and work well: many old Coasters prefer them to all other tribes. They are at their best in boats or on board ship, especially ships of war, where they are disciplined. For carrying burdens, or working in the bush, they are by no means so valuable; and yet, as will be seen, they are highly thought of by some miners in the Gold Mines. In the house they are at their worst; and they are a nuisance to camp, noisy and unclean. Their chief faults are lying and thieving; they are also apt to desert, to grow discontented, to presume, and ever to ask for more. These qualities are admirably developed in our headman, Toby Johnson, and his gang. I should not travel again with Krumen on the Gold Coast.

Another of their remarkable characteristics is the fine union of the quarrelsome with the cowardly. Like the Wányamwezi of East-Central Africa, they will fight amongst themselves, and fight furiously; but they feel no shame in telling their employers that they sell their labour, not their lives; that man can die but once; that heads never grow again, and that to battling they prefer going back to 'we country.' If a ship take fire all plunge overboard like seals, and the sound of a gun in the bush makes them run like hares. Yet an English officer actually proposed to recruit a force of these recreants for field-service in Ashanti. He proba-

bly confounded them with the Wásawahíli, the 'Seedy-boys' of the east coast, a race which some day will prove useful when the Sepoy mutiny shall repeat itself, or if the difficulties in Egypt be prolonged. A few thousands of these sturdy fellows would put to flight an army of hen-hearted Hindús or Hindís.

We left Cape Palmas at 5 P.M., and duly respected the five-fathom deep 'Athole Rock,' so called from the frigate which first made its acquaintance. The third victim was the B. and A. s.s. *Gambia* (Captain Hamilton).[1] She was carrying home part of the 400 puncheons exacted, after the blockade of 1876, by way of fine, from Gelele, King of Dahome, by the senior naval officer, Captain Sulivan, the Dhow-chaser. The Juju-men naturally declared that their magic brought her to such notable grief.

We then passed Grand Tabú (Tabou), in the middle of the bay formed by Point Tahou—a coast better known fifty years ago than it is now. The only white resident is Mr. Julio, who has led a rather accidented life. A native of St. Helena, he fought for the Northerners in the American war, and proved himself a first-rate rifle-shot. He traded on the Congo, and travelled like a native far in the interior. Now he has married a wife from Cape Palmas, and is the leading man at Tabú.

[1] Curiously enough a steamer carrying another fine of palm-oil has come to grief, owing, as usual, to imperfect charts.

This place, again, is a favourite labour-market. The return of the Krumen repeats the spectacles of Sinou, and war being here chronic, the canoe-men come off armed with guns, swords, and matchets. After a frightful storm of tongues, and much bustle but no work, the impatient steamer begins to waggle her screw; powder-kegs and dwarf boxes are tossed overboard, and every attention is bestowed upon them; whilst a boy or two is left behind, either to swim ashore or to find a 'watery grave.'

Presently we sighted the bar and breakers that garnish the mouth of the Cavally (Anglicè Cawally) River: the name is properly Cavallo, because it lies fourteen miles, riding-distance, from Cape Palmas. Here Bishop Payne had his head-quarters, and his branch missions extended sixty miles up-stream. On the left bank, some fifteen or sixteen miles from the *embouchure*, resides the 'Grand Devil,' equivalent to the Great God, of Krúland. The place is described as a large caverned rock, where a mysterious 'Suffing' (something) answers, through an interpreter, any questions in any tongue, even English, receiving, in return for the revelations, offerings of beads, leaf-tobacco, and cattle, which are mysteriously removed. The oracle is doubtless worked by some sturdy knave, a 'demon-doctor,' as the missionaries call him, who laughs at the beards of his implicitly-believing dupes. A tree growing near the

stream represents 'Lot's wife's pillar;' some sceptical and Voltairian black was punished for impious curiosity by being thus 'translated.' Skippers who treated their 'boys' kindly were allowed, a score of years ago, to visit the place, and to join in the ceremonies, even as most of the Old Calabar traders now belong to the 'Egbo mystery.' But of late years a village called Hidya, with land on both banks, forbids passage. Moreover, Krumen are not hospitable. Masters and men, cast ashore upon a coast which they have visited for years to hire hands, are stripped, beaten, and even tortured by women as well as by men. The savages have evidently not learnt much by a century's intercourse with Europeans.

Leaving Cavally, the last place where Kruboys can be shipped, we coasted along the fiery sands snowed over with surf and set in the glorious leek-green growth that distinguishes the old Ivory Coast. The great Gulf Stream which, bifurcating at the Azores, sweeps southwards with easting, now sets in our favour; it is, however, partly a wind-current, and here it often flows to the west even in winter. The ever-rolling seas off this 'Bristol coast' are almost clear of reef and shoal, and the only storms are tornadoes, which rarely blow except from the land: from the ocean they are exceedingly dangerous. Such conditions probably suggested the Bristol barque trade, which still flourishes between Cape Palmas and

Grand Bassam. A modern remnant of the old Bristolian merchant-adventurers, it was established for slaving purposes during the last century by Mr. Henry King, maintained by his sons, Richard who hated men-of-war, and William who preferred science, and it is kept up by his grandsons for legitimate trade.

The ships—barques and brigs—numbering about twenty-five, are neat, clean, trim craft, no longer coppered perpendicularly [1] instead of horizontally after the older fashion. Skippers and crews are well paid for the voyage, which lasts from a year to fifteen months. The floating warehouses anchor off the coast where it lacks factories, and pick up the waifs and strays of cam-wood, palm-oil, and kernels, the peculiar export of the Gold Coast: at times a tusk or a little gold-dust finds its way on board. The trader must be careful in buying the latter. Not only have the negroes falsified it since the days of Bosman, but now it is made in Birmingham. This false dust resists nitric acid, yet is easily told by weight and bulk; it blows away too with the breath, whilst the true does not. Again, the skippers have to beware of 'fetish gold,' mostly in the shape of broken-up ornaments of inferior ley.

The Bristolians preserve the old 'round trade,' and barter native produce against cloth and beads, rum and

[1] Still occurs sometimes: the idea is that as they roll more than they sail less strain is brought on the seams of the copper.

gin, salt, tobacco, and gunpowder. These ship-shops send home their exports by the mail-steamers, and vary their monotonous days by visits on board. They sail home when the cargoes are sold, each vessel making up her own accounts and leaving 'trust,' but no debts. The life must be like making one's home in a lighthouse, plus an eternal roll; and the line gives a weary time to the mail-steamers, as these never know exactly where the Bristol barques will be found.

After hugging the coast and prospecting Biribi, we sighted the Drewins, whose natives are a powerful and spirited race, equally accustomed to either element. There are no better canoe-men on the coast. They ship only on board the Bristol ships, and they have more than once flogged a cruel skipper caught ashore. Passing King George's Town, we halted (11 A.M., January 23) opposite the river and settlement of Fresco, where two barques and a cutter were awaiting supplies. Fresco-land is beautified by perpendicular red cliffs, and the fine broad beach is feathered with cocoas which suggest *kopra*—the dried meat of the split kernel. At 3.15 P.M. came Grand Lahou—Bosman's Cabo La Hoe —180 miles from Cape Palmas. The native settlements of nut-brown huts in the clearings of thick forests resemble heaps of withered leaves. The French have re-occupied a fort twenty miles up the pretty barless river, the outlet of a great lagoon; it was abandoned

during the Prusso-Gallic war. Nine Bristol barques were lying off Three Towns, a place not upon the chart, and at Half-Jack, 205 miles from the Cape. Here we anchored and rolled heavily through the night, a regular seesaw of head and heels. Seamen have prejudices about ships, pronouncing some steady and others 'uncommon lively.' I find them under most circumstances 'much of a muchness.'

The next morning carried us forty miles along the Bassam country and villages, Little, Piccaninny, and Great, to Grand Bassam. It is a regular lagoon-land, whose pretty rivers are the outlets of the several sweet waters and the salt-ponds. Opposite Piccaninny Bassam heads, with its stalk to the shore and spreading out a huge funnel eastward and westward, the curious formation known as the 'Bottomless Pit.' The chart shows a dot, a line, and 200 fathoms. In these days of deep-sea soundings I would recommend it to the notice of the Hydrographic Office. We know exactly as much about it in A.D. 1882 as in A.D. 1670, when Ogilvy wrote, 'Six miles beyond Jak, in Jakko,[1] is the *Bottomless Pit*, so called from its unfathomable deepness, for the seamen, having Sounded with their longest Lines and Plummets, could never reach the bottom.' It would be interesting to know whether it is an area of subsidence or a volcanic depression. The adjacent Gold Coast

[1] Bosman's *Jaqui-Jaqui*.

suffers from terrible earthquakes, as Accra learnt to her cost in 1862.

At 10 A.M. we made Grand Bassam, where the French have had a *Résidence* for many years. Here the famous Marseille house of Régis Frères first made fortune by gold-barter. The precious ore, bought by the middlemen, a peculiar race, from the wild tribes of the far interior, appears in the shape of dust with an occasional small nugget; the traders dislike bars and ingots, because they are generally half copper. We have now everywhere traced the trade from Gambia to the Gold Coast, and we may fairly conclude that all the metal comes from a single chain of Ghauts subtending the maritime region.

Grand Bassam is included in the French *Côte d'Or*, but not in the English Gold Coast, which begins east of the Ivory Coast. The Dutch was even narrower, according to Bosman: 'Being a part of Guinea, it is extended about sixty miles, beginning with the Gold River (Assini) twelve miles above Axim, and ending with Ponni, seven or eight miles east of Accra.' Grand Bassam has only two European establishments. Eastward lies the 'Blockhouse' of M. Verdier, 'agent of the Government at Assini,' so called from its battlemented roof. It is the old Fort Nemours, built in 1843. The 'Poste,' abandoned during the war of 1870, was let to Messieurs Swanzy; it is a series of ridge-roofs sur-

rounded by a whitewashed stockade. Both have been freely accused of supplying the Ashantis with arms and ammunition during the last war. Similarly the Gambia is said to have supported the revolteds of Senegal. The site is vile, liable to be flooded by sea and rain. The River Akbu or Komo (Comoe), with its spiteful little bar, drains the realms of Amatifú, King of Assini. It admits small craft, and we see the masts of a schooner amid the trees. The outlet of immense lagoons to the east and west, it winds down behind the factories, and bears the native town upon its banks. Here we discharged only trade-gin, every second surf-boat and canoe upsetting; the red cases piled upon the beach looked like a bed of rose-buds. The whole of this coast, as far as Axim, is so dangerous that men land with their lives in their hands. They disembark when outward-bound and re-embark when homeward-bound, and in the interim they never tempt surf and sharks.

The *Senegal* left Grand Bassam at 5.30 P.M., to cover the eighty-five miles separating us from our destination. The next important feature is the Assini River, also the outlet of enormous navigable lagoons, breaking the continuity of forest-backed sands. It lies fourteen to fifteen miles (which the chart has diminished to seven) west of the French settlement, of old Fort Joinville. The latter shows a tiled and whitewashed establish-

ment, the property of M. Verdier, outlying the normal ant-hill of brown huts. In 1868 Winwood Reade here found a *poste* and stockade, a park of artillery, a commandant, a surgeon, and a detachment of *tirailleurs sénégalais* levied amongst the warlike Moslem tribes of Senegambia. Like Grand Bassam it was under the station admiral, who inspected the two once a year, and who periodically sent a gunboat to support French interests.

By night we passed New Town, not on the charts, but famed for owning a fine gold placer north of the town-lagoon. After my departure from the coast it was inspected by Mr. Grant, who sent home specimens of bitumen taken from the wells. Then came the two Assinis, eastern and western, both places of small present importance. The 'Assini Hills' of the chart lie to the north, not to the south of the Tando water; and by day one can easily distinguish their broken line, blue and tree-clad. The Franco-English frontier has been determined after a fashion. According to Mr. Stanford's last map,[1] the westernmost point was in west long. 2° 55′ (G.) Thus our territory begins between Great Assini and New Town, the latter being included in the Protectorate. This position would

[1] Gold Coast, November 20, 1873. A foot-note tells us, 'The whole coast belongs to the English, the French having withdrawn since 1870 from Grand Bassam and Assini' (Winwood Reade). This is obsolete in 1882. The limits of Ashanti-land are immensely exaggerated by this map.

reduce the old Gold Coast from 245 direct geographical miles of shore-line between the River Assini (W. long. 3° 23′) and the Volta mouth (E. long. 0° 42′) to some 217 or 220 in round numbers. Inland the limit should be the Tando valley, but it has been fancifully traced north from the Eyhi lagoon, the receptacle of the Tando, on a meridian of W. long. 2° 50′ (G.) to a parallel of N. lat. 6° 30′, or ninety-eight miles from the coast about Axim (N. lat. 4° 52′). Thence it bends east and south-east to the Ofim, or western fork of the Bosom Prah, and ascends the Prah proper, separating Ashanti-land (north) from Fanti-land (south).

It should be our object to acquire by purchase or treaty, or both, the whole territory subject to Grand Bassam and Assini. The reasons may be gathered from the preceding pages.

By night we also passed Cape Apollonia and its four hummocks, which are faintly visible from Axim. The name has nothing to do, I need hardly say, with Apollo or his feasts, the Apolloniæ, nor has it any relationship with the admirable 'Apollinaris water.' It was given by the Portuguese from the saint[1] who presided

[1] Butler's *Lives* gives 'S. Apollonia (not Appolonia, as the miners have it), v.m. February 9.' This admirable old maid leaped into the fire prepared for her by the heathen populace of Alexandria when she refused to worship their 'execrable divinity.' There are also an Apollonius (March 5), 'a zealous holy anchorite' of Egyptian Antinous; and Apollinaris, who about A.D. 376 began to 'broach his heresy,' denying in Christ a human soul.

over the day of discovery. In the early half of the present century the King of Apollonia ruled the coast from the Assini to the Ancobra Rivers; the English built a fort by permission at his head-quarters, and carried on a large trade in gold-dust. Meredith (1800) tells us that, when his Majesty deceased, some twenty men were sacrificed on every Saturday till the 'great customs' took place six months afterwards. The underlying idea was, doubtless, that of Dahome: the potentate must not go, like a 'small boy,' alone and unattended to the shadowy realm. The 'African Cruiser'[1] speaks of the royal palace being sumptuously furnished in European style; of gold cups, pitchers, and plates, and of vast treasures in bullion. When the King died sixty victims were slain and buried with their liege lord; besides a knife, plate, and cup; swords, guns, cloths, and goods of various kinds. The corpse, smeared with oil and powdered *cap-à-pié* with gold-dust, looked like a statue of the noble ore.

As the *Senegal* advanced under easy steam, we had no rolling off this roller-coast, and we greatly and regretfully enjoyed the glorious Harmatan weather, so soon about to cease. The mornings and evenings were cool and dewy, and the pale, round-faced sun seemed to look down upon us through an honest northern fog.

[1] *Journal of an African Cruiser*, by an officer of the U.S. navy. Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorn. Aberdeen: Clark and Son, 1848.

There was no heat even during the afternoons, usually so close and oppressive in this section of the tropics. I only wished that those who marvelled at my preferring to the blustering, boisterous weather of the Northern Adriatic the genial and congenial climate of West Africa could have passed a day with me.

CHAPTER XV.

AXIM, THE GOLD PORT OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

ALL the traveller's anxiety about the Known and apprehensions of the Unknown fell from him like a garment as, after passing the hummocks of Apollonia, his destination, Axim,[1] peeped up over the port-bow at dawn of the 25th of January.

The first aspect of Axim is charming; there is nothing more picturesque upon this coast.

After the gape of the Ancobra River the foreshore gradually bends for a few miles from a west—east to a north—south rhumb, and forms a bay within a bay. The larger is bounded north by Akromasi Point, the southern wall of the great stream; the bold foreland, outlain with reefs and a rock like a headless sphinx, is known from afar, east and west, by its 'one tree,' a palm apparently double, the leader of a straggling row. On the south of the greater bay is Point Pépré, by the

[1] The port lies in N. lat. 4° 52′ 20″ (say 5° round numbers) and in W. long. (Gr.) 2° 14′ 45″: it must not be confounded, as often occurs in England, with 'Akim,' the region north of Accra.

natives called Inkubun, or Cocoanut-Tree, from a neighbouring village; like the Akromasi foreland, it is black and menacing with its long projection of greenstone reefs, whose heads are hardly to be distinguished from the flotilla of fishing canoes. The lesser bay, that of Axim proper, has for limits Pépré and the Bosomato promontory, a bulky tongue on whose summit is a thatched cottage.

The background of either bay is a noble forest, a wall of green, the items being often 150 feet high, with branchless white boles of eighty, perpendicularly striping the verdure. The regular sky-line—broken by tall knolls and clumps, whose limits are rivulet-courses and bosky dells; thrown up by refraction; flecked with shreds of heavy mist

> That like a broken purpose waste in air;

and dappled with hanging mists, white as snow, and 'sun-clouds,' as the natives term the cottony nimbus—is easily mistaken, in the dim light of dawn, for a line of towering cliffs.

The sea at this hour is smooth as oil, except where ruffled by fish-shoals, and shows comparatively free, to-day at least, from the long Atlantic roll which lashes the flat coast east of Apollonia. Its selvage is fretted by green points, golden sands, and a red cove not unlike the crater-port of Clarence, Fernando Po. The surface is broken by two islets, apparently the terminal knobs of

many reefs which project westward from the land. To the north rises Asiniba ('Son of Asini'), a pyramid of rock below and tree-growth above. Fronting the landing-place is Bobowusúa,[1] or Fetish Island, a double feature which we shall presently inspect. The foreshore is barred and dotted perpendicularly by black reefs and scattered *diabolitos*, or detached hard-heads, which break the surges. At spring-tides, when rise and fall reach at least ten feet, and fourteen in the equinoctial ebb and flow, it appears a gridiron of grim black stone.[2]

The settlement, backed by its grand 'bush' and faced by the sea, consists of a castle and a subject town; it wears, in fact, a baronial and old-world look. Fort Santo Antonio, a tall white house upon a bastioned terrace, crowns proudly enough a knob of black rock and low green growth. On both sides of it, north and south, stretches the town; from this distance it appears a straggle of brown thatched huts and hovels, enlivened here and there by some whitewashed establishments, mining or 'in the mercanteel.' The soil is ruddy and rusty, and we have the usual African tricolor.

The agents of the several Aximite houses came on board. We drained the normal stirrup-cup and

[1] The Hyd. Chart calls them Suaba and Bobowassi; it might be a trifle more curious in the matter of significant words.

[2] Not as the Hyd. Chart says—'rise and fall at springs six or seven feet.'

embarked in the usual heavy surf-boat, manned by a dozen leathery-lunged 'Elmina boys' with paddles, and a helmsman with an oar. There are smaller surf-canoes, that have weather-boards at the bow to fend off the waves. Our anchorage-place lies at least two miles south-west-and-by-south of the landing-place. There is absolutely nothing to prevent steamers running in except a sunken reef, the Pinnacle or Hoeven Rock. It is well known to every canoeman. Cameron sounded for it, and a buoy had been laid by fishermen, but so unskilfully that the surge presently made a clean sweep. Hence a wilful waste of time and work. I wrote to Messieurs' Elder and Dempster, advising them to replace it for their own interests and for the convenience of travellers; but in Africa one is out of the world, and receiving answers is emphatically not the rule.

There is no better landing-place than Axim upon this part of the African coast. The surf renders it impracticable only on the few days of the worst weather. We hugged the north of the Bobowusúa rock-islet. When the water here breaks there is a clear way further north; the southern passage, paved with rocks and shoals, can be used only when the seas are at their smoothest. A regular and well-defined channel placed us on the shingly and sandy beach. We had a succulent breakfast with Messieurs Gillett and Selby

(Lintott and Spink), to whose unceasing kindness and hospitality we afterwards ran heavily in debt. There we bade adieu to our genial captain and our jovial fellow-travellers.

The afternoon was spent in visiting the Axim fort. Santo Antonio, built by the Portuguese in the glorious days of Dom Manuel (1495-1521), became the Hollander Saint Anthony by conquest in 1682, and was formally yielded by treaty to the Dutch West Indian Company. It came to us by convention at the Hague; and, marked 'ruined' in the chart, it was repaired in 1873 before the Ashanti war. It can now act harbour of refuge, and is safe from the whole power of the little black despotism. Bosman[1] shows 'Fort St. Antonio' protected by two landward bastions and an old doorway opening upon a loopholed courtyard. Barbot (1700) sketches a brick house in gable-shape, based upon a triangular rock.

Passing the Swanzy establishment, a model board-house, with masonry posts, a verandah all round, and a flying roof of corrugated iron, we ascend the old paved ramp. Here we remark that the castle-gateway of the Dutch, leading to the outer or slave court, has been replaced by a mean hole in the wall. The external work was demolished, lest the enemy effect a lodge-

[1] *Eerste Brief*, 1737: the original Dutch edition was lent to me by M. Paulus Dahse.

ment there. We can walk seawards round the green knob scattered with black boulders, and pick an excellent salad, a kind of African dandelion, which the carnivorous English miners called 'grass,'—with a big, big D. Entering the hole in the wall, and passing through a solid arched gateway and across a small court upon which the prison opens, we ascend the steps leading to the upper work. This is a large square house, pierced in front for one door and three windows, and connected by a bridge, formerly a drawbridge, with the two tall belvideres, once towers guarding the eastern entrance. The body is occupied by the palaver-hall of the *opper koopman* (chief factor), now converted into a court-house and a small armoury of sniders. It leads to the bedrooms, disposed on three sides. The materials are trap, quartz, probably gold-bearing, and fine bricks, evidently home-made. The substantial quarters fronting the sea are breezy, comfortable, and healthy; and the large cistern contains the only good drinking-water in Axim. Life must be somewhat dull here, but, after all, not so bad as in many an out-station of British India. The chief grievance is that the inmates, the District-commissioner and his medico, are mere birds of passage; they are ordered off and exchanged, at the will of head-quarters, often before they can settle down, and always before they learn to take interest in the place.

The works consist of two bastions on the land side; a large one to the south-east, and a smaller to the north-east. Seawards projects a rounded cavalier, fronted by dead ground, or rather water. In the days of the Dutch the platforms carried '22 iron guns, besides some patteraroes.' Now there are two old bronze guns, two 'chambers' bearing the mark 'La Hague,' and an ancient iron tube dismounted: a seven-pounder mountain-gun, of a type now obsolete, lurks in the shadows of the arched gateway. I afterwards had an opportunity of seeing the ammunition, and was much struck by a tub of black mud, which they told me was gunpowder. The Ashantis at least keep theirs dry.

The dispensary appeared equally well found. For some weeks there was a native assistant; then Dr. Roulston came, and, after a few days, was ordered off at a moment's notice to the remotest possible station. He had no laudanum, no Dover's powders, no chlorodyne, no Warburg; and, when treating M. Dahse for a burst vein, he was compelled to borrow styptics from our store. This style of economy is very expensive. To state the case simply, officials last one year instead of two.

The late Captain P. D. O'Brien, District-commissioner of Axim, did the honours, showing us the only 'antiquity' in the place, the tomb of a Dutch

governor, with a rudely cut inscription set in the eastern wall:—

WILLEM
SCHOORWAS
COMAD. OP AXEM
1659.

Amongst the slave-garrison of twenty-five Hausás I found a Wadai-man, Sergeant Abba Osman, who had not quite forgotten his Arabic. Several Moslems also appeared about the town, showing that the flood of El-Islam is fast setting this way. They might profitably be hired as an armed escort into the pagan interior.

Axim, preferably written by the Portuguese 'Axem,' was by them pronounced Ashim or Ashem: no stress, therefore, must be laid upon its paper-resemblance with Abyssinian Axum.[1] Barbot calls it 'Axim, or Atzyn, or Achen.' The native name is Essim, which, in the language of the Mfantse or Mfantse-fo (Fanti-race), means 'you told me,' and in the Apollonian dialect 'you know me.' These fanciful terms are common, and they allude to some tale or legend which is forgotten in course of time. The date of its building is utterly unknown. The Fanti tradition is that their race was driven coastwards, like

[1] I allude to *The Guinea or Gold Coast of Africa, formerly a Colony of the Axumites* (London, Pottle and Son, 1880), an interesting pamphlet kindly forwarded to me by the author, Captain George Peacock. I believe, as he does, that the West Coast of Africa preserves traces of an ancient connection with the Nile valley and the eastern regions; but this is not one of them.

their kinsmen the Ashantis,[1] by tribes pressing down upon them from the north. They must have found the maritime lands occupied, but they have preserved no notices of their predecessors. The port-town became the capital of an upper factor, who ruled the whole coast as far as Elmina. It was almost depopulated, say the old authorities, by long wars with the more powerful Apollonia; but its commanding position has always enabled it to recover from the heaviest blows. It is still the threshold of the western Gold-region, and the principal port of occidental Wásá (Wassaw).

We may fairly predict a future for Axim. The town is well situated to catch the sea-breeze. The climate is equatorial, but exceptionally healthy, save after the rainy season, which here opens a month or six weeks earlier than on the leeward coast. The downfall must, however, have diminished since the times when 'the *blacks* will tell you the wet weather lasts eleven months and twenty-nine days in the year.' The rains now begin with April and end in September. The position is south of the thermal equator (22° R. = 81·5° F.), which runs north lat. 6° on the western coast, 15° in the interior, and 10° on the eastern seaboard.[2] Add that the

[1] In *Wanderings in West Africa* (ii. 98) I have given the popular derivation of Fanti (Fan-didi = herb-eater) and Asyanti (Sán-didi = corn-eater). Bowdich wrote 'Ashanti' because he learnt the word from the Accra-men.

[2] Berghaus, following Humboldt, places the probable equator of

average daily temperature is 75°–80° (F.), rising to 96° in the afternoon and falling after midnight to 70°, and that the wet season on the seaboard is perhaps the least sickly. We were there in January–March, during an unusually hot and dry season, following the Harmatan and the Smokes and preceding the tornadoes and the rains; yet I never felt an oppressive day, —nothing worse than Alexandria or Trieste in early August. The mornings and evenings were mostly misty; the moons were clear and the nights were tolerable. An excessive damp, which mildews and decays everything—clothes, books, metals, man—was the main discomfort. But we were living, as it were, in the open, and we neglected morning and evening fires. This will not be the case when solid and comfortable houses shall be built. The improvement of lodging and diet accounts for the better health of Anglo-Africans, as of Anglo-Indians, in the present day. Our predecessors during the early nineteenth century died of bad shelter, bad food, and bad drink.

The town, built upon a flat partly formed by cutting away the mounds and hillocks of red clay, was well laid out by Mr. Sam, the District-commissioner, after its bombardment during the Ashanti war. The main streets, or rather roads, running north—south,

temperature (80° 16′) in N. lat. 4°, or south of Axim, rising to N. lat. 13° in Central and in Eastern Africa

are avenued with shady Ganian or umbrella figs. I should prefer the bread-tree, which here flourishes. These thoroughfares are kept clean enough, and nuisances are punished, as in England. Cross lines, however, are wanted; the crooked passages between the huts do not admit the sea-breeze. Native hovels, also, should be removed from the foreshore, which, as Admiralty property, ought to be kept for public purposes. The native dwellings are composed of split bamboo-fronds (*Raphia vinifera*), thatched with the foliage of the same tree. They are mere baskets—airy, and perhaps too airy. Some are defended against wind and wet by facings of red swish; a few, like that of the 'king' and chief native traders, are built of adobes (sun-dried bricks), whitewashed outside. Of this kind, too, are the stores and the mining establishments; the 'Akankon House,' near the landing-place; the 'Gold Coast House,' in the interior; the Methodist chapel, a barn-shaped affair; the Effuenta House to the north, and the Tákwá, or French House, to the south.

'Sanitation,' however, is loudly called for; and if cholera come here it will do damage. The southern part of the narrow ledge bearing the town, and including the French establishment, is poisoned by a fetid, stagnant pool, full of sirens, shrimps, and anthropophagous crabs, which after heavy rains cuts a way through its sand-bar to the sea. This *marigot* is the

'little shallow river Axim,' the Achombene of Barbot, which the people call Awaminísu ('Ghost's or Dead-man's Water'). To the north also there are two foul nullahs, the Eswá and the Besáon, which make the neighbourhood pestilential. In days to come the latter will be restored to its old course east of the town and thrown into the Awaminísu, whose mouth will be kept open throughout the year. The eastern suburbs, so to call them, want clearing of offal and all manner of impurities. Beyond the original valley of the Besáon the ground rises and bears the wall of trees seen from the offing. There is, therefore, plenty of building-room, and long heads have bought up all the land in that direction. Mr. Macarthy, of the School of Mines, owns many concessions in this part of the country.

All the evils here noted can easily be remedied. As in the Cairo of Mohammed Ali's day, every house-holder should be made responsible for the cleanliness of his surroundings. The Castle-prison, too, rarely lodges fewer than a dozen convicts. These men should be taken away from 'shot-drill' and other absurdities of the tread-mill type, which diversify pleasant, friar-like lives of eating and drinking, smoking, sleeping, and chatting with one another. Unfortunately, humanitarianism does not allow the lash without reference to head-quarters. Labour must therefore be light; still it would suffice to dig up the boulders from the main

thoroughfares, to clean the suburbs, and to open the mouths of the fetid and poisonous lagoons.

Mr. William M. Grant, the clever and active agent of our friend Mr. James Irvine, came on board to receive us, and housed us and our innumerable belongings in his little bungalow facing 'Water Street.' We found life at Axim pleasant enough. Even in these days of comparative barbarism, or at best of incipient civilisation, the station is not wholly desert. The agents of the several firms are hospitable in the extreme. Generally also a manager of the inner mines, or a new comer, enlarges the small circle. There is a flavour of England in 'A. B. and Co., licensed dealers in wine and spirits, wholesale and retail,' inscribed upon boards over the merchants' doors; also in the lawn-tennis, which I have seen played in a space called by courtesy a square: Cameron, by-the-bye, has hired it, despite some vexatious local opposition, and it will be a fine *locale* for the Axim Hotel now being opened. Sunday is known as a twenty-four hours of general idleness and revelry: your African Christian is meticulous upon the subject of 'Sabbath;' he will do as little work as possible for six days, and scrupulously repose upon the seventh. Whether he 'keeps it holy' is quite another matter, into which I do not care to enquire. Service- and school-hours are announced by a manner of peripatetic belfry—a negroling walking about with a cracked

muffin-bell. From the chapel, which adjoins some wattled huts, the parsonage, surges at times a prodigious volume of sound, the holloaing of hymns and the bellowing of anthems; and, between whiles, the sable congregation, ranged on benches and gazing out of the windows, 'catches it 'ot and strong' from the dark-faced Wesleyan missionary-schoolmaster.

We were never wearied of the 'humours' of native Axim. The people are not Fantis, but Apollonians, somewhat differing in speech with the Oji; both languages, however, are mutually intelligible.[1] The men are the usual curious compound of credulity and distrust, hope and fatalism, energy and inaction, which make the negro so like the Irish character. But we must not expect too much from the denizens of African seaports, mostly fishermen who will act hammock-bearers, a race especially fond of Bacchus and worshippers of the 'devil Venus.' Perhaps a little too much license is allowed to them in the matter of noisy and drunken 'native customs,' palavers, and pow-wows. They rarely go about armed; if you see a gun you know that the bearer is a huntsman. They are easily commanded, and, despite their sympathies with

[1] Oji is also written Otschi, Tschi, Chwee, Twi, Tswi, Otyi, Tyi, or whatever German ingenuity can suggest. I can hardly explain why the late Keith Johnston (Africa) calls the linguistic family 'Ewe' (Ewhe, or properly Whegbe), after a small section of the country, Dahome, Whydah, &c. He was probably led to it by the publications of the Bâle and other German missions.

Ashanti-land, they are not likely to play tricks since their town was bombarded. In the villages they are civil enough, baring the shoulders, like taking off the hat, when they meet their rulers. Theirs, also, is the great virtue of cleanliness; even when the mornings are coldest you see them bathing on the beach. They are never pinched for food, and they have high ideas of diet. 'He lib all same Prince; he chop cow and sheep ebery day, and fowl and duck he be all same vegeta'l.' They have poultry in quantities, especially capons, sheep with negro faces like the Persian, dwarf milch-goats of sturdy build, dark and dingy pigs, and cattle whose peculiarity it is to be either black or piebald. The latter are neat animals like the smallest Alderneys, with short horns, and backs flat as tables. There are almost as many bulls as there are cows, and they herd together without fighting. Being looked upon as capital, and an honour to the owner, they are never killed; and, although the udders of cows and goats are bursting with milk, they are never milked.

The women differ very little from their sisters of the Eastern Gold Coast. You never see beauty beyond the *beauté du diable* and the naïve and piquant plainness which one admires in a pug-pup. The forms are unsupported, and the figure falls away at the hips. They retain the savage fashion of coiffure shown in Cameron's 'Across Africa,' training their wool to

bunches, tufts, and horns. The latter is the favourite; the pigtails, which stand stiff upright, and are whipped round like pricks of tobacco, may number half a dozen: one, however, is the common style, and the size is said to be determined by a delicate consideration. Opposed to this is the highly civilised *atúfu*, 'kankey,' or bussle, whose origin is disputed. Some say that it prevents the long cloth clinging to the lower limbs, others that it comes from a modest wish to conceal the forms; some make it a jockey-saddle for the baby, others a mere exaggeration of personal development, an attempt to make Aphrodite a Callipygé. I hold that it arose, in the mysterious hands of 'Fashion,' from the knot which secures the body-cloth, and which men wear in front or by the side. Usually this bussle is a mere bundle of cloth; on dress occasions it is a pad or cushion. I had some trouble to buy the specimen, which Cameron exhibited in London.

Men and women are vastly given to 'chaffing' and to nicknaming. Every child, even in the royal houses, takes a first name after the week-day[1] of its birth,

	Men.	Women.
[1] Adwo (Monday-born) ...	Kajo (Cuddjo) ...	Adwoa.
Bena (Tuesday-born) ...	Kwábina ...	Abiena.
Wuku (Wednesday-born) ...	Kwako ...	Akudea.
Yau (Thursday-born) ...	Kwáo ...	Yá (Yawá).
Afio (Friday-born) ...	Kofi (Coffee) ...	Afuá.
Amu (Saturday-born) ...	Kwámina ...	Amma.
Ayisi (Sunday-born) ...	Kwasí ...	Akosúa (Akwasiba).

and strangers after that on which they land. Cameron, who shaved his hair, was entitled 'Kwábina Echipu'—Tuesday Baldhead. I became Sásá Kwési (Fetish Sunday), from a fancied clerical appearance, Sásá being probably connected with Sásábonsam, 'a huge earth-demon of human shape and fiery hue.' He derives from *asase* ('earth'), and *abonsam*, some evil ghost who has obtained a permanent bad name. Missionaries translate the latter word 'devil,' and make it signify an evil spirit living in the upper regions, or our popular heaven, and reigning over Abonsamkru, the last home of souls, or rather shades of the wicked. Thus *sasabonsam* would be equivalent to *Erdgeist*, *Waldteufel*, or *Kobold*, no bad nickname for a miner. The people have a wealth of legend, and some queer tale attached to every wild beast and bird. In days to come this folk-lore will be collected.

The gorbellied children are the pests of the settlement. At early dawn they roar because they awake hungry and thirsty; they roar during the day when

Monday is the first day of the Oji week. The Sunday-born is corrupted to 'Quashy,' well known in the United States; hence also the 'bitter cup' of *quassia*-wood. The names of the days are taken from the seven Powers which rule them. Kwa-Si would be Kwá (=*akoa*, man, slave), and Ayisi (a man) belonging to Ayisi. Amongst the Accra people the first-born are called Téte (masc.) and Dede (fem.), the second Tété and Koko, and the rest take the names of the numerals. So we have Septimus, Decimus, &c.

washed with cold water, and in the evening they roar because they are tired and sleepy. They are utterly spoiled. They fight like little Britons; they punch their mothers at three years of age; and, when strong enough, they 'square up' to their fathers.

The first mining business we had to transact was with Kwamina Blay, of Attabo, Ahin (Ahene) or King of Amrehía, Western Apollonia. He came to visit us in state on January 28. The vehicle, a long basket, big enough to lodge a Falstaff, open like a coffin, and lined with red cloth to receive the royal person and gold-hilted swords, was carried stretcher-fashion by four sturdy knaves. King Blay is an excellent man, true and 'loyal to the backbone;' but his Anglo-African garb was, to say the least, peculiar. A tall cocked hat, with huge red and white plume, contrasted with the dwarf pigtail bearing a Popo-bead, by way of fetish, at the occiput. His body-dress was a sky-blue silk, his waist-cloth marigold-yellow, and he held in hand the usual useless sword of honour, a Wilkinson presented to him for his courage and conduct in 1873–1874. The Ashanti medal hung from his neck by a plaited gold chain of native Trichinopoly-work, with a neat sliding clasp of two cannons and an empty *asumamma*, or talisman-case. The bracelets were of Pópo-beads and thick gold-wire curiously twisted into wreath-knots. Each finger bore a ring resembling

a knuckle-duster, three mushroom-like projections springing from each oval shield.

Ahin Blay dismounted with ceremony, and was as ceremoniously received. His features are those of the Fanti, somewhat darker than usual, and his expression is kindly and intelligent: though barely fifty-five his head is frosty and his goatee is snowy. The visit was a state affair, a copy in small of Ashanti and Dahome.

On the left, the place of honour, sat the 'King's father,' that is, eldest uncle on the female side, evidently younger than his nephew: the language makes scanty difference between the relationships, and here, as in other parts of Africa, the ruler adopts a paternity. Six elders, *safahins* and *panins*,[1] sat down in caps and billycocks; the other fifteen stood up bareheaded, including the 'King's Stick,' called further south 'King's Mouf.' This spokesman, like the 'Meu-' minister of Dahome, repeated to his master our interpreter's words; and his long wand of office was capped with a silver elephant—King Blay's 'totem,' equivalent to our heraldic signs. So in Ashanti-land

[1] The 'Opanyini' (plur. of 'Opanyin') are the town-elders forming the council of the Ahin (king) or Caboceer, each with his own especial charge. The Safahin (Safohine or Osafohene) is the captain of war; the Ofotosanfo is the treasurer; the Okyame is spy and speaker, *alias* 'King's Mouf;' and the Obofo is the messenger, envoy, or ambassador. The system much resembles that of the village-republics in Maráthá-land.

some *caboceers* cap their huge umbrellas with the *twi-dam*, or leopard, the *Etchwee*, or panther, of Bowdich,[1] and others are members of the *Intchwa*, or dog-division. These emblems denote consanguineous descent, and the brotherhood (*ntwa*) of the 'totems' is uniformly recognised. Our guest's particular ambition is a large state-umbrella, capped with a silver elephant carrying in trunk a sword. He presently received one sent, at my request, by Mr. Irvine.

Amongst the elders were scattered small boys, relations of the headmen. They were all eyes and ears, and in Fanti-land they are formally trained to make the best of spies. When you see a lad lounging about or quietly dozing within ear-shot you know at once his mission.

The notable parts of the suite were the sword-bearers and the band. The former carried five *afŏa*, peculiar weapons, emblems of royalty. The blades are licked when swearing; they are despatched with messengers as a hint to enforce obedience; and they are held, after a fashion, to be holy. I have never seen more conventional, distorted, and useless weapons. Three blades showed the usual chopping-bill shape, pierced, like fish-slicers, with round, semicircular, and

[1] *Mission*, &c., p. 230 (orig. fol.). The other two patriarchal families which preside over the eight younger branches, making a total of twelve tribes, are the Ekoana (*Quonna*), from *eko* (a buffalo), and the Essona, from *esso* (a bush-cat).

angular holes. One, measuring twenty-three inches and three-quarters, was leaf-formed, dotted with a lozenge-pattern and set with copper studs. Another was partially saw-toothed. All were of iron, rusty with the rust of years and hardly sharp enough to cut a pat of butter. The impossible handles were worthy of the blades, bulging grips between two huge balls utterly unfitted for handling; four were covered with thin gold-plate in *repoussé* work, and one with silver. The metal was sewn together with thin wire, and the joints had been hammered to hide them. Cameron sketched them for my coming 'Book of the Sword;' and Ahin Blay kept his promise by sending me a specimen of the weapon with two divergent blades used to cut off noses and ears. Bowdich [1] mentions finely-worked double blades springing parallel from a single handle; here nothing was known about them.

The band consisted of two horns and three drums. Of the latter one was sheathed in leopard-skin and rubbed, not struck, with two curved sticks. A second was hourglass-shaped; the sticks were bent to right angles, and the drummer carried, by way of cymbal, a small round iron plate adjusted to the fingers with little rings loosely set in the edge. The horns were scrivelloes, elephant-tusks of small size. At times a horrid braying denoted the royal titles, and after every

[1] *Mission*, &c., p. 312.

blast the liege lord responded mechanically, 'Kwámina Blay! atinásu marrah' (Monday Blay! here am I).

Interviews with African 'kings' consist mainly of compliments, 'dashes' (presents or heave-offerings), and what is popularly called 'liquoring up.' Gifts are a sign of affection; hence the proverb, 'If anyone loves you he will beg of you.' Money, however, is considered pay; curiosities are presents, and drink is 'dash.' The 'drinkitite' these men develope is surprising; they swallow almost without interval beer and claret, champagne and shandigaff, cognac, whisky, and *liqueurs*. Trade-gin,[1] being despised, is turned over to the followers. Before entering upon this time-wasting process I persuaded the Ahin and *panins* to sign the document enabling me formally to take possession of the 'Izrah Mine.' The paper was duly attested and witnessed; and the visit ended with a royal 'progress' to the fort, where the District-commissioner did the rest of the needful.

Next day the King made a friendly call without basket or band. His cocked hat was exchanged for a

[1] This article is made at Hamburg by many houses; the best brand is held to be that of Van Heyten, and the natives are particular about it. The prime cost of a dozen-case, each bottle containing about a quart, fitted with wooden divisions and packed with husks, chaff, or sawdust, is 3*s*. 6*d*.; in retail it is sold for 6*s*., or 6*d*. per bottle. Strange to say, it has the flavour of good hollands. The latter, however, in small bottles is always to be bought on the Gold Coast, and can be drunk with safety.

chimney-pot so 'shocking bad' that no coster would dare to don it. Such is the custom of the chiefs, and if you give them a good tile it goes at once into store. He made us promise a return-visit and set out to collect bearers.

Hereabouts a week is as a day. Whilst carriage was collecting we inspected the neighbourhood of Axim. Our first visit was to Bobowusúa island, a 'fetish place for palavers,' where the natives object to guns being fired. Here it was that Admiral van Ruyter built his battery of twelve cannons and forced Fort Santo Antonio to surrender on January 19, 1642. The rock is of trap, greenstone, or whinstone, which miners call iron-stone and Cornishmen 'blue elvan:' this diorite, composed of felspar and the hardest hornblende, contains granular iron and pyrites like silver. Some specimens are beautifully banded in onyx-fashion and revetted with 'spar' (quartz) of many colours, dead-white and crystalline, red and yellow. We find the same trap on the mainland. Near the smaller Akinim or Salt-pond village there is a mass threaded with quartz-veins from north to south (1° 30′), bossed by granite dykes[1] trending east—west (96° 50′), and traversed by a burnt vein striking 67°.

[1] It is generally believed that these granite injections have been cooled and consolidated deep below earth's surface.

From the surf-boat we remarked that there were no sharks; apparently they shun coming within the reefs. Our landing was not pleasant for the Krumen; the shallow bottom was strewed with rounded pebbles, and the latter are studded with sharp limpets and corallines. We climbed round the seaward bluff, fissured with deep narrow clefts, up which the tide-waves race and roar. Here the trap has a ruddy hue, the salt water bringing out the iron. Corallines, now several feet above water, clothed the boulders. This, corroborated by a host of other phenomena, argues a secular upheaval of the island, and we find the same on the mainland. There were fragments of grey granite, but not *in situ*; all had been washed from the continent, where it outlies all other formations. Water-rolled bits of brickstone also appeared; and hence, probably, Dr. Oscar Lenz[1] makes Axim and the neighbourhood consist of *rother Sandstein* upon laterite.

Bobowusúa is a cabinet of natural history. The northern flank is ever wet with dew and spray; the southern shows a little dry earth and sand. The latter in this and in other parts of the islet is a medley of comminuted shells. We collected cowries of four kinds, large and small, crabs and balani, lobsters and sea-urchins (*erinacei*) with short spines; diminutive rock-oysters and a large variety with iridescent

[1] *Geolog. Karte von West-Africa.* Gotha, Justus Perthes, 1882.

mother-o'-pearl, pink, red and yellow. The latter yields a white seed-pearl, and here, perhaps, we might attempt to develope it into

> That great round glory of pellucid stuff,
> A fish secreted round a grain of grit.

A single snake-slough and an eight-ribbed turtle were found. The short, sandy neck of the eastern knob is a playground for 'parson-crows' and scavengers (turkey-buzzards); hawks, kites, and fish-eagles, white and black, while the adjacent reefs are frequented by gulls, terns, and small cranes.

Above the rock-line is a selvage of low vegetation —ipomœa, white and mauve-flowered; rushes and tangle-grass, a variety of salsolaceæ, and the cyperus, whose stalk is used like the *kalam*, or reed-pen, further east. These growths are filmed with spiders' webs, whose central shafts lead to their nests. The highest levels, only a few feet above water, are grown with a dense bush that wants the matchet. Here are remains of plantations, a little knot of bananas, a single tall cocoanut, many young palms, and a few felled trunks overgrown with oysters. Europeans have proposed to build bungalows on Bobowusúa, where they find fresh sea-air, and a little shooting among the red-breasted ring-doves, rails, and green pigeons affecting the vegetation. It appears to us a good place for mooring

hulks. The steamers could then run alongside of them and discharge cargo for the coming tramway, while surf-boats carrying two or three tons could load for the Ancobra River.

The eastern or inner continuation of Bobowusúa is Poké islet, a similar but smaller block. During spring-tides they are linked together and to the shore by reefs that stand up high and dry. Poké is the rock where, according to Barbot, 'the negroes put their wives and children when they go to war.' The tradition is that the Dutch mined it for silver. The metal is known to exist in several places on and behind the coast, at Bosumato, upon the Ancobra River south of 'Akankon,' and even at Kumasi. Besides, gold has not yet been found here unalloyed with silver.

I was fortunate in collecting from this part of Africa stone-implements before unknown to Europe. My lamented friend Winwood Reade,[1] one of those

> Peculiar people whom death *has* made dear,

was the first to bring them home from the eastern regions, Akwapim (Aquapim), Prahsu, and the Volta River. Arrived at Axim, I nailed to the walls of our sitting-room a rough print showing the faces and profiles of worked stones. The result was a fair supply from the coast both up and down till I had secured

[1] *The Story of the Ashantee Campaign* (pp. 2–4 and 314). London, Smith and Elder, 1874.

thirteen.[1] All were of the neolithic or ground type; the palæolithic or chipped was wholly absent, and so were weapons proper, arrowpiles and spear-points.

Mr. Carr, the able and intelligent agent of Messieurs Swanzy, brought me sundry pieces and furnished me with the following notes. The 'belemnites' are picked up at the stream-mouths after freshets; but the people, like all others, call them 'lightning-stones' (*osráman-bo*) or *abonua*, simply axe. They suppose the *ceraunius* to fall with the bolt, to sink deep in the earth, and to rise to the surface in process of time. The idea is easily explained. All are comparatively modern, and consequently thinly covered with earth's upper crust; this is easily washed away by heavy rains; and, as thunder and lightning accompany the downfalls, the stones are supposed to be the result.

The *osráman-bo* are used in medicine; they 'cool the heart;' and water in which they are steeped, when given to children, mitigates juvenile complaints. One of my collections owes its black colour to having been boiled in palm-oil by way of preserving its virtues; it resembles the *básanos* of Lydian Tmolus; but the Gold Coast touchstone is mostly a dark jasper im-

[1] I read a paper upon these stone-implements (July 11, 1882) before the Anthropological Society at the house of my friend, the President, General A. Pitt-Rivers; and made over to him my small stock. It will find a home at Oxford, with the rest of his noble anthropological collection, lately presented to the University.

ported from Europe. The substance of the thunder-stone is the greenstone-trap everywhere abundant, and taking with age a creamy patina like the basalt of the Haurán. I heard, however, that at Abusi, beyond Anamabo (Bird-rock), and other places further east worked stones of a lightish slaty hue are common. About New Town and Assini these implements become very plentiful. Mr. S. Cheetham informs me that the thinner hatchets, somewhat finger-shaped, are copied in iron by the peoples of the Benin River. These expert smiths buy poor European metal and, like other West Africans, turn out a first-rate tool.

Axim seems to have been a great centre of stone-manufacture. Mr. Carr showed us a dozen huge boulders of greenstone, chiefly at the eastern angle of the wart that bears, in dangerous proximity to his stores, his powder-magazine. The upper surfaces are scored and striped with leaf-shaped grooves, formed like old Greek swords; some of them are three feet long by three inches wide and three deep. I made a sketch of the place; Cameron photographed it, and on return carried off a huge slice of the block, which is now in the British Museum. We afterwards found these striated stones on the sea-ward face of St. Anthony Fort, in northern Axim, and on other parts of the seaboard.

Axim, the gate of this El Dorado, has not yet much reason to thank England for ruling her. A mean

economy annually hoards from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*,[1] forwarded to the colonial *caisse*, to be wasted upon 'little wars,' and similar miseries, instead of being spent upon local improvements. The unwholesome bush (the Dutch 'bosch') or wood, backed by the primæval forest, surges up to the very doors. The little plank-bridges are out of repair, and the merchants will not supply the Government with new boards, save for ready money; otherwise payment may be delayed for a year. The highway to head-quarters, Cape Coast Castle, is a yellow thread streaking the green, a hunter's path trodden in the jungle. For 16*s.* 6*d.* a private messenger goes to and returns from the capital, a distance of eighty-two miles, in four or five days. The public post starts on Wednesdays, halts without reason between Fridays and Mondays at Sekondi (Seecondee), and consumes a week in the down-march. I have already noted the want of sanitation, the condition of the ammunition, and the absence of medical stores. It moves one's sense of the absurd to compare the desolate condition of the Gold-land, which is to supply the money, with the civilised machinery in England which is to work it, companies and syndicates, shares, debentures, and what not.

I have treated the subject of Axim with a minute-

[1] In 1878 the revenue was 105,091*l.* and the expenditure 68,410*l.*, and in other years the contrast was even greater. The omniscient 'Whittaker' tells us that in 1879 the figures stood at 54,908*l.* income versus an outlay of 46,281*l.*; and there was no debt.

ness that is almost 'porochial;' its future importance must be my excuse. The next chapter will show that we are truly in the Land of Gold, in an Old New California.

And now to conclude this unpleasant account with the good words of old Barbot: 'Axim, in my opinion, is the most tempting of any on the coast of *Guinea*, taking one thing with another. You have there a perpetual greenness, which affords a comfortable shade against the scorching heat of the sun, under the lofty palm and other trees, planted about the village, with a sweet harmony of many birds of several sorts perching on them. The walk on the low flat strand along the seaside is no less pleasant at certain hours of the day; and from the platform of the fort is a most delightful prospect of the ocean and the many rocks and small islands about it.'

CHAPTER XVI.

GOLD ABOUT AXIM, ESPECIALLY AT THE APATIM OR BUJIÁ CONCESSION.

ANY ONE who has eyes to see can assure himself that Axim is the threshold of the Gold-region. It abounds in diorite, a rock usually associated with the best paying lodes. After heavy showers the naked eye can note spangles of the precious metal in the street-roads. You can pan it out of the wall-swish. The little stream-beds, bone-dry throughout the hot season, roll down, during the rains, a quantity of dark arenaceous matter, like that of Taranaki, New Zealand, and the 'black sand' of Australia, which collects near the sea in stripes and patches. The people believe that without it gold never occurs; and, if they collect the common yellow sand, it is to extract from it the darker material. If the stuff does not answer the magnet, it is probably schorl (tourmaline), hornblende, or dark quartz. Strangers have often mistaken this emery-like rock for tin, which occurs abundantly in the northern region. It is simply

titaniferous iron, iserine, pleonaste, ilmenite [1] and degraded itabirite, the iron and quartz formation so called in the Brazil; and it is the same mineral which I found so general throughout the gold and silver fields of neglected Midian. It is found striating white sandstone about Tákwá and other places in the interior. The surface-stone is decomposed by the oxide of iron, and thus the precious dust with its ingrained gold is dissolved and separated from it. At a greater depth the itabirite will be found solid; and the occurrence of these oldest crystalline formations in large layers is a hopeful sign. When Colonel Bolton was interested in the Gold Coast diggings I advised him to send for a few tons of this metal, and to test it as 'pay-dirt.' A barrelful was forwarded from the coast to the Akankon Company: it was probably thrown away without experiment.

At Axim, as at Cape Coast Castle and other parts of the shore, women may be seen gold-gathering even on the sea-sands. They rarely wash more than 40 lbs., or a maximum of 50 lbs., per diem; and they strike work if they do not make daily half a dollar (2*s*. 3*d*.) to two dollars. They have nests of wooden platters for pans, the oldest and rudest of all mechanical appliances. The largest, two feet in diameter, are used for rough work in the usual way with a peculiar turn of the wrist. The

[1] Or peroxide of iron, with 8 to 23 per cent. of blue oxide of titanium.

smallest are stained black inside, to show the colour of gold; and the finer washings are carried home to be worked at leisure during the night. This is peculiarly women's work, and some are well known to be better panners than others; they refuse to use salt-water, because, they say, it will not draw out the gold.

The whole land is impregnated with the precious metal. I find it richer in sedimentary gold than California was in 1859. Immediately behind the main square of Axim a bank of red clay leads eastward to a shallow depression, the old valley of the Besáon, a swamp during the rains backed by rising and forested ground to the east. On the inland versant a narrow native shaft has been sunk for gold by Mr. Sam, now native agent under Mr. Crocker. We pounded and panned the rock, which yielded about twopence per 2 lbs., or one ounce to the ton. Observing its strike, we concluded that it must extend through Mr. Irvine's property. Throughout the Gold Coast auriferous reefs run north—south, with easting rather than westing; the deviation varies from 5° west to 15°–22° east; and I have heard of, but not seen, a strike of north-east (45°) to south-west. This confirms the 'meridional hypothesis' of Professor Sedgwick, who stated, 'As some of the great physical agencies of the earth are meridional, these agencies may probably, in a way we do not comprehend, have influenced the deposit of metals on certain lines of bearing.'

We may also observe that all the great mineral chains of the old and new world are meridional rather than longitudinal, striking from north-east to south-west. The geologist's theory, combined with the knowledge that the noble metal is 'chiefly found among palæozoic rocks of a quartzose type,' is practically valuable on the Gold Coast. Every mound or hillock of red clay contains one or more quartz-reefs, generally outcropping, but sometimes buried in the subsoils. They can always be struck by a cross-cut trending east-west. The dip is exceedingly irregular: some lodes are almost vertical, and others quasi-horizontal.

We now take the main road leading to the Ancobra. After crossing the fetid Besáon by its ricketty bridge of planks, we find on the right hand, facing Messieurs Swanzy's, a fine bit of rising ground, which I shall call, after its proprietor, 'Mount Irvine.' Over the southern slope runs a cleared highway, which presently becomes a 'bush-path;' it is named the 'Dudley Road,' after an energetic District-commissioner. This is the first Tákwá line, whose length is described to be about fifty miles, or four days' slow journey for laden porters. Mr. Gillett, who had covered twenty-six (sixteen?) miles of it, describes the path as unbroken by swamps or streams. Further north, according to the many native guides whom I questioned, travellers pass two rivulets, and finally they are ferried over the Abonsá, or Tákwá River.

The second road follows closely the left bank of the Ancobra: it is used by the Hausa soldiers, but only in the heart of the Dries, and it must be impassable during the Rains. Dr. J. Africanus B. Horton, who contributes to a characteristic paper,[1] has never heard of the former when he says 'from Axim to Taquah (Tákwá) there is no direct route,' and he justly deprecates the latter. But he cries up the Bushua or Dixcove-Tákwá line, upon which he has large concessions. I shall return to this subject in a future chapter.

On the north side of Mount Irvine is a second nullah, the Eswá, which flows, like the Besáon, through the dense growth of bush covering the eastern uplands. A few minutes' walk along the right bank leads to a broadening of the bed, a swamp during the Rains and a field of cereals in the Dries. Thence we plunge into the jungle, and after a couple of hundred yards come upon signs of mining. In the Eswá bed, where the gulch is choked by two mounds or hillocks, appear the usual 'women's washings,' shallow pits like the Brazilian *catas*, whence the pay-dirt has been extracted. On the right bank, subtending the bed, their husbands have sunk the usual chimney-hole to scratch quartz

[1] The *African Times*, January 2, 1882. The paper is full of inaccuracies; it begins by placing Tomento (Tumento) ninety-five miles (for thirty) along the river-course from the mouth, and he makes steam-launches 'take from two to four days (say one) to go up to it.'

from the bounding-wall of the reef. These rude beginnings of shafts reach a depth of 82 feet, and perhaps more. All are round, like the circular hut of the African savage; similarly in Australia the first pits were circular or oval. They are descended in sweep-fashion by means of foot-holes, and they are just large enough for a man to sit in and use his diminutive tool. The quartz is sent up to grass by a basket, and carried to the hut. After a preliminary roasting, the old custom of Egypt, it is broken into little bits and made over to the women, who grind it down upon the cankey-stone which serves to make the daily bread. In some parts of Africa this is men's work, and it is always done at night, with much jollity and carousing.

I named this place the 'Axim Reef.' It had been taken by Dr. J. Ogilby Ross, formerly district medical officer, Axim, and now preparing to explore the regions behind the Ancobra sources. He allowed, however, his prospecting term to elapse, and thus it has been secured by Mr. Grant for Mr. J. Irvine. It taught us three valuable lessons.

1. Wherever *catas*, or 'women's washings,' are found, we can profitably apply the hydraulic system of sluicing and fluming not by an upper reservoir only, but also from below by a force-pump. Water is procurable at all seasons by means of Norton's

Abyssinian tubes,[1] and the brook-beds, dammed above and below, will form perennial tanks. I am surprised that English miners on the Gold Coast have not borrowed this valuable hint to wash from the people who have practised it since time immemorial. Wherever we read, as on Mr. Wyatt's map, 'Gold-dust found in all these streams;' 'Natives dive for gold in the dry,' and 'Old gold-shafts all along this track,' we should think of 'hydraulicking.'

2. The natives, here and elsewhere, prospect for and work the bank-reefs after the subtending gutter-bed has proved auriferous. There is, however, no connection between the two, and the precious metal in the subsoil is either swept down by the floods or washed out of the sides, as we shall see on the Ancobra River.

3. The negroes, who ignore pumps and steam-navvies, have neglected the obvious measure of deep-digging in all the stream-beds, where much detrital gold and even nuggets will assuredly be found. This should be done either by shafting or by opening with 'steam-navvies' the whole course of the channel during the 'Dries.'

Regaining the main road and passing towards the northern town, which is separated from southern Axim by the fort and the grassy drill-ground, we cast a look

[1] The Egyptian campaigners seem to have thought of these valuable articles somewhat late in the day. Yet two years ago I saw one working at Alexandria.

at a heap of rotting cases at last stored under a kind of shed. Though labelled 'Akim' by the ungeographical manufacturer, they contain a board-house, with glass-windows and all complete, intended for Axim, and eventually for the District-commissioner, Tákwá. But, with a futility worthy of the futile African, certain authorities at Head-quarters, after buying and landing the proposed bungalow, which probably cost 500*l.*, discovered that they could not afford the expense of sending it to its destination. Consequently it was made over to the white ants, and it has now duly qualified for fuel.

At the end of the northern town a noble bombax notes the last resting-place of Europeans; and on it hangs a tale deserving a place in 'Spiritualistic prints.' A certain M. Thiebaut, transport-manager to the French Tákwá-Company, died at Axim, and was here buried in July 1881. Many persons, including Mr. Grant's mother and wife, declare that they saw during broad daylight his 'spirit' standing over his grave. And no wonder if he walked; a decent 'ghost' would feel unhappy in such a 'yard,' then a receptacle for native impurities. We represented the case to Mr. Alexander Allan, who succeeded poor Captain O'Brien, and that active and energetic 'new broom' at once took steps to abate the nuisance. The 'ghost' has not been seen since its last home has been surrounded by a decent paling and inscribed 'Ci-gît Thiebaut.' The same pious service was

then done for one of our countrymen, Mr. Crawford who died at Axim in the same year.

Leaving on the left a neat bungalow, the 'Effuenta House,' we see to seaward of it the wooded knoll Bosomato.[1] Here a thatched hut shows where the late M Bonnat proposed to build a trading establishment, and to disembark his goods despite rock and reef. A few yards further the road is crossed by the Breviya ('where life ends'), another foul lagoon-stream, haunted by sirens and crossed by a corduroy-bridge. It leads to a village of the same name, which the Anglo-African calls 'Stink-fish Town,'[2] alluding tersely and picturesquely to its sun-dried produce.

From this knot of huts and hovels we turn sharp to the east, or inland, and presently enter the Apatim or Bujiá concession, which has been leased for mining purposes to Mr. Irvine. There is a shorter road further north, but it is barred, we were assured, by a bad swamp. Our path, fairly open, ran up and down a succession of round-topped, abrupt-flanked hills, thrown together without system, and showing no signs of a plateau. They are parted by creek-valleys, gulches, and gullies,

[1] Abosom, Obosom or Bosom, vulg. Bossum, are imaginary beings, guardians and so forth, worshipped by the people and called 'fetishes' by Europeans. The word 'fetish' is properly applied only to charms, philters, amulets, and all that genus. See p. 78, *Wit and Wisdom from West Africa*, London, Tinsleys, 1865.

[2] As usual it is a translation; the natives call the preserve 'bomom,' from 'bon,' to stink.

thick with tangled vegetation and varying in depth from a few feet to two and even three hundred. Many of them carry water even in the driest season. The country is remarkably like that behind Cape Coast Castle, where the Home Government, during the last Ashanti war (1873–74), proposed to lay down a tramway.

The land is not heavily timbered, but there is wood sufficient for everyday purposes. Its chief growth is the spiny bombax, whose timber is hardly durable enough for permanent shafting. Here, however, and in all the mines upon and near the seaboard, carpenter-work should be imported from England; it will be at once cheaper and better. The country is everywhere seamed with reefs and ridges of naked quartz, beginning near the coast and striking in the right direction. There must be many more underground, and all will be bared by 'washing' the country. Mr. R. B. N. Walker, whose energy and enterprise obtained this, as well as other concessions, tells me that during a second visit one of his company 'picked up' two or three small pieces of quartz showing "free gold" among the refuse around the native pits.'

We progressed slowly enough, as we delayed to botanise, to net butterflies,[1] and to shoot for specimens.

[1] Our large collection all came to grief, because we had neglected to carry camphor. The hint may be useful to those who follow us.

The path crossed and recrossed the Impima rivulet, which in parts was dammed and double-dammed; its bed of quartz-gravel and red ironstone again suggested deep digging. After a two hours' stroll we traversed the snaking course by a rude bridge, and presently came to the half-way plantation, Impatási: it is faced by a dwarf clearing, and we noted a fine clump of bamboo-cane. The next village was Edu-Kru, marked upon the maps 'Edu.' We then passed over the dry bed of the Bujiá wady, which looked as 'fit' as the Impima; and, at about twenty-five yards north of the bed we breasted the rough ascent of the Apatim Hill.

Here we turned to the right and found Mr. Grant's trial-shaft. It had been sunk amongst a number of round holes dug by the native miner, and it appeared to us that they had been working the southern butt-end of the eastern reef. He had preferred it to another pit sunk a little distance from the centre by a man named Jones, whose venture yielded the poorest results. Cameron drew my attention to the necessity of 'hydraulicking' this hill-side; and from three pounds of its yellow clay, gathered at random, we washed about fourpence worth of gold-dust, upwards of 8*l.* a ton. Other specimens assayed 1 oz. 13 dwts. and 13 grains. The quartz at a little lower than a fathom

had yielded poorly,[1] but better results were expected from a deeper horizon.

A few minutes of uphill-walk led us to the little Apatim village, our objective. We had spent three hours and a half over a distance which would be easily covered in two. The march may be about two and a half miles (direct geographical) from Axim, and five along the native path. During the night my companion took a good observation of Castor and Pollux, and with the aid of his chronometer laid down the position of the Apatim village at N. lat. 4° 55′ and W. long. (G.) 2° 14′ 2″. Consequently the nearest point from Central Axim is 2,200 yards, and 200 from the shore. The north-western angle runs clean across the Ancobra River.[2] The concession measures 4,000 square yards, the centre being an old native shaft a little north of the Bujiá bed. The quadrangle lies between N. lat. 4° 53′ 56″ and 4° 55′ 56″, and W. long. (G.) 2° 12′ 48″ and 2° 14′ 48″. The lease costs 12*l.* per annum, paid quarterly, and 120*l.* when the works shall open. Its

[1] Messieurs Johnson and Matthey found only 0·650 oz. gold and 0·225 silver.

[2] Mr. Walker wrote to me, 'I am inclined to believe that the concession will be found to extend to the River Ankobra on the west and north-west sides. But I do not feel certain that this would be of any material advantage, the distance from Axim by land being so short, and the road between that port and the property being capable of improvement, so as to render transport a matter of small expense.'

lessor had forbidden his fraudulent people to prospect or to mine, because, as usual, they systematically robbed him of his royalty. This universal practice has made the kings and chiefs throughout the country ready and even anxious to sell mining-lands for small sums which will be paid honestly and regularly. They are also fully alive to the prospective advantages of European staffs settling amongst them. Like them we shall find the systematic dishonesty and roguery of the natives a considerable drawback; the fellows know good stone at sight and can easily secrete it. The cure for this evil will be the importation of labour, especially of Chinese labourers.

At Apatim, the name of the district as well as the village, we were civilly received by the chief, Kwábina Sensensé. He is also lessor of the unfortunate Akankon concession, and his right to sell or to let either of them has been seriously disputed. This practice, again, may lead, unless checked, to serious difficulties. When the local government shall have established a regular department and a staff of Gold-commissioners, every owner should be compelled legally to prove his title to the land. West Africans know nothing of yards and fathoms; they have hardly any words to express north or south.[1] Consequently they will sell, either wittingly or in their

[1] The four points are taken from the buried body, the feet being to the east and the head lying west.

ignorance of dimension and direction, the same ground, or parts of it, to two or three purchasers. Indeed, they would like nothing better, and consequently 'jumpers' must be expected.

Sensensé is a dark man, apparently on the wrong side of fifty. His grizzly beard, grown comparatively long, his closely-trimmed mustachios, and his head-cloth, worn like a turban, made me take him at first sight for a Moslem. He has a cunning eye, which does not belie his reputation. His fad is to take money and to do no work for it; he now wants us to pay for the clearing of an uncleared path. The villagers fear him on account of certain fetish-practices which, in plain English, mean poison; and he keeps up their awe by everywhere displaying the outward signs of magic and sorcery. A man with this gift can rise at night when all sleep; cast off his body like a snake's slough; become a *loup-garou*; shoot flames from eyes and ears, nose, mouth, and arm-pits; walk with his head on the ground and kill man either by drinking his blood or by catching his *kra* (*umbrà*), which he boils and devours. Here the sign of 'fetish' is mostly the *koro*, or pot full of rubbish. At Axim and Akankon we shall find our chief a mighty bore, each visit being equivalent to a bottle of gin.

After a restful sleep in the cool and pleasant air of Apatim, we proceeded to visit the valley east of the

settlement, despite Sensensé's warning that the ground was 'fetish.' He had made the same objection to M. Bonnat, his evident object being to keep the rich placer for private use or for further sale. There are evil reports about the origin of the Frenchman's fatal illness after disregarding this and similar warnings. The deep and steep-banked depression runs north—south, and is apparently the head of the Bujiá stream. The vegetation, especially near the water, which flows some 300 feet below the village, was exceedingly dense and tangled, except where the ground had been cleared for bananas, maize, or ground-nuts. The bottom, especially at the sharp corners, gave the idea of exceeding richness; and there were many old works apparently deserted. The 'fetish-pot' stood everywhere, filled with oil, water, and palm-wine, leaves, cowries, eggs, and all manner of filth. This stuff, stirred by the *komfo* diviner, answers questions and enables man to soothsay. It also corresponds with the *obeah* of the West Indies, the *ubio* of the Efik race, a charm put into the ground to hurt or kill. How hot the rich hole was! What a perspiration and what a thirst came out of the climb!

In the evening we walked about half a mile to the south-west of the village, and prospected the central shaft, whence the measurements were made. Here it is sunk in a western reef, palpably running parallel with the eastern, which we first inspected. And this

visit gave us a fair idea of the property. It consists of at least three ridges of clay running from north to south, and each containing one or more meridional walls of quartz. Some of the latter may turn out to be 'master lodes.'

I regret that this fine Apatim concession was not thrown into the market before the so-called 'Izrah.' The distance from Axim to the mining-ground is so small that provisions and machinery could be transported for a trifle. The village lies 220 feet above sea-level; and a hillock in its rear, perhaps 80 feet higher, commands a noble view, showing Axim Bay: it could be used as a signal-station. The rise is a fine, healthy position for the dwellings to be occupied by the European staff, and in such air white men could work for years.

Moreover, the short distance from the shore offers peculiar advantages for 'hydraulicking.' Flumes and sluices could carry the golden subsoil to the sea and discharge it into a series of tanks and cisterns, which would be cradled for 'pay-dirt.' Finally, it will be easy to baffle the plundering negro workman by sending all stone containing free gold to be worked in England, where superior appliances extract more than enough to pay transport-costs. Indeed, it is a question with me whether, despite great expenses, reduction at home even of inland produce will not be found prefer-

able.[1] This remark applies only to rich ore; the poorer can be worked upon the spot.

We returned to Axim with the highest opinion of 'Apatim,' and I rejoiced to hear that the mine will be opened without delay.

[1] Mr. C. H. Creswick, of the Gold Coast Mining Company, kindly drew up for me the following table of expenses from Abontiyakon (his diggings) to England, and the costs of reducing a ton of ore.

£	s.	d.	
3	15	0	canoe-transport to the Abonsá River.
1	10	0	Abonsá to Axim by a boat of thirteen hands carrying five tons
0	3	6	landing at Axim and shipping on board steamer.
1	15	0	freight and landing charges at Liverpool.
0	15	0	carriage to reduction-works.
2	12	6	costs of reduction.
8	11	0	which practically would rise to 9*l.* or 10*l.*

For local reduction Mr. Creswick calculates the outlay at 2*l.* per ton, including interest on prime cost of machinery, allowance for wear and tear, and labour-pay.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RETURN-VISIT TO KING BLAY; ATÁBO AND BÉIN.

I SPARE my readers the slightest description of the troubles that attended our departure from Axim on January 31. Briefly, we began loading at dawn and the loads were not headed before 10 A.M.

The black caravan, or rather herd, was mustered by its guide and manager, the energetic W. M. Grant. His *personnel* consisted of seven Kruboys from Cape Palmas and forty-three Axim carriers, who now demand eight and sixpence for a trip which two years ago cost a dollar. They stray about the country like goats, often straggling over four miles. As bearers they are the worst I know, and the Gold Coast hammock is intended only for beach-travelling. The men are never sized, and they scorn to keep step, whilst the cross-pieces at either end of the pole rest upon the head and are ever slipping off it. Hence the jolting, stumbling movement and the sensation of feeling every play of the porters' muscles, which make the march one long displeasure.

Yet the alternative, walking, means fever for a new comer. On return we cut long bamboos and palm-fronds and made the Krumen practise carrying, Hindu-fashion, upon the shoulder.

The rest of the moving multitude was composed of the servantry and the camp-followers. One *bouche inutile* bore a flag, a second carried a gun, and so forth, the only principle being to work as little as possible and to plunder all things plunderable. There were exceptions. Joe (Kwasi Bedeh) of Dixcove, Cameron's old servant, who boasts of being a pagan, and who speaks English, French, and Dutch, a handy and intelligent young fellow, who can cook, sew, carpenter, or lead a caravan—in fact, can serve as factotum—and his accounts, marvellous to recount, are honestly kept. I should want no better servant in these coast-countries and in exploring the far interior. The cook, 'Mister Dawson,' of Axim, is a sturdy senior of missionary presence: having been long employed in that line, he wears a white tie on Sundays, and I shrewdly suspect him of preaching. A hard worker, beginning early and ending late, he is an excellent stuffer of birds and beasts, and the good condition of our collection is owing entirely to him. His son, Kwasi Yau (Sunday Joe), is a sharp 'boy' in the Anglo-Indian sense. The carpenter, our model idler, who won't work and can't work, receives 3*l.* per mens., when $8 should be the utmost; we cleared him out on

return to Axim. Meanwhile he saunters about under an umbrella, and is always missing when wanted for work.

Our companions and body-guards are Bianco and Nero, both bought by Cameron at L'pool for a suspiciously trifling sum. The former is a small smooth-haired terrier, who dearly loves to bark and bite, and who shows evident signs of early training in the cab-line. A dog with all the manners of a doggess, he eventually found a happy home in the fort, Axim. The second, a bastard Newfoundland with a dash of the bloodhound, and just emerging from puppyhood, soon told us the reason why he was sold for a song. That animal was a born murderer; he could not sight a sheep, a goat, or a bullock without the strongest desire to pull it down; therefore he had been sold into slavery, African and old-English fashion, instead of being hanged. He had fine qualities—obedience, fidelity, affection, a grand voice, and a ferocious presence. All these good gifts, however, were marred by an over-development of destructiveness. He survived his journeys by passing many of his hours in the water, and he was at last 'dashed' to Dr. Roulston, of Tákwá.

We took once more the northern road to Brévia, or 'Stink-fish Town,' and crossed its tongue of red clay bounded by the bed of the Anjueri stream. Here again appeared a large block of greenstone deeply grooved by the grinder. Thence we debouched upon the surf-

lashed shore, tripped over by the sandpiper and the curlew and roped by the bright-flowered convolvulus. Streaks of the auriferous black sand became more frequent and promising as we advanced.

We ran close to Akromasi, or One-tree Point, upon whose flat dorsum linger the bush-grown ruins of a fort. It was named Elisa Cartago by its founders, the Portuguese, who were everywhere haunted by memories of the classics. Bowdich [1] is eminently in error when he places the remains 'at the extreme navigable point of the river,' and opines that the work was built by Governor Ringhaven (Ruyghaver), buried at Elmina in 1700. He was misinformed by Colonel Starrenberg, a Dutch officer who canoed three days up the Bosom Prah River, a fact probably unknown to Commodore Commerell. Bosman [2] shows 'Elisa Cartago op den Berg Ancober,' crowning the head of Akromasi Point, with a road leading up to the palisades which protect the trade-houses. Lieutenant Jeekel,[3] an excellent authority, also places it at the river-mouth. According

[1] Folio, p. 217.

[2] Letter I. 1737.

[3] Map of the former Dutch possessions on the Gold Coast (districts of Apollonia, Axim, Dixcove, Sekondi, Chama, and El-Mina), by Lieut. C. A. Jeekel, Royal Dutch Navy. Lithographed at the Topographical Depôt of the War Office, Major C. W. Wilson, R.E., Director, 1873. It extends only from the Ebumesu to the Sweet River (Elmina) and up the Ancobra valley; and it is best known for the seaboard.

to some it was taken in early days by the French, who still hold it. Captain Ellis has transferred to this site the story of Fort Eguira, an inland, or rather up-stream, work, destroyed, as Dr. Reynhaut and others tell us, in an 'elendige manier' (a piteous way).

The gallant Mynheer commanding fought the natives till his men were shot down, after using 'rock-gold' (nuggets) for bullets. He rolled sundry powder-barrels under the palaver-hall, and stationed there a boy with a match to be applied when he stamped on the floor. He then flung open the gates, hung out a flag of truce, and invited the bloodthirsty savages, who were bent on killing him by torture, to take the hoard of gold for which the attack was made. When all crowded the great room he reproached them with their greed of gain, gave the sign, and blew them and himself into eternity. I am told by a good authority that the natives, whose memories are tenacious on some points, will not show to strangers the ruins which cost their forefathers so dear.

The last village on the sands is Kukakun, where the wreck of a schooner saddens the scene. Within a few hundred yards of Akromasi we bent abruptly eastward and exchanged the sands for the usual stiff soil of red clay. The gut is formed by the point-bluff and a southern block, and the surface is covered with dense second-growth—pandanus, the false sugar-

cane, ferns large and small, and the sloth-tree, the Brazilian *ubá* or Preguiça, with tall, thin white trunk and hanging palmated leaves. The African palm-birds (orioles of the *Meruliдæ* family), whose two colours, red (*ntiblii*) and golden yellow (*enadsi*), apparently divide them into as many fighting factions, give a touch, a bright colour to the dulness, and chatter over their pensile homes, which strangers would mistake for cocoa-nuts.

Severely hustled and horribly shaken up, we ran down the little valley of the Avin streamlet. It comes from afar, heading, they say, in Abasakasu, a region where gold abounds. In three-quarters of an hour we had cleared the four short miles which separate Axim from the Ancobra ferry. This is the line of a future tramway, which will transport goods from the port to the river; at present they must be shipped in bar-boats, which cost much and carry little. The ground divides itself into three sections—the red clay north of Axim; the sands, whose green-grown upper levels are fitted to support iron-pot sleepers; and the Avin valley, which debouches upon the left bank of the Ancobra. The first and the last divisions are safe for creosoted wood. My friend Mr. Russell Shaw would, I doubt not, take the contract for 4,000*l.*, and a macadamised cart-road could be made for 500*l.*

This would be the beginning of a much-wanted

change. At present the prices of transport are appalling. The French mines pay from 2*l.* to 2*l.* 10*s.* per ton from England to Axim; from Axim to Tákwá, forty miles by river and thirty by land, costs them 600 francs (24*l.*) per ton. Moreover, native hands are not always forthcoming.

The Ancobra River, the main artery and waterway of this region, must not be written after the Jonesian or modern mode, 'Ankobra' and 'Ankober,' nor with Bosman 'Rio Cobre' (River of Copper). It has evidently no connection with Abyssinian Ankober. To the native name, 'Anku' or 'Manku,' the Portuguese added Cobra, expressing its snaky course. Bowdich, followed by many moderns, calls it Seënna, for Sánmá or Sánumá, meaning 'unless a gale (of wind).' The legend is that a savage and murderous old king of the Apollonians, whose capital was Atábo, built a look-out upon a tall cocoanut-tree, and declared that nothing but a storm could lay it low. Sánmá is still the name of the settlement on the right bank near the river-mouth.

We rested at Kumprasi, a few huts close to the *embouchure* of the iron-bedded Avin streamlet and backwater. The little zinc-roofed hut, called by courtesy a store, belonging to Messieurs Swanzy was closed. Katubwé, the northern hill on the left bank, had been bought, together with Akromasi Point and

the Avin valley, by the late M. Bonnat, who cleared it and began shafting it for gold in the usual routine-way. During the last six months it has been overgrown with dense vegétation. Mr. Walker believes, not unreasonably, that this lode is connected with the Apatim or Bujiá reefs.

Ferrying across, we could note the wild features of the Ancobra's mouth. The bar, which in smooth weather allows passage to a load of five tons, not unfrequently breaks at an offing of four miles, and breaks obliquely. The gape is garnished on either side by little black stumps of rocks, and the general effect is very unpleasant. A fine school of sharks fattens on the fish inside the bar. At this season the entrance narrows to a few feet, the effect of a huge sandspit on the right lip, and carries only six feet of water. During the rains it will rise eleven feet at Sánmá, and at Tumento twenty-four feet in a day, falling with the same dangerous rapidity. We shall see more of the Ancobra, which here separates two districts. Between it and Cape Threepoints the land is called Avaláwé; and the westward region, extending to Cape Apollonia, is named Amrehía, the Amregia of Jeekel and Dahse, meaning, 'where people meet.'

We halted for breakfast at Sánmá, where Messieurs Swanzy have another storehouse, and where the French Company is building one for itself with characteristic

slowness. The settlement is ill-famed for the Chigo or jigger (*Pulex penetrans*), unknown in my day upon the West African coast. It has killed men by causing gangrenous sores. From 'Tabon,'[1] the Brazil, it crept over to São Paulo de Loanda, and thence it spread far and wide up and down coast, and deep into the interior. This fact suggests that there may be truth in the theory which makes the common flea of India an immigrant from Europe.

At 1 P.M. we resumed our way along the beach, under sunshine tempered by the 'smokes.' These mists, however, are now clearing away for the tornado-season, and 'insolation' will become more decided. We ran by sundry little bush-villages: their names will be found in my companion's careful route-survey. I shall notice only those which showed something notable.

There is sameness in the prospect, which, however, does not wholly lack interest. Soon after dawn the village urchins begin disporting themselves among the breakers and billows upon broken bits of boat, while their fathers throw the cast-net nearer shore. The brown-black pigs and piglets root up the wet sand for shell-fish; and, higher up, the small piebald cattle loiter in the sun or shade. From afar the negro-groups are not unpicturesque in their bright red and brimstone yellow

[1] 'Tabon' is evidently corrupted from the popular greeting 'Sta bom?' (Are you well? How d'e do?)

sheets, worn like Roman togas. A nearer view displays bridgeless, patulous noses, suggesting a figure of ∞ ; cheek-bones like molehills, and lips splayed out in the manner of speaking-trumpets: often, indeed, the face is a mere attachment to the devouring-apparatus. Throughout the day sexes and ages keep apart. The nude boys perch upon stones or worn-out canoes. Their elders affect the shade, men on one side of the village and women on the other. All the settlements are backed by cocoa-trees in lines and clumps. Those who view Africa biliously compare them with hearse-plumes; I find in them a peculiar individuality and likeness to humankind. There is the chubby babe, six feet high; the fast-growing 'hobbedehoy;' the adult, bending away from you like a man, or, woman-like, inclining towards you; there is the bald, shrunken senior; and, lastly, appears death, lean and cold and dry.

Between sea and settlement stand the canoes, flat-bottomed and tip-tilted like Turkish slippers; where the land is low and floods are high, each is mounted upon four posts. Fronting and outside the village stands a wall-less roof of flat matting, the palaver-house. The settlement is surrounded by a palisade of fronds stripped from the bamboo-palm and strengthened by posts; the latter put forth green shoots as soon as stuck in the ground, and recall memories of Robinson Crusoe. The general entrance has a threshold two to two and a half

feet high. The tenements are simple as birds' nests, primitive as the Highlander's mud-cabin and shieling of wattle and heather. The outer walls are of bamboo-palm fronds, the partitions are of bamboo-palm matting, and the roofs are of bamboo-palm thatch. Each place has its *osafahin*, or headman, and each headman has his guest-house, built of better material, swish or adobe.

The only approach to grandeur are the long surges and white combers of the mournful and misty Atlantic. They roll like the waving prairie-land, curl their huge heads, and dash down in a fury of foam. 'On the top of a billow we ride,' with a witness. Here and there black dots peer through the surf, and to touch them is death. This foul shore presents a formidable barrier to landing: there absolutely is no safe place between Apollonia and the Ancobra. European employés avoid tempting the breakers; they disembark and re-embark for home, and that is all. Mr. Grant assures us that there is no risk; Mr. Gillett, who has worked the coast since 1875, says the contrary; no man knows it better or fears it more. Some places are worse than others; for instance, Inenyápoli is exceptionally dangerous. The sea is shallow, and ships, requiring eight fathoms, must, to be safe, anchor four miles out. The coast-soundings in the Admiralty charts are positively unsafe, and will remain so until revised. On the other hand, the reefs

and rocks of Axim Bay have wholly disappeared, with some exceptions seen off Kikam and Esyáma.

Looking inland we find the shore mostly subtended by a *marigot*, or salt-water lagoon, a miniature of those regular rivers which made the Slave Coast what it was. And along the sea we can detect its presence by the trickling of little rills guttering and furrowing the sandy surface. The formation of these characteristic African features, which either run parallel with or are disposed at various angles to the coast, is remarkably simple. There is no reason to assume with Lieutenant R. C. Hart that they result from secular upheaval.[1] The 'powerful artillery with which the ocean assails the bulwarks of the land' here heaps up a narrow strip of high sand-bank; and the tails of the smaller streams are powerless to break through it, except when swollen by the rains. They maintain their level by receiving fresh water at the head and by percolation through the beach, while most of them are connected with the sea.

We halted for rest at the Esyáma village; its landmarks are the ronnier, the glorious palmyra (*Borassus flabelliformis*), here called 'women's cocoa-tree.' The village looked peculiarly neat with its straight, sandy street-roads, a quarter of a mile long; and the tenements generally are better than those of Axim. We noticed the usual feature, a long thatched barn of

[1] Page 186, *Gold Coast Blue Book*. London, 1881.

yellow clay—school-cum-chapel. The people are fond of planting before their doors the *felfa*, croton or physic-nut (*Jatropha curcas*), whose oil so long lighted Lisbon. It is a tree of many uses. Boys suck the honey of the flower-stalk; and adults drink or otherwise use, as corrective of bile, an infusion of the leaves and the under bark. They could not give me the receipt for the valuable preparation of the green apple, well known to the Fantis of Accra.

After returning to Axim we heard of rich diggings two hours' march inland, or north with easting from Esyáma. They are called 'Yirimá,' or 'Choke-full'—that is, of gold. The site is occupied by King Blay's family, and the place is described as containing three or four reefs which have all been more or less worked by the natives. After we left the coast Yirima was visited by Mr. Grant, who reported it as exceptionally promising.

About sunset we hit the Ebumesu, or 'Winding Water.' The people declare that it had a single mouth till the earthquakes of July 1862, which shook down Accra, raised a divide, and made a double *embouchure*. The eastern fork, known as the Páná, is the drain of a large and branchy lagoon, brackish water, bitumen-coloured or brassy-yellow, with poisonous vegetation, and bounded by mangroves abounding in tannin. These water-forests grow differently from the red and white rhizophores of Eastern Africa. We shall again be

ferried over the upper part of the western mouth. Both have bad bars, especially the latter. I therefore can by no means agree with Mr. Walker's report: —'The western outlet of the Ebumesu, near the village of Eku Enu, or Ekwanu, is quite practicable for ordinary surf-boats during the dry season—say half the year—and even in the middle of June I found the bar smooth and safe. Having for thirty years worked some of the worst bars and beaches' (the Gaboon? or the Sherbro?) 'along some hundreds of miles of the West Coast, I am able to state that the Ebumesu bar might be safely utilised for landing goods and machinery; but during the heavy surf of the rainy season goods could always be disembarked at Axim, and, if necessary, carried along the beach to the mouth of the Ebumesu, and thence by boat to the tramway from that river to the mine.' This last statement is quite correct.

All the Aximites described the Ebumesu bars as practically impassable. Cameron and I agreed that the only way of entering them is by running the boat ashore, unloading her, and warping her round the point, as we shall afterwards do at Prince's. But the best line to the Izrah concession has not yet been discovered. I strongly impressed the necessity of careful search upon Mr. A. A. Robertson, the traffic-manager of the Company. For the present I hold the surf along shore and the Ebumesu bar to be equally dangerous.

The land-tongue between the two streams is the favourite haunt of mosquitoes and sand-flies, and it produces nothing save mud and mangroves, miasma and malaria. Yet here in 1873–74 loyal and stout-hearted King Blay defended himself against the whole Apollonian coast, which actively sympathised with the Ashantis.[1] He was at last relieved by the Wásás (Wassaws) coming to his side; and now he has little to fear. He can put some 5,000 musketeers into the field; and, during the late Ashanti scare, he offered to aid us with 7,000, if we could supply the extras with arms and ammunition.

When the 'Queen of Shades' arose, and it became too dark to see the world, we halted at the Sensyéré village, and found good sleeping-quarters in the guest-house of the headman, Bato. Fortunately we had brought mattresses. The standing four-poster of the country offers only cross-planks covered with the thinnest matting. As the ancient joke of many a lugubrious African traveller says, it combines bed and board. Next morning, despite the chilly damp and the 'old-woman-cannot-see,' as the Scotch mist is here called, our men were ready within reasonable limits. After two hours' hammock we found ourselves at Atábo, capital of eastern Apollonia, about to pay our promised return-visit to good King Blay.

[1] Captain Brackenbury, vol. ii. p. 299, *The Ashanti War*, &c., gives an account of King Blay fighting the Ashantis on the Ebumesu.

It is useless to describe the settlement, which in no way differs from those passed on the path. The country-people related its origin as follows:—A Fanti man from the country between Secondee (Sekondi), or Fort Orange, and Shamah (Chamah), at the mouth of the Bosom Prah, when driven out by war, first founded 'Kabeku,' near the present place of that name. His sons built Béin, or Behin,[1] meaning a 'strong man,' and Atábo, in Fanti *atába*, the name of a tree with a reddish-yellow fruit. The latter was paramount till late years, when turbulent and unruly Béin was allowed to set up for herself an independent king; and the sooner things return to the *status quo ante* the better for peace.

King Blay's guest-house of whitewashed swish is a model of its kind. You pass through a large compound, which contains the outhouses, into a broad, deep verandah, generally facing away from the sea. It opens upon a central room adorned with German prints of Scriptural subjects—Mariahilf, for instance, all gaudy colour and gilt spangles. On each side of this piece are sleeping-rooms. The furniture of the five is exceedingly simple—a standing bedstead, a table, and a few wooden chairs. But Ahin Blay is a civilised man who strews his floors with matting, and has osier *fauteuils* from Madeira. These quarters are quite wholesome

[1] The aspirate is hardly audible. Captain Brackenbury, generally so careful, manages to confound Béin and Benin.

and comfortable enough for temporary use. They would be greatly improved by mounting on pillars or piles; and they might serve for all seasons save the rainy.

Mr. Graham, who dispenses elementary knowledge to the missionary pupils, came to us at once, and kindly offered his aid as 'mouf.' These useful men, who serve as go-betweens and interpreters, are called 'scholars' by the people, and are charged with making profit out of whites and blacks. In the afternoon Mr. Graham brought me two neolithic stone-implements. We then set out for the 'palace,' a large congeries of houses and huts, guided by a mighty braying of horns and beating of drums, and by Union Jacks, with the most grotesque adjuncts of men and beasts, planted in the clean and sandy street-road. King Blay received us in his palaver-hall, and his costume now savoured not of Europe, but of 'fetish.' He had been 'making customs,' or worshipping after country-fashion, and would not keep us waiting while he changed dress. The cap was a kind of tall hood, adorned with circles of cowries and two horns of the little bush-antelope; the robe was Moorish, long and large-sleeved, and both were charged with rolls of red, white, and blue stuff, supposed to contain grígrís, or talismans. The Ashanti medal, however, was still there; indeed, he wore it round his neck even on the march, when his toilette was reduced to a waist-cloth and a billycock.

After discussing palm-wine in preference to trade-gin, we persuaded King Blay, despite all his opposition, that 'time is gold,' and that with strange and indelicate haste we *must* set out early on the morrow for the Izrah mine. His main difficulty was about clearing the path; he had issued strong orders upon the subject, but African kings often command and no one cares to obey. The monarchy is essentially limited, and the lieges allow no stretch of power, unless the ruling arm be exceptionally long and strong.

Hearing that the gold-hilted official swords of the King of Béin were for sale, and wishing to inspect the place, we set off at 3.30 P.M. to cover the 4,769 yards measured along the sands by Mr. Graham. Reaching our destination, eighteen miles distant from Axim, we were carried up the long straight street-road which leads to the old English fort. It is the normal building, a house on bastions, both well and solidly made of stone and lime. Amongst the materials I found a fine yellow sandstone-grit and a nummulite so weathered that the shells stood out in strong relief. Both were new to us on this trap-coast, and no one could say where they were quarried; many thought they must have come from Europe, others that they are brought from inland. The masonry of the sea-front was pitted with seven large wounds, dealt by as many shells when we broke down our own work. Such was the conse-

quence of sympathising with the Ashantis in 1873, when Axim also was bombarded.

What changes these factory-forts have seen, beginning with the days of the jolly old Hollanders, who, in doublets and trunk-hose, held high state, commanding large garrisons and ruling the rulers of the land. What banquets, what carousals, with *sopies* of the best schiedam, and long clay-pipes stuffed with the finest tobacco, when an exceptional haul of gold-dust or captives had come to hand! But Time got the better of them; the abolition of the export slave-trade cut the ground from under their feet; diminished profits made economy necessary, and the forts were allowed to become the shadows of their former selves. Then came the cession to England, when all appeared running on the road to ruin. Now, however, things are again changed, and 'Resurgam' may be written upon these scenes of decay. The Mines will once more make the fortune of the Gold Coast, and the old buildings will become useful as hospitals, and store-houses, and barracoons for coolie emigrants.

The Bein fort has been repaired and whitewashed inside by the lessees, Messieurs Swanzy, whose agent, Mr. Carr, we found here in possession. Unlike Axim, it still preserves intact the outer work with its dwarf belfry over the strong doorway. But the cistern in the

middle of this slave-court must make the cleanly old Netherlanders turn in their tombs.

Opposite the fort is the normal school-room, occasionally served by Mr. Graham, of Atábo; Béin has a tide-waiter, but no pedagogue. Beyond it rises the large and uneven swish-house of the 'King,' who has lately been summonsed, as a defaulting debtor, to Cape Coast Castle: the single black policeman who served the writ evidently looked upon us as his colleagues. The people eyed us with no friendly glances; they were 'making custom' for the ruler's return. The vague phrase denoted, in this case, a frantic battering of drums, big and little; a squeaking of scrannel pipes; a feminine 'break-down' of the most *effrénée* description, and a general libation to the Bacchus of Blackland. A debauched and drunken Ashanti, who executed for our benefit a decapitation-dance, evidently wishing that we had been its objects, thanked us ironically for a sixpence. We met some difficulty in seeing the swords, which were *not* to be sold. They were the usual rusty and decayed fish-slicers; Cameron, however, was kind enough to sketch them for me, and they will appear in my coming book.

Most of the adult males had travelled inland to the Tákwá or French mines, where the Apollonians bear the highest reputation. Whole gangs flock to the diggings, bringing their own provisions and

implements. Thus they have begun working on tribute and contracting for piece-work.[1] This is a favourable phase of the labour-question. At the same time it is clear that the labourer can easily keep the richest specimens for himself and palm off the worst stuff upon the stranger.

Here we are next door to the Ivory Coast, and elephants, they say, are still to be found within two days north of Béin. The hunters cross a broad stream (the Tando?) and a dry swamp; they then enter an uninhabited forest; and, after a couple of marches, they reach the animals' haunts. Small tusks are at times brought in, but no Europeans, so far as I know, ever killed a tusker in these wilds. My informants heard that a route from Béin leads to Gyáman, and that it may be travelled without difficulty.

The following note, by Mr. Edward L. McCarthy, describes an excursion from Béin to the unvisited Essuá-tí, made by him in August 1881:—

'Accompanied by Prince John Coffee, heir to King Blay, three other chiefs, their servants, and my own party of Krumen, we left the town of Béin, Apollonia, to go up to the village in the bush called Esuá-ti. Half a mile from the town we found canoes awaiting us, and in these we were poked along for over half an

[1] This information was given to me by M. Plisson, traffic-manager to the Company.

hour over what in the dry season is a native path, but now a narrow channel of water winding about in a dense jungle of reeds. Here and there we came upon small hillocks covered with trees, in which numerous monkeys sported about. Emerging from these reeds, one broad sheet of water presented itself to the eye, encircled by a low shore fringed with canes, bush, and palm-trees, and at its western extremity a range of hills rose out of the background. The lagoon receives several small streams, and empties itself into the sea by the Ebumesu river, its mouth being about half-way between Béin and the Ancobra. According to the natives the river used to be navigable to its mouth, but of late years has become overgrown with reeds. A few years back they set to work to cut a channel through them, but getting tired of the work gave it up. The length of the lagoon appears to be about three to four miles, and about one to one and a half in breadth. Its major axis runs parallel to the coast-line, or nearly due east and west. Twenty minutes' paddling brought us round the point of a small head-land, where we came in sight of a pretty lake-village, built upon piles, at some little distance from the shore, the whole forming a most picturesque and animated scene. From house to house canoes laden with people, plantains, &c., were passing to and fro; groups of villagers, some standing, others sitting, upon the raised

bamboo-platforms outside their houses, were busy bartering fish for plantains, while the children played around, apparently unconscious of any danger from falling into the water. The settlement consisted of over forty houses, mostly of bamboo, a few of "swish," forming one long irregular line, and three or four standing away from the rest round a corner of land, after the Fanti custom. These houses were built on a bamboo-platform supported by piles, and raised above the water some three and a half feet. One half of the platform is covered by the house; the other half, left free, is used to fish from, for the children to play about on, and for receptions when palavers are held.

'The distance from the shore varies with the overflow of the lake, at the time of my visit about thirty to forty yards, though for miles beyond this the ground was saturated with water, whose depth varied from three and a half to nine feet. The piles are made of stout sticks; the mode of driving them in is to lash two canoes abreast by means of two sticks or paddles, placed transversely, leaving an open space of about two and a half feet between them. Two men in each canoe, and facing each other, then vigorously twist and churn about the pole, or rather stick, into the soft bottom of the lagoon. Some fifteen of these poles are thus driven in and firmly braced together by cross-pieces,

upon which the platform is constructed, and on this again the house is built.

'We stopped here to breakfast before ascending the Bousaha River; and, while so doing, I counted at one time over forty natives sitting round us on the platform. I was not without my fears that we should all be precipitated into the water, but the structure, though in appearance frail and very rude, was far stronger than what it looked.

'I closely questioned the natives as to why they had built their village upon the lake, and they invariably gave as their reason that they chiefly fished at night; and, as the water often overflowed, they would have to build their houses too far away to be able to come and go during the night; whereas "now," they said, "we are close to where we catch our fish, and we often catch them even from our houses." Underneath each house were tied from one to five, and sometimes more, canoes. These were much lighter, more rounded off in the keel, stem, and stern, than the beach-canoes.

'Three white men, they told me, had visited their village—Captain Dudley in 1876, judging from the age of a child who was born at the time of his visit; Captain Grant and Mr. Gillett, in 1878, I afterwards learnt, were the other two. None of them went further into the interior.

'After breakfast we crossed the lagoon, passing on

our way several canoes fishing in the middle. The water was very clear and blue, and of considerable depth, judging from a stone dropped in. Unfortunately I had no other means of sounding. Not until a dozen yards from the shore were any signs of a stream discernible. Pushing aside some reeds, we entered a narrow lane of water, varying from three feet to eighteen feet in width, deep, and, according to the natives, navigable for three days by canoes. This stream is known by the name of Bousaha, and the lagoon by Ebumesu. After two hours' hard paddling in a northerly direction we stopped to walk to the village of Níbá, a large place, principally engaged in raising food for the coast fishing-villages and Béin, and also in elephant-hunting.

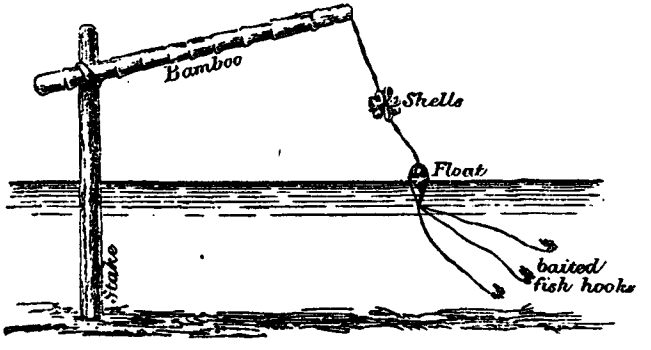
'Elephants at the time of my visit were reported in large numbers two days' journey in the bush, and the villagers were then organising a party for a hunt. Outside the village I came across the skull of a young elephant, from which I extracted the teeth. The only report of a white man having been here before was long ago, when, some of the old men told me, he came from Assini direction, but turned back again. The village was neatly laid out in streets and was beautifully clean.

'Another three hours' pull, still bearing northwards, brought us to the village of Essuati, a smaller place than Níbá, but very prettily laid out with trees, sur-

rounded by seats in its central street. The people here, as at Níbá, were mainly engaged in agriculture.

'Crowds came to see the "white man," many of the women and children never having been to Axim, the nearest place where whites are to be found, and, consequently, had never seen one before.

'After a few days' stay here I returned to the coast. While there I came across a curious fish-trap, a description of which may not be uninteresting. Across a stick planted in the river-bed a light piece of bamboo was tied, and at its further extremity was suspended a string carrying fish-hooks. Above these a broad piece of wood, suspended so as to be half in and half out of the water, acted as a float and spindle. Above this again were tied four large shells, so that when a fish is hooked the shells begin to jingle, and the fishermen, hid in the bush, immediately rush out and secure the fish.'



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE IZRAH MINE—THE INYOKO CONCESSION—THE RETURN TO AXIM.

THE next day (February 2) showed me my objective, Izrah, after a voyage of nearly three months. The caravan, now homeward-bound after a fashion, rose early, and we hammocked in the cool and misty morning along shore to Inyenápoli—the word means Greater Inyena, as opposed to Inyenachi, the Less. In the house of Mr. J. Eskine I saw his tradesman bartering cloth for gold-dust. The weighing apparatus is complicated and curious, and complete sets of implements are rare; they consist of blowers, sifters, spoons, native scales, weights of many kinds, and 'fetish gong-gongs,' or dwarf double bells.

Gold-dust is the only coin of the realm; and travellers who would pass north of the Protectorate must buy it on the coast. It is handier than one would suppose; even a farthing can be paid in it by putting one or two grains upon a knife-tip, and there is

a name, *peseha* (Port. *peso*?), for a pennyworth. Larger values go by weight; the *aki* (*ackie*),[1] or sixteenth of an ounce, being the unit of value. The people may be persuaded to take an English sovereign, but they spurn a French napoleon. Amongst the many desiderata of the Coast is a law making all our silver coins legal tenders. At present the natives will scarcely take anything but threepenny-bits, new and bright and bearing H.B.M.'s 'counterfeit presentment.' Copper has been tried, but was made to fail by a clever District-commissioner, who refused to take the metal in payment of Government dues. The old cowrie-currency, of which the *tapo*, or score, represented two farthings, is all but extinct. Its name will be preserved in the proverb, 'There is no market wherein the dove with the pouting breast (the *cyprœa*) has not traded.' The same is the case with the oldest money, round and perforated quartz-stones, which suggest the ring-coinage of ancient Egypt.

[1] The word *aki* sounds much like the Arab *wukkah* or *wukkiyah*. Its weight, the 16th of an ounce, never varies; but the value ranges from 4*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*., according as the ounce is worth 3*l*. 12*s*. to 4*l*. 10*s*., the average being assumed at 4*l*. Other proportions are:—

The *toku* (carat-seed) = 5*d*.

The *benna* = 2 *akis*.

The *periquen*, *peregueu*, or *peredwane* = 32 *akis*, or two ounces in weight; and ranging in value from 9*l*. to 10*l*. (Bowdich, p. 283). The word is Ashanti, little used by the Fantis.

For a list of these complicated gold weights, of which Mr. Grant has promised me a set, see Appendix B, *A Dictionary of the Asante and Fante Language*, Rev. Christaller, Basel, 1881.

From Inyenápoli, preceded by King Blay, who so managed that a fair path had been hastily cut through the bush, we struck inland, the course being northwards, bending to the north-east and east. The first hour, covering some three miles, lay partly over a flat plain of grass used for thatch, pimpled with red ant-hills and broken by lines and patches of dense jungle. These savannahs are common near the sea; we had already remarked one behind Béin. They denote the 'false coast,' and they become during the wet season almost impassable swamps and mud-fields.

Then we struck the valley of 'Ebumesu, winding water,' whose approach, rank with mire and corded with roots, is the Great Dismal Swamp of Dahome in miniature. Here, seven and a quarter miles from the mouth, the stream measures about twenty yards broad, the *thalweg* is deep and navigable, and the water, bitumen-coloured with vegetable matter, tastes brackish. There is the usual wasteful profusion of growth. Ferns ramp upon the trees; Cameron counted at Akankon two dozen different species within a few hundred yards. Orchids bunch the boughs and boles of dead forest-giants; and llianas, the African 'tie-tie,' varying in growth from a packthread to a cable, act as cordage to connect the growths.

There is evidently a shorter cut up the river, at whose lagoon-mouth craft can be hired. Our ferryman

with his single canoe wasted a good hour over the work of a few minutes. We then remounted hammock and struck the 'true coast,' a charming bit of country, gradually upsloping to the north and east. The path passed through the plantation-villages, Benyá and Arábo, growing bananas and maize, cassava and ground-nuts, peppers and papaws, cocoas and bamboo-palms (*Raphia vinifera*). The latter not only build the houses, they also yield wine of two kinds, both, however, inferior to the produce of the oil-palm (*Elais guineënsis*). The *adúbé*, drawn from the cut spathe, which continues to yield for two or three months, is held to be wholesome, diuretic, and laxative. The *inséfu* is produced in mortice-like holes cut along the felled trunk; they fill freely for a fort-night to three weeks, when fires must be lighted below to make the juice run into the pots. It is sweeter and better flavoured than the former, but it is accused of being unwholesome. The people drink palm-wine at different hours of the day, according to taste. The beverage is mild as milk in the morning; after noon it becomes heady, and rough as the sourest cider. The useful palm bears a huge bolster-like roll of fruit, which should be tried for oil: Cameron brought home a fine specimen for Kew. Here the land is evidently most fertile, and will form good farms for the Company. Leaving Arábo, we forded the double stream called the

Bilá, which runs a few yards west of the concession. The banks are grown with rice, showing how easily they will produce all the food necessary for the labourers. The quality, moreover, is better, and the grain more nutritious than the Chinese import. The bed of bright sand, supplying the sweetest water, has in places been worked for gold by the women, but much remains to be done.

In another hour, making a total of six miles from Inyenápoli, we reached our destination, Arábokasu, or 'One Stone for Top.' We lodged our belongings in the bamboo-house newly built by Mr. Grant, finding it perfectly fit for temporary use. Before I left Axim Mr. C. C. Robertson landed there, instructed by the Izrah Company to choose a fair site for a frame-house mounted on piles. It was presently made in England, but unfortunately not after the Lagos fashion, with the bed-rooms opening upon a verandah seven to nine feet broad, and a double roof of wood with air-space between, instead of thatch and corrugated iron. The house measures 52 × 32 feet, and contains four bed-rooms, a dining-room, and the manager's office. A comfortable tenement of the kind costs from 300*l.* to 500*l.*, an exceptional article 700*l.*

We at once set out to cast a first glance upon the Izrah mine. The word is properly Izíá, a stone, also the name of the man who began gold-digging on the

spot. This style of nomenclature is quite 'country-fashion.' Apparently Izíá became Izrah to assume a 'Scriptural' sound; if so, why not 'go the whole animal' and call it the Isaiah?

This fine concession is a rectangular parallelogram, whose dimensions are 2,000 yards long from north to south, by a breadth of half. The village stands outside the south-western angle, and the Fía rivulet runs through the south-eastern corner. The surface is rolling ground, with a rise and a depression trending from south-west to north-east. The whole extent, except where 'bush' lingers, is an old plantation of bananas, manioc, and ground-nuts. There is an ample supply of good hard timber, but red pitch-pine or creosoted teak from England would last much longer. Amongst the trees are especially noted the copal, the gamboge, rich in sticky juice, the *brovi*, said to be the hardest wood, and the *dum*, or African mahogany (*Oldfieldia africana*), well known in Ceylon as excellent material for boat-building. There was an abundance of the Calabar-bean (*Physostigma venenosum*), once used for an ordeal-poison, and now applied by surgery in ophthalmic and other complaints. The 'tie-tie,' as Anglo-Africans call the rope-like creepers, was also plentiful; it may prove valuable for cordage, and possibly for paper-making. I was pleased to see the ease with which the heaped-up jungle-

growth is burnt at this season and the facility of road-making. Half a dozen Kru-boys with their matchets can open, at the rate of some miles a day, a path fit to carry a 'sulky;' and the ground wants only metalling with the stone which lines every stream. At the same time I hold that here, as in Mexico, we should begin with railways and tramways. Nor will there be any difficulty in keeping down the jungle. The soft and silky Bahama-grass has been brought from Sá Leone to Axim, where it covers the open spaces, and it grows well at Akankon. There is no trouble except to plant a few roots, which extend themselves afar; and the carpet when thick allows, like the orange-tree, no undergrowth.

The 'Izrah' concession is due to the energy and activity of Mr. R. B. N. Walker, who has told its history. In March 1881, when he first visited it, there had been a black 'rush;' the din and clamour of human voices were audible from afar, and on reaching the mine he found some 300 natives hard at work. I was told that the greatest number at one time was 2,000. The account reminds us exactly of the human floods so famous in other parts of the mining world. The men were sinking pits of unusual size along the south-eastern slope of the hillock, where the great clearing now is. The excitement was remarkable; and, negroes not being given to hard and continuous

labour without adequate inducement, the bustle and the uproar, and the daily increasing numbers of miners flocking from considerable distances, were evidence sufficient that there was an unusually good 'find.' Their pits, attaining a maximum of 12 feet square by 55 deep, extended over some 150 yards from NN.E. to SS.W., with a breadth of about 20. From some of these holes rich quartz had been taken, one piece, the size of a 32-pounder cannon-ball, yielding more than ten ounces of gold. A shaft, however, soon caved in, for the usual reason: it had been inadequately timbered and incautiously widened at the bottom to the shape of a sodawater-bottle. All these works owed a royalty to Ahin Blay; but his dues were irregularly paid, and consequently he preferred to them a fixed rental of 100*l.* per annum.

The following anecdote will show how limited is the power of these 'kings.' He of Apollonia wished to sell this southern patch of ground, worked by the natives, it being, in fact, the terminal tail of the Izrah reef and the key of the property. But one Etié, headman of Kikam, bluntly refused. Presently this chieflet agreed to sell to Mr. Grant the whole tract, a length of one thousand fathoms from north to south, the breadth being left undetermined. But Etié was deep in Messieurs Swanzy's books, and he wanted ready money. The tempter came in the shape of Mr. Dawson, a native

missionary whom I met a score of years ago at Agbome, and whose name appears in all narratives of the last Ashanti war. Although an employé of the Tákwá or French mine, he bought for himself, paying 200*l.*, the best part of the reef (100 fathoms), leaving the butt-end, of inferior value, to Mr. Grant. This was a direct breach of contract, and might be brought into the local law-courts. I advised, however, an arrangement *à l'aimable*, and I still hope to see it carried out.

Life at Arábokasu was pleasant enough. The site, rising about 120 feet above ocean-level, permits the 'Doctor,' alias the sea-breeze, to blow freshly, and we distinctly heard the sough of the surf. Mornings and evenings were exceedingly fine, and during the cool nights we found blankets advisable. These 'small countries' (little villages) are remarkably clean, and so are the villagers, who, unlike certain white-skins, bathe at least once a day. At this season we had nothing to complain of mosquitoes or sand-flies, nor was 'Insektenpulver' wanted inside the house. The only physiological curiosity in the settlement was a spotted boy, a regular piebald, like a circus-pony; even his head grew a triangular patch of white hair. We wanted him for the London Aquarium, but there were difficulties in the way. Amongst the Apollonians albinoes are not uncommon; nor are the children put to death, as by the Ashantis. Both races cut the boss from hunchbacks

after decease, and 'make fetish' over it to free the future family from similar distortion. Our villagers told us strange tales of a magician near Assini who can decapitate a man and restore him to life, and who lately had placed a dog's head on a boy's body. Who can 'doubt the fact'? the boy was there!

I will now borrow freely from the diary kept during our five days' inspection of the Izrah diggings. Cameron worked hard at a rough survey of the ground which Mr. Walker had attempted with considerable success, seeing that he carried only a pedometer and a small pocket-compass. My proceedings were necessarily limited, as I had no authority to disburse money.

February 3.—The night had been somewhat noisy with the hyena-like screams which startled our soldiers *en route* to Kumasi. They are said to proceed from a kind of hyrax (?) about the size of a rabbit; the Krumen call it a 'bush-dog, and, as will appear, Cameron holds it to be a lemur. The morning was cool, but not clear, and the country so far like the 'Garden of Eden' that there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground. But the mist was a Scotch mist, which, in less humid lands, might easily pass for fine rain; and the drip, drip, drip of heavy dew-drops from the broad banana-leaves sounded like a sharp shower. At this hour the birds are wide awake and hungry; a hundred unknown songsters warble

their native wood-notes wild. The bush resounds with the shriek of the parrot and the cooing of the ringdove, which reminds me of the Ku-ku-ku (Where, oh, where?) of Umar-i-Khayyám. Its rival is the *tsil-fui-fui-fui*, or 'hair grown,' meaning that his locks are too long and there is no one to cut or shave them. Upon the nearest tall tree, making a spiteful noise to frighten away all specimens, sits the 'watch-bird,' or *apateplu*, so called from his cry; he is wary and cunning, but we bagged two. The 'clock-bird,' supposed to toll every hour, has a voice which unites the bark of a dog, the caw of a crow, and the croak of a frog: he is rarely seen and even cleverer than 'hair grown.' More familiar sounds are the *roucoulement* of the pigeon and the tapping of the woodpecker. The only fourfooted beast we saw was the small bush-antelope with black robe, of which a specimen was brought home, and the only accident was the stinging of a Kruboy by a spider more spiteful than a scorpion.

Reaching the ground after a ten minutes' walk, we examined the principal reef as carefully as we could. The strike is nearly north—south, the dip easterly, and the thickness unknown. The trial-shaft, sunk by Mr. Walker in the centre of the southern line, was of considerable size, eight by twelve feet; and the depth measured thirty, of which four held water based upon clay-mud. The original native shafts to the south are

of two kinds, the indigenous chimney-pit and the parallelogram-shaped well borrowed from Europeans. The latter varied in dimensions from mere holes to oblongs six by seven feet; and all the more important were roofed and thatched with pent-houses of palm-leaf, to keep out the rain. The shaft-timbering, also a loan from foreigners, consisted of perpendicular bamboo-fronds tied with bush-rope to a frame of poles cut from small trees; they corresponded with our sets and laths. There were rude ladders, but useful enough, two bamboos connected by rungs of 'tie-tie.' The 'sollars' were shaky platforms of branches, but there was no sign of a winch.

We set Krumen and porters to clear and lay out the southern boundary, and to open a path leading direct to the beach. One would fancy that nothing is easier than to cut bush in a straight line from pole to pole, especially when these were marked by strips of red calico. Yet the moment our backs were turned the wrong direction was taken. It pains one's heart to see the shirking of work, the slipping away into the bush for a sleep, and the roasting of maize and palm-nuts—'ground-pigs' fare,' they call the latter—whenever an opportunity occurs. The dawdling walk and the dragging of one leg after the other, with intervals to stand and scratch, are a caution. Even the villagers appear incapable of protracted labour unless it leads immediately to their benefit, and the future never claims a thought.

February 4.—After the south-eastern corner had been marked with a tall cross, we opened a path from Arábokasu to the trial-shaft. We threw a bridge of the felled trunks cumbering the clearing over the Fía rivulet, and again examined its bed. Gold had been found in it by the women, and this, as usual, gave rise to the discovery of its subtending reef. The whole of the little river-valley extending to the sea should be bought and worked; there is no doubt that it will turn out rich. In the channel we found an outcrop of slates, both crumbling and compact; this is always a welcome sign. To the east of the water there is a second quartz-reef, running parallel with the upper ridge, and apparently untouched by the pick.

The next two days were spent in finishing the southern line and in planting a post at the south-western extremity. Here we found that our workmen had gone entirely wrong, and we were forced to repeat the work. I had exposed myself over-freely to the sun, and could do little for the next week: fortunately my energetic companion was in better condition.

February 7.—Cameron took bearings from the south of the concession, which he placed, with Mr. Walker, four geographical miles from the sea. Other informants had exaggerated it to him, and M. Dahse writes six. After 1,000 to 1,200 yards he struck the 'false coast,' crossed a deep and fetid swamp, and, after a short

rise, came upon the miry borders of the Ebumesu. He canoed 800 yards down-stream without difficulty; and, finding the water brackish while the ebb-tide ran strong, he considered that this part was rather a lagoon than a river. The people also assured us that it runs along the coast, ending near and north of the Béin Fort-village.

In the evening my companion and Mr. Grant walked to the north-west of the concession; the place is called by Mr. Walker Iziá-bookah (Izíá Hill), but the natives ignore the term. Here, at a distance of 900 yards north and by west (true) of the Arábokasu village, they found and collected specimens of a fine reef of hard white quartz. 'Women's washings' were numerous, showing the proper way to begin working the ground. The right of prospecting the whole of the section to the N.E. had been secured by Mr. Walker for Mr. Irvine, and presently the 'Apollonian concession' appeared in the mining journals.

We had now done all we could; the circumstances of the case compelled us to study the geology and topography of the property rather than its geology and mineralogy. Nothing now remained save to *rebrousser chemin*. Good King Blay, who had formally made over to me possession of the 'Izrah' mine, left us for his own village, in order to cure an inflamed foot. He attributed it to the 'fetish' of some unfriend; but it turned out

to be Guinea-worm, a malady from which many are suffering this season. We parted upon the most friendly terms and arranged to meet again.

Both of us came to the conviction that the 'Izrah Concession' will pay, and pay well. But instead of the routine shafting and tunnelling it must be treated by hydraulicking and washing away the thirty feet of auriferous soil, whose depth covers the reef. The bed of the Fía will supply the water, and a force-pump, worked by men, or preferably by steam-power. Thus we shall keep the mine dry: otherwise it will be constantly flooded. Moreover, the land seems to be built for ditching and sluicing, and the trenches will want only a plank-box with a metal grating at the head. I can only hope that the operations will be conducted by an expert hand who knows something of the Californian or the Australian diggings.

On February 8 we left Arábokasu, intending to march upon the 'Inyoko Concession.' Our guide and people, however, seemed to change every five minutes what they might call their 'minds,' and at last they settled to try the worst, but to us the most interesting line. At 8 A.M. we struck into the bush *viâ* a heap of huts, the 'Matinga' village, at the south-eastern corner of the fine mineral property. Here 'women's washings' again appeared. At the Achyáko settlement we crossed the two branches of the Fía. One measures twenty

feet wide and two feet six inches deep in the dry season; it runs a knot an hour, and thus the supply is ample. About a mile further on we were carried across the Gwabisa stream, four feet wide by eighteen inches deep, running over a bed of quartz-pebbles. This ended the 'true coast.'

The 'false coast' began close to the little settlement known as Ashankru. It shows a fine quartz-reef, striking north fourteen degrees east. The formation was shown by the normal savannah and jungle-strips. About noon we were ferried over the eastern arm of the Ebumesu, known as the Pápá. I have noted scanty belief in the bar of the Ebumesu proper, the western feature. The eastern entrance, however, perhaps can be used between the end of December and March, and in calm weather would offer little difficulty to the surf-boats transhipping machinery from the steamers.

Beginning a little east of the Esyámo village, the Pápá lagoon subtends the coast. We shot over it in the evening, and at night found quarters at the Ezrimenu village marked Ebu-mesu in old maps.

This return march of two hours or so had been a mere abomination. The path, which had not been cleared, led through a tangle of foul and fetid thicket, upon which the sun darted a sickly, malignant beam. Creepers and lianas, some of which are spiny and poisonous, barred the thread of path, which could not

be used for hammocks. The several stream-beds, about to prove so precious, run chocolate-tinted water over vegetable mire, rich, when stirred, in sulphuretted hydrogen. The only bridges are fallen trunks. Amongst the minor pests are the *nkran*, or 'driver,' the *ahoho*, a highly-savoured red ant, and the *hahinni*, a large black formica terribly graveolent; flies like the tzetze, centipedes, scorpions, and venomous spiders, which make men 'writhe like cut worms.' There was a weary uniformity in the closed view, and the sole breaks were an occasional plantation or a few pauper huts, with auriferous swish, buried in that eternal green.

God made the country and man made the town,

sang the silly sage, who evidently had never seen a region untouched by the human hand. Finally, this 'Fía route' will probably become the main line from Axim to the Izrah mine, and the face of the country will be changed within a year.

As I was still weak Cameron and Mr. Grant early next morning (Feb. 9) canoed over the 300 yards or so of the Pápá lagoon bounding Ezrimenu village on the landward side. They then struck nearly due north; and, after walking three-quarters of an hour, perhaps two miles and a half, over a good open path, easily convertible into a cart-road, they reached the Inyoko Concession. It measures 2,400 yards square, begin-

ning at the central shaft, on the northern side of the hill which gives it a name; and thus it lies only about eight miles westward of the Ancobra River. The ground has not been much worked of late years, but formerly Kwáko Akka, the tyrant of Apollonia, 'rich in blood and ore,' who was deposed by the British Colonial Government about 1850, and was imprisoned in Cape Coast Castle, is said to have obtained from it much of his wealth.

They found the strike of the hill approximately north 22° east (true);[1] the dip appears to be easterly, and the natives have worked the *Abbruch* or *débris* which have fallen from the reef-crest. This wall may be a continuation of the Akankon formation; both are rich in a highly crystalline quartz of livid blue, apparently the best colour throughout the Gold Region. The surface-ground, of yellowish marl with quartz-pebbles, is evidently auriferous, and below it lies a harder red earth rusty with iron. From the southern boundary of the Inyoko concession, and the village of that name, runs a strong outcrop of a kindly white quartz, which, when occurring in conjunction with the blue, usually denotes that both are richer than when a single

[1] In laying down limits great attention must be paid to variation. As a rule 19° 45′ west has been assumed from the Admiralty charts—good news for the London attorney. At Tumento this figure rises to 20°; upon the coast it must be changed to 19° 15′ (W.), and in other places to 16° 40′.

colour is found.' Such at least is Cameron's experience.

Mr. Walker, who secured this concession also, notes that the native pits were very shallow and superficial. He was pressed for time, and sunk his trial-shaft but little more than three fathoms: here free gold was visible in the blue quartz, which yielded upwards of one ounce per ton.

My companion found the shaft still open, and observed that the valley contained many holes and washing-pits. One was pointed out to him by Mr. Grant as having yielded twenty ounces of dust in one day: these reports recall the glories of California and Australia in the olden time. The little Etubu water, which runs 200 yards from the shaft, would easily form a reservoir, supplying the means of washing throughout the year. Here, then, are vast facilities for hydraulic work; millions of cubic feet can be strained of thin gold at a minimum expenditure. There will be less 'dead work,' and 'getting' would be immediate. Thus, too, as in California, the land will be prepared for habitation and agriculture, and the conditions of climate will presently be changed for the better.

Early in the forenoon (Jan. 9) we hammocked to the Kikam village, and were much disappointed. King Blay, too lame to leave his home, had sent his interpreter to show us the Yirima or 'Choke-full' reef; and

the man, doubtless influenced by some intrigue, gave us wrong information. Moreover the *safahin* Etié, before mentioned, had gone, they said, to his lands at Prince's: he was probably lurking in some adjacent hut. We breakfasted in his house, but all the doors were bolted and locked, and his people would hardly serve us with drinking water. We attempted in vain to buy the *boma*, or fetish-drum, a venerable piece of furniture hung round with human crania, of which only the roofs remained. King Blay, however, eventually sent us home a *boma*, and it was duly exhibited in town. Kikam was the only place in Apollonia where we met with churlish treatment; no hospitality, however, could be expected when the strangers were supposed to be mixed up in a native quarrel.

Unwilling to linger any longer in the uninviting and uninteresting spot, we ordered our hammocks, set out at noon, and, following the line over which we had travelled, reached Axim at 5 P.M.

We had no other reason to complain of our week's trip except its inordinate expense. Apparently one must be the owner of a rich gold-mine to live in and travel on the Gold Coast. We had already in a fortnight got through the 50*l.* of silver sent from England; and this, too, without including the expenses of bed and board.

We came home with the conviction that the Inyoko

property should have been the second proposed for exploitation, coming immediately after the Apatim. Our reasons were the peculiar facilities of reaching it and the certainty that, when work here begins, it will greatly facilitate communication with 'Izrah.' But progress is slow upon the Gold Coast, and our wishes may still be realised.

I cannot better conclude this chapter than with an extract from Captain Brackenbury's 'Narrative of the Ashanti War.'[1] It will show how well that experienced and intelligent officer foresaw in 1873 the future of the Gold Coast.

'Are there no means of opening this country up to trade, no means of infusing into it an element superior to that of the Fanti races, of holding in check the savagery of the inland tribes, and preventing the whole coast again becoming abandoned to fetishism and human sacrifices? To the writer's mind there is but one method, and that one by an appeal to man's most ignoble passion—the lust of gold. This country is not without reason called the Gold Coast. Gold is there in profusion, and to be had for the seeking. We have ourselves seen the women washing the sand at Cape Coast and finding gold. When Captain Thompson visited the Wassaw (Wásá) country, he

[1] Blackwoods, Edinburgh and London, 1874. Vol. ii. pp. 351, 352.

found the roads impassable at night by reason of the gold-pits upon them. Captain Butler describes western Akim as a country teeming with gold. Captain Glover has said that in eastern Akim gold is plentiful as potatoes in Ireland, and the paths were honeycombed with gold-pits. Dawson has distinctly stated his opinion that the Fanti gold-mines are far more valuable than those of Ashanti—that the only known Ashanti gold-mine of great value is that of Manoso; whereas the Wassaw and the Nquamfossoo mines, as well as the Akim mines, have rock-gold (nuggets) in profusion. He says that the Ashantis get their gold from the Fantis in exchange for slaves, whom they buy for two or three loads of coller- (kola-) nuts, worth less than half an ounce of gold, and sell to the Fantis for as much as two and a quarter ounces of gold. Let our Government prospect these mines; let Acts be passed similar to those by which vast railway companies are empowered to compel persons to sell their land at a fair price; let our Government, by means of Houssa troops, guarantee protection to companies formed to work the mines, and let the payment to the kings in whose country they are be by royalties upon the gold obtained. The kings would offer the utmost resistance to their mines being thus taken and worked; but they have never worked them properly themselves, and they will never work them properly; and it would be no in-

justice to allow others to do so. If the true value of these services were ascertained by Government mining engineers, if the Government would guarantee protection to those engaged in working them, companies would soon be formed to reap the rich harvest to be found upon the coast. Chinese coolies would be imported, who would breed in with the natives and infuse some energy into the Fanti races. Trade would soon follow, roads be made, and the whole country opened up. The engagement of our Government should be a limited one, for if once the gold-mines were at work there would be no further fear that the country would ever fall back into the hands of the Ashantis.'

The counsel is good, but we have done better. Private companies have undertaken the work, and have succeeded where the Government would fail. So far from resisting, the 'kings' have been too glad to accept our offers. And now the course is forwards, without costing the country a farthing, and with a fair prospect of supplying to it a large proportion of the precious metal still wanted.

NOTE.—Since these lines were written the *Yiri* (full) *ma* (quite) reef has been leased by Mr. Grant, who sent home specimens showing, I am told, 14 oz. per ton. The fine property belongs to King Blay, who built a village upon it and there stationed his brother to prevent 'jumping.' In the spring of 1862 he wished to keep half the ground for his own use.

CHAPTER XIX.

TO PRINCE'S RIVER AND BACK.

On February 15 we proceeded down coast to inspect the mining-lands of Prince's River valley, east of Axim; and this time it was resolved to travel by surf-boat, ignoring that lazy rogue the hammock-man. Yet even here difficulties arose. Mast and sail were to be borrowed, and paddles were to be hired at the rate of a shilling a day each. They are the life of the fishing Aximites; yet they have not the energy to make them, and must buy those made in Elmina.

The eastern coast, like that of Apollonia, is a succession of points and bays, of cool-looking emerald jungle and of 'Afric's golden sands' reeking with unkindly heat. Passing the long black tongue of Prépré, or Inkubun, and the red projection, Ponta Terceira, we sighted the important Ajámera village, so called from a tree whose young leaves show a tender pinkish-red. On the Awazán Boppo Hill, about two miles from the trial-shaft of his concession, Dr. Ross

found a native 'Long Tom.' It was a hollowed palm-trunk rotten with age, closed at one end and open at the other, with a slant downwards; two forks supported it over a water-filled hollow, measuring ten feet each way by three deep. Ajámera lies a little west of the peninsula, *Africanicè* Madrekánah, a jutting mass of naked granite glazed red by sea-water: on either side of the sandy neck, pinned down, like Pirate's Bay, by cocoa-nuts, there is the safest landing-place. And now we sight our port, distant some nine miles from Axim.

In front rises Prince's Hill, clad in undergrowth with a topping tuft of tall figs. At its eastern base lies the townlet, showing more whitewash than usual; and, nearer still, the narrow mouth of the fiery little Yenna, Prince's or St. John's River. The view is backed by the tall and wooded ridge of Cape Threepoints, the southernmost headland of the Gold Coast, behind which is Dixcove. It is interesting to us because a syndicate has been formed, and engineers are being sent out to survey the pathless 'bush' between the sea and Tumento on the Ancobra, whose site was at the time unknown. Cameron presently discovered that the Tákwá ridge is nearer Axim than Dixcove is, and that the line would pass within easy distance of Kinyanko, one of its *raisons d'être.*

This wild plan has been supported by sundry concessionists whose interests lie behind Dixcove and at

Kinyanko. Dixcove of the crocodile-worship has one of the worst bars on the coast. Canoes and surf-boats must run within biscuit-throw of the Rock Kum-Brenni[1] ('White Man's Death'), and the surf will often shut up the landing-place for four or five successive days. The place will become important, but not in this way. The Rev. Mr. Milum, in whose pleasant society I voyaged, showed me his sketch of the station with an isolated red 'butte,' possibly an island of old, rising close behind the houses and trending north—south. Grain-gold was found in it by the native schoolmaster, who dug where he saw a thin smoke or vapour hovering over the ground: throughout the Coast this, like the presence of certain ferns, is held a sure sign that the precious ore is present. Moreover, a small nugget appeared in the swish being prepared for a house-wall. Thus 'washing' will be easy and inexpensive, and the Wesleyan mission may secure funds for extending itself into the non-maritime regions.

We turned the boat's head shorewards, and, after encountering the normal three seas, ran her upon the beach near the right jaw of Prince's River. The actual

[1] In the Oji or Ashanti-Fanti tongue *bro* or *bronni* (the Ga 'blofo') means somebody or something European. It is derived from *abro* (*blo*), maize, introduced by white men; others say that when the first strangers landed upon the coast, the women, who were grinding, said, 'These men are white as maize-meal.' 'Abro-kirri' (Europe) is, however, explained by the Rev. Mr. Riis as perhaps a corruption of Puto, Porto, Portugal.

mouth is between natural piers of sea-blackened trap-rock, and the gullet behind it could at this season be cleared by an English hunter. We unloaded and warped our conveyance round the gape till she rode safe in the inner broad. And now we saw that Prince's is not the river of the hydrographic chart, but a true lagoon-stream, the remains of a much larger formation. There has been, here and on other parts of the coast, a little archipelago whose islets directed the riverine courses; the shallows between were warped up by mangrove and other swampy vegetation, and the whole has become, after a fashion, *terra firma*. Each holm had doubtless a core of rock, whose decay produced a rich soil. Now they are mounds and ridges of red clay standing up abruptly, and their dense growths of dark yew-like trees contrast with the yellowish produce of the adjacent miry lowlands.

The chief of Prince's Town, Eshánchi, *alias* 'Septimulus,' a name showing a succession of seven sons, not without a suspicion of twins, would have accompanied us up stream. Guinea-worm, however, forbade, and he sent a couple of guides, one of whom, Wafápa, *alias* 'Barnabas,' a stout, active freedman of the village, proved very useful.

We resolved to shoot the banks going, and to collect botanical specimens on return. The land appears poor in mammals, rich in avifauna, and exceedingly abund-

ant in insect life. Of larger animals there are leopards, cat o' mountains and civet-cats, wild hog and fine large deer; we bought a leg weighing 11½ lbs., and it was excellent eating seasoned with 'poor man's quinine,' *alias* garlic. Natives and strangers speak of the jungle-cow, probably the Nyaré antelope (*Bos brachyceros*) of the Gaboon regions, the *empacasso* of the Portuguese. Two small black squirrels, scampering about a white-boled tree, were cunning enough never to give a shot. We sighted only small monkeys with white beards and ruddy coats. 'He be too clever for we,' said the Kruboys when the wary mannikins hid in the bush. I saw nothing of the *kontromfi*, cynocephalus or dog-faced baboon, concerning whose ferocity this part of Africa is full of stories. Further north there is a still larger anthropoid, which the natives call a wild man and Europeans a gorilla. The latter describe its peculiar whoop, heard in the early night when the sexes call to each other.

Our results were two species of kingfishers (*alcedo*), the third and larger kind not showing; a true curlew (*Numenius arquata*), charming little black swallows (*Wardenia nigrita*), the common English swallow; a hornbill (*buceros*), all feathers and no flesh; a lean and lanky diver (*plotus*), some lovely little honeysuckers, a red oriole, a fine vulture (*Gypohierax angolensis*), and a grand osprey (*haliætus*), which even in the

agonies of death would not drop his prey. Many other birds were given over to Mr. Dawson, who worked from dawn till dusk. Mr. Grant dropped from the trees three snakes, one green and two slaty-brown. The collection found its way to the British Museum after the usual extensive plunder, probably at a certain port, where it is said professional collectors keep customhouse-men in pay. Mr. R. B. Sharp was kind enough to name the birds, whose shrunken list will be found at the end of the volume.

Cameron, observing for his map, was surprised by the windings of the bed; we seemed ever within hearing of the sea. Where a holm of rock and bush splits the course its waters swarm with fish, as shown by the weirs and the baskets, large and small; some of its cat-fish (*siluri*) weigh 10 lbs. Every shoal bred oysters in profusion, young mangroves sprouted from the submerged mollusk-beds, and the 'forests of the sea' were peopled with land-crabs.

At first the vegetation of the banks was almost wholly of rhizophores, white and red; the wood of the latter burns like coal, and the bark is admirable for tanning. In places their long suckers, growing downwards to the stream, resembled a cordwainer's walk set on end. A bush of yellow-flowered hibiscus clothes the banks that are less level; and, higher still, grows a tall and beautiful mimosa with feathery web and pen-

dent pods of brightest green and yellow. Then came the brabs and palms, fan-, cocoa-, oil-, and bamboo-, with their trunks turned to nurseries of epiphytes and air-plants. The parasites are clematis and a host with hard botanical names.

Towards evening, as the stream narrowed, the spectacle was imposing. The avenues and trees stood up like walls, but living walls; and in places their billowy bulges seemed about to burst upon us like Cape-rollers. Every contrast was there of light and dark, short and tall, thick and thin; of age and death with lusty youth clinging around it; of the cocoa's drooping frond and the aspiring arm of bombax, the silk-cotton-tree, which rains brown gossamer when the wind blows; of the sloth-tree with its topping tuft, and the tangled mantle of the calamus or rattan, a palm like a bamboo-cane. The bristly pod of the dolichos (*pruriens*) hangs by the side of the leguminosæ, from whose flattened, chestnut-coloured seeds snuff-boxes are made further east. It was also a *floresta florida*, whose giants are decked with the tender little blossoms of the shrub, and where the bright bracts and yellow greens of this year's growth light up the sombre verdure of an older date. The type of this growth is the red camwood-tree, with its white flower of the sweetest savour. Imagine an English elm studded with pinks or daisies, gardenias or hyacinths.

There is nothing more picturesque than the shiftings and changes of aspect upon these African streams, which at first seem so monotonous. After dawn the smoking water, feeling tepid to the hand and warmer than the atmosphere, veils the lower levels and makes the forest look as if based on air. Noon brings out every variety of distance with startling distinctness, and night, especially moonlit night, blurs with its mists long tracts of forest, rains silver over the ridges, and leaves the hollows in the blackest shade. Seen from above, the sea of trees looks like green water raised to waves by the wind, and the rustling in the breeze mimics the sound of distant surf.

A catamaran of four cork-trees, a cranky canoe, the landing-place of a bush-road, a banana-plantation, and a dwarf clearing, where sat a family boiling down palm-nuts for oil, proved that here and there the low-land did not lack lowlanders. The people stared at us without surprise, although this was only the fourth time they had seen a surf-boat. The river-bed, grid-ironed with rocky reefs, showed us twenty-two turns in a few miles; some were horseshoe-bends, sweeping clean round to the south, and one described a curve of 170°. After slow and interrupted paddling for an hour and a half, at 6 P.M., when night neared, we halted at the village of Esubeyah, or 'Water-made;'[1] and my

[1] The radical of water is 'su,' curiously corresponding with Turkish and with that oldest of the Turkish tongues, Chinese.

companion made sure of his distances by a latitudinal observation of Canopus.

Next morning we had 'English tea' for the first and last time in West Africa; usually we preferred the Russian form, drunk in a tumbler with a slice of lime that sinks or of lemon that floats. Mr. Gillett had given us a bottle of 'Romanshorn' from the Swiss farm, an admirable preparation which also yields fresh butter. The price is high, 1*s.* 6*d.* a bottle, or, for the case of forty-eight imperial pints, 72*s.*; this, however, is the Coast, not the cost figure. For invalids, who are nauseated by the sickly, over-sugared stuff popularly called 'tin-juice,' and who feel life put in them by rum and milk, it is an invaluable comfort.

We left Esubeyah in the 'lizard's sun' at 7 A.M., and found the river changed for the worse. The freshets had uptorn from the banks the tallest trees, which in places formed a timber-floor; and the surf-boat gallantly charged, till she leaked, the huge trunks, over which she had often to be lifted. Nothing would be easier than to clear away these obstacles; a few pounds of gun-cotton would remove snags and sawyers, and dredging by boats would do the rest. Then Prince's River would become an excellent highway.

An hour and a half's slow paddling placed us at the landing-place of Bekaí (a village in general), the usual hole in the bush. Here navigation ends in the dry

season. We walked to and through the mean little settlement, and established ourselves at Anima-kru,[1] a mile from the landing-place on the Yenna, or Prince's River. It faces a splendidly wooded mound upon the right or opposite bank. Mrá Kwámi, the headman, received us hospitably, cleared a house, and offered us the usual palm-wine and snuff: the powder, composed of tobacco, ginger, and cloves, is boxed in a round wild fruit.

The village contained only two men; the rest were drinking, at Prince's town, the proceeds of a puncheon of palm-oil. The plantations still showed fruits and flowers probably left by the Portuguese—wild oranges, mangoes, limes, pine-apples, and the 'four o'clock,' a kind of 'marvel of Peru,' supposed to open at that hour. The houses, *crépi* or parget below and bamboo above, are mere band-boxes raised from the ground; the smaller perfectly imitated poultry-crates. All appeared unusually neat and clean, with ornamental sheets of clam-shells trodden into the earth before the thresholds. 'Fetish' was abundant, and so was that worst of all plagues the sand-fly.

After breakfasting we set out north over a sandy level, clearly reclaimed from the sea, and in a few

[1] The English 'croom' is a corruption of *kru-mu* or *krum*, 'in the village.' Properly speaking 'kru' and 'man' are the town, or common centre of many *akura* (plantation-hamlets), in which the owners keep their families and *familiæ*.

minutes struck the true coast. Here begins the St. John mining-ground, conceded for prospecting to Messieurs Gillett and Selby. A fair path runs up hillocks of red-yellow clay, metalled with rounded quartz and ironstone-gravel, roped with roots and barred with trees; their greatest elevation may have been 120 feet. Two parallel ridges, trending north-north-east, are bisected by torrents pouring westward to the river: now dry, they have rolled down huge boulders in their frequent floods. These 'hard-heads,' which try the hammer, show a revetment of cellular iron upon a solid core of greenstone and bluish trap. Some fragments not a little resembled the clay-slates of the Brazilian gold-mines. Such was the concession which we named São João do Principe.

Presently the chief, Mrá Kwámi, announced to us that we had reached the northern boundary-line of the estate. He now would have left us, as it is not customary, when gold is in question, for one headman to enter another's country. We succeeded, however, in persuading him to show us the other side of the river. A short walk up and down hill led to the ford of the 'Yenna,' the native name, probably a corruption of 'St. John.' It lies a little above the dyke where the stream breaks into a dwarf fall, and below the crossing where a ferry formerly plied. We now found a regular river, no longer a lagoon-stream;

the clear water, most unlike the matter-suspending and bitumen-coloured fluid of the lower bed, was beautified by lilies with long leaves and broad flowers of virgin white.

We rode the Kruboys pick-a-back across the broken reef through which the stream bursts and brawls, and walked a few paces up the left bank to the Kumasi[1] village. It had been lately deserted; but we found there Kwáko Benta, headman of Ajámera, who had spent a week in forcing the deserters to rejoin the corps. He was the reverse of cordial, probably wishing at once to prove importance and to give our guide the cold shoulder: we persuaded him, however, to show us the Muku concession, granted to Messieurs Lintott and Spink.

The ground which fronts the reef-ford reflects that of the left bank, and is pitted with diggings, large and small. In a dry torrent-bed, running north—south, was an oblong shaft, a native copy of European work, four feet by six, and timbered in the usual negro way. Its further bank was a high and steep slope of yellow clay with a midway step, containing another and a similar shaft: to the north and west were many other signs of exploitation. The rich-looking quartz of the lode is white and sugary, with black streaks and veins: its strike is nearly meridional, between north 20° and 25°

[1] The Ashantis translate the word 'under the Kum-tree;' the Fantis make it mean 'slay all.'

east, and the dip 40°-45° east. A glance shows that *Fluthwerk* and 'hydraulicking' would easily wash down the whole alluvial and auriferous formation to the floor of grey granite which has supplied the huge 'cankey-stones'[1] littering the village. Cameron, who had before visited the site, and had remarked how vigorously the placer-gravels had been attacked by the natives, would 'hydraulick' by means of the St. John's River. This might also be done by damming up and tapping the adjacent bottom. And, if routine work be wanted, it would cost little to construct upon the topmost crest a large reservoir with channels to conduct the rains, and thus secure a fair fall for the water.

We slept once more at Anima-Kru; and here Cameron made sure of his position by Jupiter and Procyon, and by his valuable watch-chronometer, the gift of his brother-officers: it worked peculiarly well. The St. John's mine lies in north lat. 4° 49′ 44″, and in west long. (G.) 2° 6′ 44″. While the owners would place it seven miles from the sea, it is distant only 2·2 from 'old Fort Brandenburg.'

[1] This proto-historic implement, also called a 'saddle-quern,' is here made out of a thick slab of granite slightly concave and artificially roughened. The muller, or mealing-stone, is a large, heavy, and oval rolling-pin used with the normal rocking and grinding motion. These rollers are also used for crushing ore, and correspond with the stone *polissoirs* of ancient date.

Early next morning we packed and prepared for return, the chief Mrá Kwámi insisting upon escorting us. And now the difference of travel in Africa and England struck me forcibly. Fancy a band of negro explorers marching uninvited through the Squire's manor, strewing his lawn and tennis-ground with all manner of rubbish; housing their belongings in his dining- and drawing- and best bed-rooms, which are at once vacated by his wife and family; turning his cook out of his or her kitchen; calling for the keys of his dairy and poultry-yard, hot-houses, and cellar; and rummaging the whole mansion for curios and heir-looms interesting to the negro anthropologist. Fancy also their bidding him to be ready next morning for sporting and collecting purposes, with all his pet servants, his steward and his head-gardener, his stud-groom and his gamekeeper; and allowing, by way of condescension, Mr. Squire to carry their spears, bows, and arrows; bitterly deriding his weapons the while, as they proceed to whip his trout-stream, to pluck his pet plants, to shoot his pheasants, and to kill specimens of his rarest birds for exhibition in Africa. Fancy their enquiring curiously about his superstitions, sitting in his pew, asking for bits of his East window, and criticising his 'fetish' in general, ending with patting him upon the back and calling him a 'jolly old cock.' Finally, fancy the Squire greatly enjoying such treat-

ment, and feeling bitterly hurt unless handled after this fashion.

Paddling down stream, we collected for Kew. But the hopelessness of the task weighs upon the spirits: a square mile of such flora would take a week. There is a prodigious variety of vegetation, and the quantity of edible berries, 'fowl's lard,' 'Ashanti-papaw,' and the Guinea-peach (*Sarcophalus esculentus*) would gladden the heart of a gorilla. Every larger palm-trunk was a fernery; every dead bole was an orchidry; and huge fungi, two feet broad, fed upon the remains of their victims. Climbers, chiefly papilionaceous, and llianas, bigger than the biggest boa-constrictor, coiled and writhed round the great gloomy trees which rained their darkness below. In the sunlight were pretty jasmines (*J. grande*), crotons and lantanas, with marantas, whose broad green leafage was lined with pink and purple. Deep in shadow lay black miry sloughs of sickening odour, near which the bed of Father Thames at low water would be scented with rose-water; and the caverns, formed by the arching roots of the muddy mangrove, looked haunts fit for crocodile and behemoth and all manner of unclean, deadly beasts. And there are little miseries for African collectors. 'Wait-a-bit' thorns tear clothes and skin. Tree-snakes turn the Kru-boys not pale but the colour of boiled liver; their 'bowels fail them,' as the natives say. Each

tree has its ant, big or small, black or red; and all sting more or less. We see their armies marching up the trunks, and the brush of a bough brings down a little shower. Monstrous mangrove-flies and small brown-coloured 'huri,' most spiteful biters, and wasps here and there, assail the canoe; and we are happy if we escape a swarm of the wild bees: their curious, treacle-like honey is enjoyed by the people.

We landed in due time at 'Prinsi,' whose civilised chief had laid out a clean path, lined with umbrella-figs backed by a bush of self-sown guavas. A good upper-storied house was found for us, with standing bedsteads, sofa, table, and chairs. It belonged to one of the *penins*, or elders. The chapel, with its three front and five lateral windows, is the best we have yet seen. The schoolmaster, Mr. Sego, lives in a house hard by; and the adjacent school, a wattled cottage, echoes to the voices of some thirty to forty scholars. The town looks prosperous. Building is easy; oysters and other shells supply lime; the clay dug to the north makes good adobes, and stone is easily quarried from the old fort.

We found Prince's in a state of unusual jollity, drinking the proceeds of their three puncheons, dancing and playing what Sá Leone calls 'warry.'[1] The bell and

[1] A game with counters and holes in the ground or a board hollowed with cups. The same, called *báo*, or tables, is found in East Africa (Zanzibar) and Cameron traced it extending clear across the Dark Continent.

the psalm blended curiously with the song and the palm-clapping that announces negro terpsichore. Of course 'fetish' was present, in the shape of a woman peculiarly ornamented. Her very black face was dazzlingly chalked, lines by threes running from hair-roots to nose-bridge and meeting others drawn across the temples; the orbits of the eyes were whitened, and thence triple streaks stretched up the nose and across the cheeks. Hung to the extensive necklace of beads and other matters were tassels of dry white fibre; her forearms carried yellow bunches of similar material, and she held a broom of blackened bamboo and the metal bell familiar to Unyamwezi.' Whilst the juniors danced and sang the elders drank and gambled.

After a cool and comfortable night we visited the ruins which Bosman calls Casteel Groot Frederiksburg tot Pocquesoe (Prince's). Our Hydrographic Chart has 'old fort Brandenburg,' which is at Cape Threepoints. Others declare that it was the only good establishment owned by the Elector; and the best authority, Lieut. Jeekel, terms it Gt Friedrichsburg (Hollandia). I may note that 'Prinsi 'Ollandia' is still the native name. These buildings interest us greatly, because in the coming days of immigration they will serve for hospitals, stores, and barracoons. Ascending a few feet of bushy hill, called in books 'Mamfra,' and once evidently an island, we came upon the eastern flank, three sub-

stantial bastions and a cavalier, with masonry knitted by creepers. We then wound round by the southern or sea side, and, turning the angle, made the eastern flank. The gateway, stockade, and belfry shown in Bosman ('Eerste Brief,' 1737) have disappeared; so also has the slave-court, but the double doorway remains. The spacious centre, planted with bananas almost wild, would make a grand garden; the walls are built to stand for ages; and, although the floors of the upper stories have been torn down, there would be no difficulty in restoring them. As steps and stairs are absent, it was not possible to reach the battlements. These are luxuriant with vegetation, of which I should preserve a portion for shade and coolth. A fine arched cistern now affords a shelter to bats; and a building which appears to be the chapel remains on the northern side. Old iron guns still cumber the embrasures and the ground.

Issuing by the northern face, which has been torn down for ashlar, we set up the photographic stand and took the north-western angle. Here an enormous fig draws its life from the death of the wall. The morning air in the shade was delicious, a great contrast with the heavy dampness of Axim; and the view of the St. John's River west and of Cape Threepoints east was charming. With usual neglect the photographer had sent out his machine and dry plates without any means

of developing them; we therefore worked blindly and could not see results.

When embarking in Prince's Bay, where the surf was perfectly safe, we were informed a little too late of a valuable gold-mine called Kokobené. It lies close behind the village Akitáki, which we had seen during our morning's walk along the beach leading to Cape Threepoints. The chief, Eshánchi, promised to forward specimens of the reefs, and did not forget to keep his promise. The quartz-specimens which were brought to us at Akankon by Wafápa, or Barnabas, promised excellently, and I authorised Mr. Grant to buy an exploring right of the Kokobené-Akitáki diggings. Their position as well as their quality will render them valuable: they will prove a second Apatim.

We returned to Axim on February 19, after a short but very satisfactory trip which added much to our knowledge of the coast and its ways. It had also the merit of being economical; we took matters in hand, and consequently our four days cost us only 2*l.* 8*s.*

I have spoken much about 'hydraulicking' in this chapter, and I shall now borrow a few details concerning the operation from Sir William Logan, who, in his 'Geological Survey of Canada,' quotes Mr. William P. Blake. Speaking of California, the learned author writes, 'In this method the force of a jet of water with great pressure is made available both for excavating

and washing the auriferous earth. The water, issuing in a continuous stream with great force from a large hose-pipe like that of a fire-engine, is directed against the base of a bank of earth and gravel, and tears it away. The bank is rapidly undermined, the gravel is loosened, violently rolled together, and cleansed from any adhering particles of gold, while the fine clay and the sand are carried off by the water. In this manner hundreds of tons of earth and gravel may be removed, and all the gold which they contain liberated and secured with greater ease and expedition than ten tons could be excavated and washed in the old way. All the earth and gravel of a deposit is moved, washed, and carried off through long sluices by the water, leaving the gold behind. Square acres of earth on the hill-sides may thus be swept away into the hollows without the aid of a pick or a shovel in excavation. Water performs all the labour, moving and washing the earth in one operation, while in excavating by hand the two processes are of necessity entirely distinct. The value of this method and the yield of gold as compared with the older one can hardly be estimated.

'The water acts constantly with uniform effect, and can be brought to bear upon almost any point, where it would be difficult for men to work. It is especially effective in a region covered by trees, where the tangled roots would greatly retard the labour of workmen.

In such places the stream of water washes out the earth from below, and tree after tree falls before the current, any gold which may have adhered to the roots being washed away. With a pressure of sixty feet and a pipe of from one and a half to two inches' aperture, over 1,000 bushels of earth can be washed out from a bank in a day.

'Earth which contains only one-twenty-fifth part of a grain of gold, equal to one-fifth of a cent in value to the bushel, may be profitably washed by this method; and any earth or gravel which will pay the expense of washing in the old way gives enormous profits by the new process. To wash successfully in this way requires a plentiful supply of water, at an elevation of from fifty to ninety feet above the bed-rock,[1] and a rapid slope or descent from the base of the bank of earth to be washed, so that the waste water will run off through the sluices, bearing with it gravel, sand, and suspended clay.

* * * * * *

'In the case of a deposit in North Carolina, where ten men were required for thirty-five days to dig the earth with pick and shovel and wash it in sluices, two men with a single jet of water could accomplish the same work in a week. The great economy of this

[1] This is by no means necessary. The jet can be thrown from below like the fireman's hose playing upon a burning house. I shall return to this highly important subject.

method is manifest from the fact that many old deposits in the river-beds, the gravel of which had been already washed by hand, have again been washed with profit by the hydraulic method.

'In California the whole art of working the diluvial gold-deposits was revolutionised by this new method. The auriferous earth lying on hills and at some distance above the level of the watercourses would in the ordinary methods be excavated by hand and brought to the water, but by the present system the water is brought by aqueducts to the gold-deposits, and whole square miles which were before inaccessible have yielded up their precious metal. It sometimes happens from the irregular distribution of the gold in the diluvium in California that the upper portions of a deposit do not contain gold enough to be washed by the ordinary methods, and would thus have to be removed at a considerable expense in order to reach the richer portion below. By the hydraulic method, however, the cost of cutting away and excavating is so trifling that there is scarcely any bank of earth which will not pay the expense of washing down in order to reach the rich deposits of gold beneath.'

To conclude. Our collection of plants was sent to the Herbarium, Kew; and, as the Appendix (II. Part II.) shows, was kindly catalogued by the learned Professor D. Oliver.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM AXIM TO INGOTRO AND AKANKON.

AFTER a long palaver with the three claimants to the Akankon mining-ground, Kofi Blaychi (Little Blay), Kwako Jum, and Safahin Sensensé (the lessor), we left Axim once more (February 24) to inspect the head of the Ancobra river. At the sleeping-place, Kumprasi, we were visited by Mr. Cascaden, District-commissioner for Tákwá, a fine-looking man of fifteen stone, pulled down to twelve by dysentery. He was speedily followed to England by his *remplaçant*, Dr. Duke.

Next morning, when the thick white fog, which made the smoking river resemble Father Rhine in autumn, had been licked up by fiery rays, we embarked, together with Chief Apó, of Asánta, the honest old owner of the 'Ingotro concession.' Our conveyance was the *Effuenta*, a steam-launch attached to the mine of that name, bought second-hand, and a fine specimen of what launches ought *not* to be. Built by Messieurs Dickenson, of Birkenhead, she is much too small (36 feet by 8) for a river which, even in the depth of

the dries, averages two fathoms, and rarely runs less than ten feet. The engines are over far from the boiler, and the long raking stern swells out into a big belly worthy of a manatee or a Dutch hoy. Her boiler had been replaced with the usual inconsequence. She had been repaired by an 'intelligent artisan,' Mr. Emery; but, as he was allowed no tools and no time, he contented himself with reporting her in good working order. Consequently after every half-hour we had to unscrew the safety-valve, let off steam, and fill the boiler with a funnel and a tin pot. Pleasant three hours under a thin board-awning, in a broiling sun, off a poisonous mangrove-swamp! Presently she had to be started by the surf-boat lashed to one side, and a large canoe to the other. Finally, after a last break-down, we saw steam-launch *Effuenta* lying high and dry upon the beach at Sánmá.

We had nothing to complain of the engineer, Mr. William George, a Sá Leonite, and of the helmsman, Kwamina Ekum, a Gold Coast man. Both did their best with the heavily laden trio of boats. Cameron established himself—compass, log, lead, and dredge—in the steamer stern. His admirable geographical labours in 'Crossing Africa' are, after a few years of a swift-moving age, lapsing Lethe-wards; and

> To *have* done is to hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
> In monumental mockery.

Now he has another opportunity of doing valuable service, none of these positions having been established by observations, and of showing travellers how topography should be worked. He has before him for correction the Hydrographic chart, which pretends to nothing within the Coast, and the 'River Ankobra and Tarquah (!) Gold Mines,' printed in 1878 by Captain Louis Wyatt, then District-commissioner for Axim. This first attempt at a regular survey is meritorious for an amateur; but of course it cannot compare with the produce of a scientific and experienced naval surveyor. We had Lieut. Jeekel, before alluded to, but his scale, 1 : 250 : 000, is too small for details. I did not see, till long after our return from this excursion, the then unfinished map by M. Paulus Dahse, a veteran West-Coaster, who has spent years in travelling through the interior. My fellow-voyager also was the first to show me the various cartes printed and published by the late M. Bonnat.[1]

The Ancobra is an enlarged copy of the Yenna or Prince's River. There are the same swampy borders and 'impenetrable forests,' as Captain Wyatt entitles

[1] *Carte des Concessions de 'The African Gold Coast Company,'* par M. J. Bonnat. Paris, August 1879. Beginning south at Tumento, it does not show the southern fork of the Bonsá or Abonsá River, which falls into the Ancobra's left bank; and it ends a little north of Asseman, the cemetery of the 'kings.' M. Bonnat had already printed in 1877 a *Chart of the River Ankobra*, extending north as far as the 'Gold Mines of Aodoua.'

them; while the mangrove never quite disappears from this true lagoon-stream. The monotonous fringe of rhizophores is broken, about two miles from the mouth, by bamboo-palms and hibiscus-beds, then by the bombax, the rubber-vine, the locust-tree (*inga*), and the banana-plantation. The mounds and hillocks on either side, beginning with the Akromasi and Kabudwe mounds, near the mouth, are evidently parts of an ancient archipelago built by the mangrove and silted up to mainland. The long and curious reaches are shown in my companion's map, and I shall notice only those details which claim something of general interest.

After about eight miles' steaming up a huge loop to the west, and a bend easterly, we passed the Kwabina Bosom, or Fetish-Rocks, two wall-like blocks, one mangrove-grown and the other comparatively bare. Contrary to native usage, we chose the fair way between the latter and the left bank, for which innovation, said our escort, we shall surely suffer.

Beyond the Fetish-Rocks the right bank shows a cleared mound ready for immediate planting: this concession once belonged to Dr. Ross, of Axim. Opposite it the mining-ground has been leased for prospecting by Messieurs Gillett and Selby. The notable feature of the river is now the prawn-basket, a long cone closed at the blunt apex: the Ancobra is a

Camarones,' supplying a first-rate article for curries. This is the work of the uninteresting little villages, scatters of mere crates built in holes worn in the bush; all disappear during the floods, and are rebuilt in the dry season for growing rice and tapping palm-trees. Besides a few humans they contain nothing save lean dogs and etiolated poultry; cattle, sheep, and even pigs are wholly unknown.

In the afternoon we pushed through a wild thunderstorm of furious tropical rain, which pitted the river-face like musket-balls. It arose in the south; but throughout the Ancobra valley wet weather apparently comes from all directions. Chief Apó gravely ascribed it to our taking the wrong side of the Fetish-Rocks. I have heard, even in civilised lands, sillier post-hoc-ergò-propter-hocs.

There were two landing-places for the large Ingotro concession, both on the right bank. The lower leads, they say, over dry land, but the way is long and hilly. That up stream is peculiarly foul, and to us it was made fouler by the pelting shower. At low water, in the dry season, the little Nánwá creek, subtending the higher ground on the north, becomes too shallow for the smallest dug-out; and we had to wade or to be carried over an expanse of fetid and poisonous mangrove-mud festering in the sun, and promising a luxuriant growth of ague and fever. The first rise of sandy yellow loam

showed the normal Gold Coast metalling of iron-stone and quartz-gravel, thinly spread with water-rounded pebbles. Then the path, very badly laid out, merged into a second foul morass, whose depths were crossed by the rudest of bridges, single and double trunks of felled or fallen trees. Nothing easier than to corduroy this *mauvais pas*.

A second rise showed a fine reef of white and blue quartz, which runs right through the settlement to the banks of the Nánwá stream. A quarter of an hour's walk from the landing-place placed us in the Nánwá village, now popularly known as Walker-Kru. It consists of a few mean little hovels, the usual cage-work, huddled together in most unpicturesque confusion. Prick-eared curs, ducks, and fowls compose the bestial habitants, to which must be added the regiments of rats (and ne'er a cat) which infest all these places. There were no mosquitoes, but the sand-fly bit viciously on mornings and evenings between the dark and sunlit hours, confining one to the dim cage and putting a veto upon the pleasant lounge or seat in the cool open. We found lodgings in the guest-hut of the headman, Kwáko Juma, like most of his brethren, a civil man and a greedy. But the Krumen, boat-men and carriers, were also lodged in the little settlement, and these people always make night hideous with their songs and squabbles, their howling voices,

and hyæna-like bursts of laughter. It is very difficult to 'love one's neighbour as oneself' when he appears in this form under these circumstances.

By times next morning we woke too soon the villagers, who enjoy long talks by night and deep slumbers in early day. They appear much inclined to slumber again. But both Apó of Asánta and Juma of Nánwá were exceedingly anxious to know when mining-works would begin, and, that failing, to secure as much 'dash' as possible.

The Ingotro concession, the largest we have yet seen, measures 3,000 fathoms square, the measurements being taken from the central shaft. Assuming every thousand fathoms roughly to represent a geographical mile, the area would be of nine square miles. This will evidently admit of being divided and subdivided into half a dozen or more estates. As yet little of its wealth has been explored, chiefly owing to the dense growth of forest. As Mr. Walker remarks, 'Although timber is a great desideratum on a mining-estate, the thick woods have the disadvantage of concealing many rich deposits of gold, and I have very little doubt that the diminution of the population, and the consequent overgrowth of the bush or jungle, has much to do with the great falling off in the production and export of gold from this region.'

The emancipation of slaves and 'pawns' would have

in Africa no other effect. Free men will not work, and 'bush,' unless kept down, will grow with terrible feracity.

When Indian file was duly formed, we descended the Nánwá hillock, which takes its name from the stream. Here the little rivulet, deeply encased, bore a fine growth of snowy water-lilies. It had been newly bridged with corduroy. The next passage boasted tree-trunks, and after that all was leaping. The Nánwá must rise near the trial-shaft, which we are about to visit, and it snakes through the property in all directions with a general rhumb from west-north-west to east-south-east. At this season there is little or no flow, and the bed is mostly a string of detached pools, where gold has been washed and will be washed again. Thus the facilities for 'hydraulicking' are superior, and the number of shallow native pits at once suggests the properest process.

We then struck across the heavily timbered country, which is the wildest state of 'bushiness.' A few paces led to 'King's Croom,' a deserted mining-village in a dwarf clearing rapidly overgrowing with the Brazilian *Catinga*. Hereabouts we saw nothing save 'hungry quartz.' Then we struck across three several ridges, whose slopes were notably easier on the eastern, and more abrupt on the western side. The people had sunk several pits in places likely to yield 'kindly

quartz,' and they had made no mistakes as to the overlay of the lode, its foot-wall or its hanging-wall.

Cameron presently made an offset to the north, and, cutting his road, walked ten minutes up the tail of Tuáko Hill, at whose southern base lies the Nánwá bed. Here, guided by Mr. Grant, who knew the place well, he found a native shaft thirty feet deep and a lode of disintegrated quartz in red or yellow ferruginous clay, the surface looking as rich as the stone it overlies.

A few paces further and a third drop led us again to the swampy valley of the Nánwá, here flowing south. It is bounded by two rises, tree-grown from foot to head. That on the left bank is the Tuáko, the husband, along whose skirt we have been walking; the other, on the opposite side, is Jama, the wife. From their conjugal visits the gold is born. Some attempts had been made to blast a rock in the skirt of Jama's garment; but all had notably failed. The reeking, unwholesome bottom showed extensive traces of digging and washing.

Following the water, we came to the second little mining-village, also deserted. The name 'Ingotro' means a broad-leaved liliaceous plant, the *wura-haban* (water-leaf) of the Fantis, used for thatching when palm-fronds are not found. From this place an old bush-path once led directly to the lands we call 'Izrah,' but it has long been closed by native squabbles. A

few yards further placed us in an exceedingly rich bottom, honeycombed by native workers. Hard by it appeared the central shaft, lying between two hills, the Ingotro-buká and the Nánwá-buká, which define the course of the rivulet. The distance from Nánwá village may have been three miles, but we had spent more than three hours in making collections.

Amongst the insects was the silk-spider, a large arachnid of sulphur-yellow tint, with three black transverse bars. It weaves no web, but spins a thread of the strongest texture and the richest golden hue. I had sent from Fernando Po several pounds of this fine silk, intending to experiment upon it in a veil or lace shawl; and afterwards I learned that the Empress Eugénie had a dress made of it, which cost a fabulous number of francs. Bacon and other old writers talk of 'spider's silk' like gathering moonbeams.[1]

[1] The *Ananse* or *Agya ananse* (father spider), as the Oji-speaking peoples call the insect, is with them either a creator of man (corresponding so far with the scarabeus in the Nile valley) or a representative of the evil principle. Bosman (Letter xvii.), describing a 'great hideous hairy species,' says, 'The negroes call this spider *ananse*, and believe that the first men were made by that creature; and, notwithstanding some of them by conversation with the Europeans are better informed, there are yet a great number that remain of that opinion, out of which folly they are not to be reasoned.' The people have a number of fables called *Anansesem*, such as *Spider and Spiderson and the Three Ghosts*; in these spider-stories the insect, like the fox with us, is the most intelligent of animals (the late Rev. J. Zimmerman's *Akra or Gã Grammar*,

The upper shaft had been sunk, as it should be, in the eastern flank of the hill, which faces north 71° east, and which runs north 3° west (both true). The surface and subsoil are the usual sandy loam scattered with gravel of quartz and ironstone, and the spoil-banks showed blue and white quartz. The clay-slate, dark, soft, and laminated, appeared everywhere. Lower down, on the same slope, Mr. Grant had dug a second shaft, somewhat smaller than the upper: both were full of rain-water. Mr. Walker mentions a large native pit near the centre, whence rich stone had been taken. He picked up from the refuse several pieces of quartz showing free gold, which gave, when assayed, 2·6 oz. gold and 0·3 oz. silver per ton. This was from a depth of only ten feet. His own trial-shaft, when he left the Coast, was not more than three feet deep; but every sample showed traces of gold, and an Australian miner of thirty years' experience declared that the 'stuff' promised a rich yield below. Like ourselves, he found the whole country 'impregnated with gold.' On the path within fifty yards of the Nánwá village

Stuttgart, 1858). It is represented as speaking through the nose like the local 'bogy,' and its hobbling gait is imitated by the story-teller. Another superstition is that the Anánu (the Akra form of the word) injures children sleeping in the same room with it. At Fernando Po I found another valuable spider which preys upon cockroaches. When a cruiser was particularly afflicted by the *blatta*, a couple of these insects would effectually clear chests and drawers in a few days. There are other species, *Entekuma*, &c.

we knocked off some pieces of quartz that displayed the precious ore to the naked eye.

The slope in which the two shafts had been sunk fell into a depression between the hills which indicated the richest surface-diggings. Here a number of detached sinkings had been run together by the recent rains into a long miry pool. Mr. Walker also speaks of a 'very large number of shallow native pits.' No one could see this exceedingly rich 'gulch' without determining that it should be washed upon the largest scale. It will be time to sink shafts and make deep diggings here when sluicing and surfacing shall have done their work.

From Ingotro we marched back to Nánwá and took leave of Chief Apó; his parting words were a request that work might be begun as soon as possible, and that at any rate his concession should be properly marked out. The limitation must not be neglected, but the exploitation of the diggings is another affair. The ground is exceptionally rich in gold, and it offers every facility for extracting the metal. But the climate of the lowlands presents difficulties. In so large an area of broken ground, however, there are eminences that command a prospect of the sea and which are within the influence of the sea-breeze. The conditions will, doubtless, improve when the adjacent mining-grounds, Inyoko and Izrah, shall have been opened and the

country cleared and ventilated. In the meantime light works and hydraulicking on an extensive scale might be begun at once, especially during the rainy season, under seasoned and acclimatised overseers. An amelioration must be the result, and even before the rich surface has been washed it will be possible to set up heavy machinery for deep working, shafting, and tunnelling.

Embarking about 3 P.M. on board *Effuenta*, we steamed up the Ancobra, which here looks more like a river and less like a lagoon. The settlements become more important, the first being Nfia-kru, or the 'dog-village.' There were many influents, which showed like dark breaches in the rampart of verdure. Such was the Ahema (Huma), a creek that breaks the left bank. This name may become memorable. Upon its upper course Messieurs Gillett and Selby have a small mining concession, and in its golden gravels Mr. O. Pegler, Associate of the School of Mines, found a crystal which he strongly suspected to be a diamond. It was taken to Axim, where its glass-cutting properties were proved. Unfortunately during one of these trials the setting gave way, and the stone fell into a heap of rubbish, where it could not be found. Many have suspected that these regions will prove diamantiferous; and it is reported that an experienced French mineralogist, who has visited the South African

diggings, landed at Assini and proposed to canoe up the Tando River to the Tákwá mines, prospecting in search of his specialty.

A portentous cloud ahead growled its thunder and discharged thin rain, while the westing sun shone clear and bright. In Dahome the combination suggests the ghosts of Kutomen going to market,[1] in Fanti-land

[1] The Akra-men make Sisaman, their Kutomen, Scheol or Hades, a town on one of the Volta holms or somewhere beyond. The Gold Coast has three species of departed 'spirits' (*asamanfo*)—the shades of men who fell in fight or by accident (as by a tree-fall); common spirits, and lingering spirits, so called because they do not enter Shade-land, but hover about man's dwellings. The slain never associate with the commonalty; they walk about rubbed with white clay and clad in white; nor are they afraid of, whereas the others fly from, and are unwilling to be seen by, the living. 'It is said in the Dead-land below the earth there are kings as well as slaves. If you have been long sick in this world you will recover health there after three years, but one killed in battle or by accident will be well in a month or so. It is said that Dead-land is below (earth); others declare it is above (the sky). About this there is no certainty. Where one is taken to when he dies there his spirit is; when they die and take you to the spirits' grove, then your spirit is in the grove. The town (or land) of the departed spirits is not in the grove, but in the earth; it is a large town, and going there a mountain has to be climbed. The way of one who died a natural death is dark in heaven; but if one who died in battle or by accident take that way, some of the white clay with which he is rubbed falls down; therefore his way (*via lactea*) appears white. In the spirits' grove the departed spirits do not stay always; only on certain days they assemble there for eating, drinking, and playing.' Yet these 'spiritualists' (*with* the spirits) have scant pleasure in contemplating the future. Their proverb is, 'A corner in the world of matter is better than a world of spirits.'—Page 407, *Dictionary of the Asante and Fante Languages*, by Rev. J. G. Christaller.

the hunchback woman becoming a mother, and in England his Satanic Majesty beating his wife. Off the Eketekki village we saw, for the first time, bad snags, which will require removal. About sunset the Aka-kru settlement, the largest yet noted, appeared on the left bank. Here the Akankon Mining Company has a native house of wattle and dab, looking somewhat better than the normal mud-cabin. It had been unceremoniously occupied by natives, who roared their laughter when ordered to turn out. From Aka-kru there is a direct line to the Effuenta, within an hour's walk of the Tákwá mine; the four stages can be covered in twenty hours.[1]

At 6.30 P.M. we saw, a little above Aka-kru, and also on the left bank, Jyachabo, or 'Silver-' (Jyácho) 'stone.' Of this settlement Captain Wyatt notes, 'It is said that a silver-mine was formerly worked here by the Dutch and Portuguese.' Hard by the north of it lie the ruins of the old Hollanders' fort, St. John, which the natives have corrupted to 'Senchorsu;' the people, however, did not seem to know their whereabouts.

[1] Mr. Gillett, who had lately passed over it, gave me these notes on the line. No. 1 stage from Aka-kru crosses virgin land, the property of the 'King' of Axim, to Autobrun (three hours); No. 2 leads over fine level ground to Dompé (nine hours slow); No. 3 to Abrafu, on the Abonsá River, one march south of the Abonsá station (three hours); No. 4 to the Effuenta mine (five hours).

We determined to push on to Akankon, despite the ugly prospect of a dark walk through the wet bush, and of deferring the survey to another time. Suddenly we saw on the right bank the black silhouette of a house, standing high and lone in its clearing, and we made fast to a good landing-place, an inclined plane of corduroy. It was an unexpected pleasure; both had been put up after Cameron left the mine by the native caretaker, Mr. Morris.

We slept soundly through a cool and pleasant night at 'Riverside House.' The large building of palm-fronds, with a roof like the lid of a lunch-basket, contains three rooms, and will be provided with out-houses. Inside and outside it is whitewashed above and blackwashed below. The coal-tar was suggested by my nautical companion; and, for the first time on the Ancobra River, we exchanged the *bouquet d'Afrique* for the smell of Europe. The big crate stands high upon the right bank, here rising about twenty feet, and affording a pleasant prospect of breezy brown stream deeply encased in bright green forest. The draught caused by flowing water keeps the clearing clean of sand-flies, the pest of the inner settlements, and European employés will find the place healthy. The up-sloping ground behind the house could be laid out in a pottage-garden; and, as

Bahama-grass grows fast, there will be no difficulty about disposing of the under-growth.

Next morning (February 27) we were joined by Mr. Morris, who told the long tale of his grievances. He had been in charge of ten men for five months, during which he had not received a farthing of pay. Consequently his gang had struck work. Thus chatting we followed the cleared path leading up the right bank of the little Akankon creek: now dry, it is navigable for canoes during the rains, and falls into the Ancobra under a good corduroy bridge near the landing-ramp. A line of posts showed the levels which had been carefully marked by Cameron. It was a pleasure to see the bed; it had been scraped in many places by the gold-washer, and it promises an ample harvest when properly worked. We left on the left hand Safahin Sensensé's village, a cluster of huts surrounded by bananas; we crossed the shallow head of the creek, all a swamp during the rains; we walked up a dwarf slope, and after half an hour we found ourselves at 'Granton.'

The position of Granton is not happily chosen. Though the hill-side faces south it is beyond reach of the sea-breeze; the damp and wooded depression breeds swarms of sand-flies, and being only forty feet above the river, it is reeking hot. The thermometer about noon never showed less than 92° (F.), and often

rose to 96°; in the Rains it falls to 72°, and the nights are cold with damp. It will be a question which season will here prove the safest for working. On the coast I should say the Rains; in the higher lands about the Effuenta mine I am told that the Dries must be preferred.

Granton is, or was, composed of eight tenements disposed to form a hollow square. Five of them are native cages of frond and thatch, which I should have preferred on a second visit. The rest are planks brought from Europe, good carpentry-work, and raised a little off the ground. Unfortunately the bulk-heads are close above, instead of being latticed for draught. The items are two boxes—sleeping-room and store-room—with a larger lodging of four rooms which sadly wants a flying-roof. The offices are kept in good order by the penniless caretaker, who has been left entirely without supplies, and who is obliged to borrow our ink-bottles.

We lost no time in visiting the 'Akankon' reef, a word appropriately meaning 'abandoned' or 'left alone.' The people, however, understand it in the sense that, when a miner has taken possession of the ground, and has shown a right to it, his fellows leave him to work and betake themselves elsewhere. Immediately behind the huts we came upon a broad streak cochineal-red, except where tarnished by oxygen,

where it looked superficially like ochre. The strike ran parallel with the quartz-reef, north 5° east (true). Cameron had broken some of the stone into chips, subjected it to the blow-pipe, and obtained bright globules of quicksilver. Veins of sulphide of mercury, cinnabar, or vermilion have been found in other parts of the Protectorate: we suspected their presence at Apatim, and collected specimens, still to be assayed. The natives have an idea that when 'the gold turns white' it is uncanny to work the place; moreover, silver is always removed from the person when miners approach the gold-diggings. I should explain the phenomenon by the presence of mercury.

A good road, with side-drains, running about half a mile to the north, has been kept open by the caretaker. To its right is a manner of hillock, evidently an old plantation, in some places replanted. From the top a view to the west shows three several ridges, the Akankon proper, Ijimunbukai, and Agunah, blue in the distance. Northwards the Akankon hog's-back is seen sweeping riverwards from north to north-east, rising to the hill Akankon-bukah. Here Mr. Amondsen, a Danish sailor long employed in Messieurs Swanzy's local sailing craft, and lately sent out by the Company, informed me that he proposed to transfer the quarters for European employés. He has, however, I am told, changed his mind and built upon 'Plantation Hillock.'

On the left or western side of the road the Akankon ridge is subtended by a hollow, the valley of a streamlet in rainy weather. This supply, which can easily be made perennial, will greatly facilitate washing. The highway ended in a depression, where stood the deserted 'Krumen's quarters.' The only sign of work was a peculiar cross-cut made by Mr. Cornish, C.E., one of the engineers.

From this point, turning abruptly from north to west, we took the steep narrow path which climbs the Akankon ridge, rising 78 feet above the river. A few paces led us to the prospecting shaft, a native pit squared and timbered by Mr. Cornish. He was assisted by Mr. James B. Ross, 'practical miner, working manager, and mine-owner for the last twenty years in Queensland, Australia.' He thus describes himself in the very able report which he sent to his company; and I am glad to hear that he has returned to the Gold Coast. The shaft, 40 feet from 'the outcrop,' and 50 from the hill-base, is bottomed at the depth of 52 feet. Unfortunately it is only box-timbered, and much of the woodwork was shaken down by the blasts. The sinking through stiff clay, stained with iron, cobalt, manganese, and cinnabar, was reported easy. But where the hanging and foot walls should have been, fragments of clay, iron, and mica-slate showed that the former lie still deeper. My companion proposed a

descent into the shaft by bucket and windlass. I declined, greatly distrusting such deserted pits, especially in this region, where they appear unusually liable to foul. Two days afterwards a Kruboy went down and was brought to grass almost insensible from the choke-damp; his hands clenched the rope so tightly that their grip was hard to loose.

We then mounted to 'the outcrop' near the ridge-summit, 100 yards north-north-east. This reef-crest is a tongue of quartz and quartzite veining grey granite: it was found dug out and cleared all round by the people. Mr. Cornish had contented himself with splitting off a fragment by a shot or two.

'When the whole hill shall have been properly washed, the contained reefs will present this wall-like appearance. The dimensions are ten feet long by the same height and half that thickness, and the slope shows an angle of 40°. We passed onwards to the top of the ridge, winding among the pits and round holes sunk by the native miners in order to work the casing of the reef. One of these, carefully measured, showed 82 feet. About sixty yards to the north-north-east we reached the crest of what Mr. Ross calls 'Ponsonby Hill.' He notices that the strike of the quartz, which shows visible gold, is from north-north-east to south-south-west, and its underlie to the south-east is at the ratio of one inch in twelve. Cameron found that near

the head of the descent, 120 feet to the plain below, three, and perhaps four lodes meet. The true bed, with a measured thickness of 157 feet, strikes north 22° east, the western 355°, and the eastern north 37° east (true). All radiate from one point, a knot which gives 'great expectations.' The natives have opened large man-holes in search of loose gold, and here, tradition says, many nuggets have been found. A greater number will come to light when the miners shall dig the 'blind creek' to the east, and when the roots of the secular trees crowning the summit shall be laid bare by the hose. I would wash down and sluice the whole of the Akankon ridge.

Next day we proceeded to inspect two other reefs lying to the south-west and to the south-east. The first, Asan-kumá (?), lies a few yards from Granton, on the left of the path leading to our landing-place. The ground was covered with deep bush, and painfully infested with the *Nkran*, or *enkran*,[1] which marched in detached but parallel lines. It rises gently in slopes of yellow clay towards the west, and doubtless

[1] *Anglicè* the 'driver,' a small black formica which bites severely, clears out houses, destroys the smaller animals, and has, it is said, overpowered and destroyed hunters when, torpid with fatigue, they have fallen asleep in the bush. The same horrible end, being eaten alive, atom by atom, has befallen white traders whose sickness prevented their escape. 'Accra,' which calls itself Ga, is known to the Oji-speaking peoples as 'Enkran,' and must be translated 'Land of Drivers,' not of White Ants.

it covers quartz-reefs, as the lay is the usual meridional. The talus, pitted with the shallow pans called 'women's washings,' shows signs of hard work, probably dating from the days when every headman had his gang of 'pawns' and slaves. Rising at the head of the creek, itself a natural gold-sluice, its bed and banks can carry any number of flumes, which would deposit their precious burden in cisterns near the river. I need hardly say they must be made movable, so as to raise their level above the inundation. Here the one thing wanted would be a miner accustomed to 'hydraulicking' in California or British Columbia, Australia or South Africa. I hope that the work will not be placed in inexperienced hands, whose blunders of ignorance will give the invaluable and infallible process a bad name.

Retracing our steps, we made the chief Sensensé's village, and persuaded him to guide us. The short cut led through a forest and a swamp, which reeked with nauseating sulphuretted hydrogen. We avoided it on return by a *détour*. After a short hour's walk we ascended a banana-grown hillock, upon which lay the ruins of the little mining-village Abesebá. A few paces further, through a forest rich in gamboge and dragon's blood (not the *D. draco*), in rubber and in gutta-percha (?), where well-laden lime-trees gave out their perfume, placed us upon the great south-eastern reef.

It was everywhere drilled with pits, and we obtained fine specimens from one which measured twenty feet deep. Several of them were united by rude and dangerous tunnels. I have heard of these galleries being pierced in other places; but the process is not common, and has probably been copied from Europeans.

On March 1 was held a formal palaver of headmen and elders. The Akankon concession had been bought by Messieurs Bonnat and Wyatt from Sensensé of the fetish, whose ancestors, he declared, had long ruled the whole country. The rent, they say, was small—$4 per mensem and 15 peregúins (=135*l.*[1]) per annum—when operations began. I have heard these gentlemen blamed, and very unjustly, for buying so cheap and selling so dear—17,000*l.* in cash and 33,000*l.* in shares. But the conditions were well worth the native's acceptance; and, if he be satisfied, no one can complain. The apparently large amount included the expenses of 'bringing out' the mine; and these probably swallowed a half. When Sensensé received his pay, a host of rival claimants started up. In these lands there is no law against trespass; wherever a plantation is deserted the squatter may occupy it, and popular opinion allows him and his descendants the permanent right of using, letting, or selling it. I do

[1] Assuming at 9*l.* the peregúin, which others reduce at 8*l.* and others raise to 10*l.*

not think, however, that this rule would apply to a white man.

Sensensé's claims were contested by three chiefs—Kofi Blay-chi, Kwáko Bukári, who brought an acute advocate, Ebba of Axim, and Kwáko Jum, a fine specimen of the sea-lawyer; this bumptious black had pulled down the board which marked the Abesebá reef, and had worked the pits to his own profit. After many meetings, of which the present was our last, the litigants decided that hire and 'dashes' should be shared by only two, Sensensé and Kofi Blay-chi. Energetic Jum, finding his pretensions formally ignored, jumped up and at once set out to 'enter a protest' in legal form at Axim.

The crowd of notables present affixed their marks, which, however, they by no means connected with the 'sign of the Cross.' We witnessed the document, and a case of trade-gin concluded an unpleasant business that threatened the Apatim as well as the Akankon concession. I repeat what I have before noted: too much care cannot be taken when title to ground in Africa is concerned. And a Registration Office is much wanted at head-quarters; otherwise we may expect endless litigation and the advent of the London attorney. Moreover, the people are fast learning foreign ideas. Sensensé, for instance, is nephew (sister's son) to Blay-chi, which relationship in Black-

land makes him the heir: meanwhile his affectionate uncle works upon the knowledge that this style of succession does not hold good in England.

The eventful evening ended with a ball, which demanded another distribution of gin. The dance was a compound affair. The Krumen had their own. Forming an Indian file for attack, they carried bits of board instead of weapons; and it was well that they did so, the warlike performance causing immense excitement. The Apollonians preferred wide skirts and the *pas seul* of an amatory nature; it caused shrieks of laughter, and at last even the women and wees could not prevent joining in the sport. Years ago I began to collect notes upon the dances of the world; and the desultory labour of some months convinced me that an exhaustive monograph, supposing such thing possible, would take a fair slice out of a man's life. I learnt, however, one general rule—that all the myriad forms of dancing originally express only love and war, in African parlance 'woman-palaver' and 'land-palaver.' However much the 'quiet grace of high refinement' may disguise original significance, Nature will sometimes return despite the pitchfork; witness a *bal de l'Opéra* in the palmy days of the Second Empire.

The Kruman ball ended in a battle royal. The results were muzzles swollen and puffed out like those of mandrills, and black eyes—that is to say, blood-red

orbits where the skin had been abraded by fist and stick. As they applied to us for justice and redress, we administered it, after 'seeing face and back,' or hearing both sides, by a general cutting-off of the gin-supply and a temporary stoppage of 'Sunday-beef.'

I cannot leave this rich and unhappy Akankon mine without a few reflections; it so admirably solves the problem 'how *not* to do it.' The concession was negotiated in 1878. In April 1881 Cameron proceeded to open operations, accompanied by the grantee and four Englishmen, engineers and miners. He was, however, restricted to giving advice, and was not permitted to command. The results, as we have seen, were a round shaft made square and a cross-cut which cut nothing. As little more appeared likely to be done, and harmony was not the order of the day, my companion sent the party home in June 1881, and followed it himself shortly afterwards. Since that time the Company has been spending much money and making *nil.* The council-room has been a barren battle-field over a choice of superintendents and the properest kind of machinery, London-work being pitted, for 'palm-oil' in commission-shape, against provincial work. And at the moment I write (May 1, 1882), when 7,000*l.* have been spent or wasted, the shares, 10*s.* in the pound paid up, may be bought for a quarter. I can only hope that

Mr. Amondsen, who met me at Axim, may follow my suggestions and send home alluvial gold.

Cameron's most sensible advice concerning the local establishment required for Akankon was as follows:—

He laid down the total expenditure at 21,000*l.* per annum, including expenses in England. This sum would work 100 tons per diem with 350 hands (each at 1*s.* hire and 3*d.* subsistence-money) and sixteen cooks and servants. The staff would consist of six officers. The manager should draw 800*l.* (not 1,200*l.*), and the surgeon, absolutely necessary in case of accidents, 450*l.* with rations. This is the pay of Government, which does not allow subsistence. The reduction-officer and the book-keeper are rated at 500*l.*, and the superintendent of works and the head-miner each at 240*l.* The pay of carpenters and other mechanics, who should know how to make small castings, would range from 180*l.* to 150*l.* The first native clerk and the store-keeper would be paid 100*l.*; the time-keeper, with three assistants, 70*l.* and 65*l.* The manager requires office, sitting-room, and bedroom, and the medico a dispensary; the other four would have separate sleeping-places and a common parlour. Each room would have its small German stove for burning mangrove-fuel; and a fire-engine should be handy on every establishment. All the white employés would mess together, unless it

be found advisable to make two divisions. The house would be of the usual pitch-pine boarding on piles, like those of Lagos, omitting the common passage or gallery, which threatens uncleanness; and the rooms might be made gay with pictures and coloured prints. The natives would build bamboo-huts.

Cameron, well knowing what *ennui* in Africa means, would send out a billiard-table and a good lathe: he also proposed a skittle- or bowling-alley, a ground for lawn-tennis under a shed, an ice-machine and one for making soda-water. Each establishment would have its library, a good atlas, a few works of reference, and treatises on mining, machinery, and natural history. The bulk would be the cheap novels (each 4*d.*) in which weary men delight. In addition to the 'Mining Journal,' the 'Illustrated,' and the comics, local and country papers should be sent out; exiles care more for the 'Little Pedlington Courant' than for the 'journal of the City,' the 'Times.'

Gardening should be encouraged. The vegetables would be occros (*hibiscus*) and brinjalls, lettuce, tomatoes, and marrow; yam and sweet potatoes, pumpkins, peppers and cucumbers, whose seeds yield a fine-flavoured salad-oil not sold in London. The fruits are grapes and pine-apples, limes and oranges, mangoes and melons, papaws and a long list of native growth. Nor should flowers be neglected, especially the pink and the rose. The land,

fenced in for privacy, would produce in abundance holcus-millet, rice, and lucern for beasts. There would be a breeding-ground for black cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs, and a poultry-yard protected against wild cats.

The routine-day would be as follows: At 5.15 A.M. first bell, and notice to 'turn out;' at 5.40 the 'little breakfast' of tea or coffee, bread-and-butter, or toast, ham and eggs. The five working-hours of morning (6–11 A.M.) to be followed by a substantial *déjeuner à la fourchette* at 11.30. Each would have a pint of beer or claret, and be allowed one bottle of whisky a week. Mr. Ross, the miner, preferred breakfast at 8 A.M., dinner at 1 P.M., and 'tea' at 5 P.M.; but these hours leave scant room for work.

The warning-bell, at 12.45 P.M., after 1 hr. 45 min. rest, would prepare the men to fall in, and return to work at 1 P.M.; and the afternoon-spell would last till 5.30. Thus the working-day contains 9 hrs. 30 min. Dinner would be served at any time after 6 P.M., and the allowance of liquor be that of the breakfast. An occasional holiday to Axim should be allowed, in order to correct the monotony of jungle-life.

CHAPTER XXI.

TO TUMENTO, THE 'GREAT CENTRAL DEPÔT.'

MARCH 4 was a sore trial to us both. We 'went down' on the same day and by our own fault. We had given the sorely-abused climate no chance; nor have we any right to abuse it instead of blaming ourselves. The stranger should begin work quietly in these regions; living, if possible, near the coast and gradually increasing his exercise and exposure. Within three months, especially if he be lucky enough to pass through a mild 'seasoning' of ague and fever, he becomes 'acclimatised,' the consecrated term for a European shorn of his redundant health, strength, and vigour. Medical men warn new comers, and for years we had read their warnings, against the 'exhaustion of the physical powers of the body from over-exertion.' They prescribe gentle constitutionals to men whose hours must do the work of days. It is like ordering a pauper-patient generous diet in the shape of port and beef-steaks; for the safe system, which takes a quarter of a year,

would have swallowed up all our time. Consequently we worked too hard. Our mornings and evenings were spent in collecting, and our days in boating, or in walking instead of hammocking. Indeed, we placed, by way of derision, the Krumen in the fashionable vehicle. And we had been too confident in our past 'seasoning;' we had neglected such simple precautions as morning and evening fires and mosquito-bars at night; finally, we had exposed ourselves somewhat recklessly to sickly sun and sweltering swamp. Four days on the burning hill-side completed the work. My companion was prostrated by a bilious attack, I by ague and fever.

'I thought you were at least fever-proof,' says the candid friend, as if one had compromised oneself.

Alas! no: a man is not fever-proof in Africa till he takes permanent possession of his little landed estate.

Happily we had our remedies at hand. There was no medico within hail; and, had there been, we should have hesitated to call him in. These gentlemen are Government servants, who add to their official salaries (400*l.* per annum) by private practice. For five visits to a sick Kruboy six guineas have been charged; 5*l.* for tapping a liver and sending two draughts and a box of pills, and 37*l.* 10*s.* for treating a mild tertian which lasted a week. The late M. Bonnat cost 80*l.* for a fortnight. Such fees should attract a host of talented

young practitioners from England; at any rate they suggest that each mine or group of mines should carry its own surgeon.

Cameron applied himself diligently to chlorodyne, one of the two invaluables on the Coast. We had a large store, but unfortunately the natives have learnt its intoxicating properties, and during our absence from Axim many bottles had disappeared. I need hardly say that good locks and keys are prime necessaries in these lands, and that they are mostly 'found wanting.'

I addrest myself to Warburg's drops (*Tinctura Warburgii*), a preparation invaluable for travellers in the tropics and in the lower temperates. The action appears to be chiefly on the liver through the skin. The more a traveller sees, the firmer becomes his conviction that health means the good condition of this rebellious viscus, and that its derangement causes the two great pests of Africa, dysentery and fever. Indeed, he is apt to become superstitious upon the subject, and to believe that a host of diseases—gout and rheumatism, cholera and enteric complaints—result from, and are to be cured or relieved only by subduing, hepatic disturbances.

My 'Warburg' was procured directly from the inventor, not from the common chemist, who makes the little phialful for 9*d.* and sells it for 4*s.* 6*d.* Some years ago a distinguished medical friend per-

suaded Dr. Warburg, once of Vienna, now of London, to reveal his secret, in the forlorn hope of a liberal remuneration by the Home Government. Needless to say the reward is to come. I first learnt to appreciate this specific at Zanzibar in 1856, where Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton used it successfully in the most dangerous remittents and marsh-fevers. Cases of the febrifuge were sent out to the Coast during the Ashanti war for the benefit of army and navy: the latter, they say, made extensive use of it. I have persistently recommended it to my friends and the public; and, before leaving England in 1879, I wrote to the 'Times,' proposing that all who owe (like myself) their lives to Dr. Warburg should join in relieving his straitened means by a small subscription. At this moment (June 1882) measures are being taken in favour of the inventor, and I can only hope that the result will be favourable.

The 'drops' are composed of the aromatic, sudorific and diaphoretic drugs used as febrifuges by the faculty before the days of 'Jesuits' bark,' to which a small quantity of quinine is added. Thus the tincture is successful in many complaints besides fevers. Evidently skilful manipulation is an important factor in the sum of its success. Dr. Warburg has had the experience of the third of a century, and the authorities could not do better than to give him a contract for making his own cure.

The enemy came on with treacherous gentleness—a slight rigor, a dull pain in the head, and a local irritation. 'I have had dozens of fevers, and dread them little more than a cold,' said Winwood Reade; indeed, the English catarrh is quite as bad as the common marsh-tertian of the Coast. The normal month of immunity had passed; I was prepared for the inevitable ordeal, and I flattered myself that it would be a mild ague, at worst the affair of a week. Altro!

Next morning two white men, owning that they felt 'awful mean,' left Granton, walked down to Riverside House, and at 8 A.M. embarked upon the hapless *Effuenta*. The stream rapidly narrowed, and its aspect became wilder. Dead trees, anchored by the bole-base, cumbered the bed, and dykes and bars of slate, overlaid by shales of recent date, projected from either side. The land showed no sign of hills, but the banks were steep at this season, in places here and there based on ruddy sand and exposing strips of rude conglomerate, the *cascalho* of the Brazil. This pudding is composed of waterworn pebbles, bedded in a dark clayey soil which crumbles under the touch. On an arenaceous strip projecting from the western edge the women were washing and panning where the bottom of the digging was below that of the river. This is an everyday sight on the Ancobra, and it shows what scientific 'hydraulicking' will do.

After six hours of steaming, not including three to fill the boiler, we halted at Enfrámadié, the Fanti Frammanji, meaning 'wind cools,' that is, falls calm. It is a wretched split heap of huts on the left bank, one patch higher pitched than the other, to avoid the floods; the tenements are mere cages, the bush lying close to the walls, and supplies are unprocurable. In fact, the further we go the worse we fare as regards mere lodgings; yet the site of our present halt is a high bank of yellow clay, which suggests better things. There is no reason why this miserable hole should not be made the river-depôt.

On March 4 we set out in the 'lizard's sun,' as the people call the morning rays; our vehicle was the surf-boat, escorted by the big canoe. Enfrámadié is the terminus of launch-navigation; the snags in the Dries stop the way, and she cannot stem the current of the Rains. The Ancobra now resembles the St. John's or Prince's River in the matter of timber-floorwork and *chevaux de frise* of tree-corpses disposed in every possible direction. After half an hour we paddled past the 'Devil's Gate,' a modern name for an old and ugly feature. H.S.M.'s entrance (to home?) is formed by black reefs and ridges projected gridiron-fashion from ledges on either side almost across the stream, leaving a narrow *Thalweg* so shallow that the boatmen must walk and drag. During the height of

the floods it is sometimes covered for a few hours by forty feet of water, rising and falling with perilous continuity.

Beyond 'Devil's Gate' a pleasant surprise awaited us. Mr. D. C. MacLennan, manager of the Effuenta mine,[1] stopped his canoe to greet us. He was justly proud of his charge—a box of amalgam weighing 15 lbs. and carrying eighty ounces of gold. It was to be retorted at home and to be followed within a fortnight by a larger delivery, and afterwards by monthly remittances. The precious case, which will give courage to so many half-hearted shareholders, was duly embarked on the A.S.S. *Ambriz* (Captain Crookes); and its successor, containing the produce of a hundred tons, on the B. and A. *Benguela* (Captain Porter). Consequently the papers declared that Effuenta was first in the field of results. This is by no means the case. As early as November 1881 Mr. W. E. Crocker, of Crockerville, manager of the important Wásá (Wassaw) mining-property, sent home gold—amalgam, and black sand[2]—a total of sixty-eight ounces to twenty-five tons.

[1] The name was given by M. Dahse; it is that of the first worker, Efuátá, a woman born on Saturday (*Efua*), and the third of a series of daughters (*átá*).

[2] I have before noticed this 'golden sea-sand.' It has lately been found, the papers tell me, on the coast about Cape Commerell, British Columbia. A handful, taken from a few inches below the surface, shows glittering specks of 'float-gold,' scales so fine that it was difficult to wash them by machinery. Mem. This is what

After an hour's paddling we sighted a few canoes and surf-boats under a raised clay-bank binding the stream on the left. This was Tumento (Tomento), our destination; the word means 'won't go,' as the rock is supposed to say to the water. The aspect of the Ancobra becomes gloomy and menacing. The broad bed shrinks to a ditch, almost overshadowed by its sombre walls of many-hued greens; and the dead tree-trunks of the channel, ghastly white in the dull brown shade, look to the feverish imagination like the skeleton hands and fingers of monstrous spectres outspread to bar thoroughfare.

We landed and walked a few yards to the settlement. A 'Steam-launch' sounds grandiose, and so does a 'Great Central Depôt'—seen on paper. And touching this place I was told a tale. Some time ago two young French employés, a doctor and an engineer, were sent up to the mines, and fell victims to the magical influence of the name. Quoth Jules to Alphonse, 'My friend, we will land; we will call a *fiacre*; we will drive to the local Three Provincial Brothers; we will eat a

women do every day on the Gold Coast. The *Colonist* says that a San Francisco company has at length hit upon *the* contrivance. It consists of six drawers or layers of plates punched with holes about half an inch in diameter, and covered with amalgam. The gold-sand is 'dumped in;' and the water, turned on the top-plate, sets all in motion: the sand falls from plate to plate, leaving the free loose gold which has attached itself to the amalgam, and very little remains to be caught by the sixth plate. So simple a process is eminently fitted for the Gold Coast.

succulent repast, and then for a few happy hours we will forget Blackland and these ignoble blacks.' So they toiled up the stiff and slippery slope, and found a scatter of crate-huts crowning a bald head of yellow argil. Speechless with rage and horror at the sight of the 'Depôt,' they rushed headlong into the canoe, returned without a moment's delay to Axim, and, finding a steamer in the bay, incontinently went on board, flying the Dark Continent for ever.

We housed ourselves in Messieurs Swanzy and Crocker's establishment at Tumento. The climate appeared wholesome; the river brought with it a breeze, and we were evidently entering the region of woods, between the mangrove-swamps of the coast and the grass-lands of the interior.

At Tumento I met, after some twenty years, Mr. Dawson, of Cape Coast Castle. The last time it was at Dahoman Agbome, in company with the Rev. Mr. Bernasko, who died (1872) of dropsy and heart-disease. He is now in the employment of the Tákwá or French Company, and his local knowledge and old experience had suggested working the mines to M. Bonnat. Some forty years ago the English merchants of 'Cabo Corso' used to send their people hereabouts to dig; and more recently Mr. Carter had spent, they say, 4,000*l.* upon the works. He was followed by another roving Englishman, who was not more successful. The liberation of

pawns and other anti-abolitionist 'fads' had so raised the wage-rate that the rich placers were presently left to the natives. We exchanged reminiscences, and he at once started down stream for Axim.

As we were unable to work, Mr. Grant proceeded to inspect the concession called 'Insimankáo,' the Asamankáo of M. Zimmermann. It is the name of the village near which Sir Charles Macarthy was slain: our authorities translated it 'I've got you,' as the poor man said to the gold, or the cruel chief to the runaway serf. Mr. Dawson, who is uncle by marriage to Mr. Grant, had also suggested this digging. Our good manager, now an adept at prospecting, found the way very foul and the place very rich. It was afterwards, as will be seen, visited by Mr. Oliver Pegler and lastly by Cameron.

Amongst the few new faces seen at Tumento were two 'Krambos,' Moslems and writers of charms and talismans. A 'Patent Improved Metallic Book,' which looked in strange company, contained their 'fetish' and apparently composed their travelling kit. Both hailed from about Tinbukhtu, but their Arabic was so imperfect that I could make nothing of their route. These men acquire considerable authority amongst the pagan negroes, who expect great things from their 'grigris.' They managed to find us some eggs when no one else could. This Hibernian race of Gold Coast blacks

had eaten or sold all its hens, and had kept only the loud-crowing cocks. The presence of these two youths convinced me that there will be a Mohammedan movement towards the Gold Coast. A few years may see thousands of them, with mosques by the dozen established upon the sea-board. The 'revival of El-Islam' shows itself nowhere so remarkably as in Africa.

At Tumento Cameron found himself growing rapidly worse. He suffered from pains in the legs, and owned that even when crossing Africa during his three years of wild life he remembered nothing more severe. In my own case there was a severe tussle between Dr. Warburg and Fever-fiend. The attacks had changed from a tertian to a quotidian, and every new paroxysm left me, like the 'possessed' of Holy Writ after the expulsion of 'devils,' utterly prostrate. During the three days' struggle I drained two bottles of 'Warburg.' The admirable drug won the victory, but it could not restore sleep or appetite.

Seeing how matters stood, and how easily bad might pass to worse, I proposed the proceeding whereby a man lived to fight another day. We were also falling short of ready money, and the tornadoes were becoming matters of daily occurrence. After a long and anxious pow-wow Cameron accepted, and it was determined to run down to the coast, and there collect health and strength for a new departure. No sooner said than

done. On March 8 we left Tumento in our big canoe, passed the night at Riverside House, and next evening were inhaling, not a whit too soon, the inspiriting sea-whiffs of Axim.

The rest of my tale is soon told.

Cameron recovered health within a week, and resolved to go north again. His object was to inspect for the second time the working mines about Tákwá, and to note their present state; also to make his observations and to finish his map. He did not look in full vigour; and, knowing his Caledonian tenacity of purpose, I made him promise not to run too much risk by over-persistence. After a *dîner d'Axim* and discussing a plum-pudding especially made for our Christmas by a fair and kind friend at Trieste, he set out Ancobra-wards on March 16. He would have no Krumen; so our seven fellows, who refused to take service in the Effuenta mine, were paid off and shipped for 'we country.' The thirty hands ordered in mid-January appeared in mid-March, and were made over to Mr. MacLennan. My companion set out with faithful Joe, Mr. Dawson the stuffer, and his dog Nero. I did not hear of him or from him till we met at Madeira.

My case was different. I could not recover strength like my companion, who is young and who has more of vital force to expend. This consideration made me

fearful of spoiling his work: a sick traveller in the jungle is a terrible encumbrance. I therefore proposed to run south and to revisit my old quarters, 'F. Po' and the Oil Rivers, in the B. and A. s.s. *Loanda* (Captain Brown), the same which would pick up my companion after his return to Axim.

Life on the coast was not unpleasant, despite the equinoctial gales which broke on March 19 and blew hard till March 25. I had plenty of occupation in working up my notes, and I was lucky enough to meet all the managers of the working mines who were passing through Axim. From Messieurs Crocker (Wásá), MacLennan (Effuenta), Creswick (Gold Coast Company), and Bowden (Tákwá[1]) I had thus an opportunity of gathering much hearsay information, and was able to compare opinions which differed widely enough. I also had long conversations with Mr. A. A. Robertson, lately sent out as traffic-manager to the Izrah, and with Mr. Amondsen, the Danish sailor, then *en route* to the hapless Akankon mine. Mr. Paulus Dahse, who was saved from a severe sickness by Dr. Roulston and by his brother-in-law, Mr. Wulfken, eventually became my fellow-passenger to Madeira, where I parted from him

[1] Alias the African Gold Coast Company, whose shareholders are French and English. It has lately combined with the Mine d'Or d'Abowassu (Abosu), the capital being quoted at five millions of francs. Thus the five working mines are reduced to four, while the 'Izrah' and others are coming on (May 1882).

with regret. During long travel and a residence of years in various parts of the Gold Coast he has collected a large store of local knowledge, and he is most generous in parting with his collection.

But, when prepared to embark on board the *Loanda*, which was a week late, my health again gave way, and I found that convalescence would be a long affair. Madeira occurred to me as the most restful of places, and there I determined to await my companion. The A.S.S. *Winnebah* (Captain Hooper) anchored at Axim on March 28; the opportunity was not to be lost, and on the same evening we steamed north, regaining health and strength with every breath.

The A.S.S. *Winnebah* could not be characterised as 'comfortable.' Mr. Purser Denny did his best to make her an exception to the Starvation rule, but even he could not work miracles. She is built for a river-boat, and her main cabin is close to the forecastle. She was crowded with Kruboys, and all her passengers were 'doubled up.' A full regiment of parrots was on board, whose daily deaths averaged twenty to thirty. The birds being worth ten shillings each, our engines were driven as they probably had never been driven before, and the clacking of the safety-valve never ceased.

The weather, however, was superb. We caught the north-east Trade a little north of Cape Palmas, and

kept it till near Grand Canary. On April 13, greatly improved by the pleasant voyage and by complete repose, I rejoiced once more in landing at the fair isle Madeira.

And now *Cameronus loquitur.*

CHAPTER XXII.

TO INSIMANKÁO AND THE BUTABUÉ RAPIDS.

LEAVING Axim on March 16, I slept at Kumprasi and remarked a great change in the bar of the Ancobra River. During the dry season it had been remarkably good, but now it began to change for the worse; and soon it will become impassable for three or four days at a time. My surf-boat, when coming across it, shipped three seas. On my return down the river (April 15) the whole sand-bank to the west of the mouth had been washed away, forming dangerous shoals; the sea was furiously breaking and 'burning,' as the old Dutch say, and the waves which entered the river were so high that canoes were broken and boats were seriously damaged.

I stored my goods in the surf-boat, and set out in our big canoe early next morning. A string of dug-outs was next passed, loaded with palm-kernels, maize, and bananas; it appeared as if they were all bound for the market at Axim. I took specimens of swish and stone from 'Ross's Hill.' The top soil showed good signs of

gold, and the grains were tolerably coarse. Here a floating power-engine would soon bare the reefs and warp up the swamp. Messieurs Allan and Plisson, who were floating down in a surf-boat, gave me the news that the steam-launch *Effuenta* had at last succumbed in the struggle for life.

I landed at Akromási, a village where the true bamboo-cane grows, and found the soil to be a grey sandy clay; there were many 'women's washings' near the settlement. Shortly before reaching the Ahema River we saw the landing-place for the valuable 'Apatim concession.' They told me on enquiry that the stream is deep and has been followed up in a surf-boat for a mile or two. It may therefore prove of use to Mr. Irvine's property, Apatim.

At half-past five that evening I reached Akankon, and slept well at 'Riverside House.' Mr. Morris had begun levelling the ground and building new quarters for general use. I gave him some slips of bamboo and roots of Bahama-grass, as that planted had grown so well.

Next morning we got under way early (6.50) and proceeded up the river. The canoe-men, seeing pots of palm-wine on the banks, insisted upon landing to slake their eternal thirst. The mode in which the liquor is sold shows a trustfulness on the part of the seller which may result from firm belief in his 'fetish.' Any passer-by can drink wine *à discrétion*, and is expected

to put the price in a calabash standing hard by. Beyond the Yengéni River I saw for the first and only time purple clay-slate overlying quartz. Collecting here and there specimens of geology, and suffering much from the sun, for I still was slightly feverish, I reached the 'great central depôt' at 4 P.M.

Tumento was found by observation to lie in N. lat. 4° 12′ 20″ and in W. long. (Gr.) 2° 12′ 25″. Consequently it is only eighteen direct geographical miles from the sea, the mouth of the Ancobra being in W. lat. 2° 54′. Some make the distance thirty and others sixty miles. The latter figure would apply only by doubling the windings of the bed.

This ascent of the river convinced me more than ever that Enfrámadié is the proper terminus of its navigation. I passed the next day at Tumento, which proved to be only half the distance usually supposed along the Ancobra bed from its mouth. The time was spent mainly in resting and doctoring myself. At night the rats, holding high carnival, kept me awake till 3 A.M.; and I heard shots being continually fired from a native mine whose position was unknown. The natives now know how to bore and blast; consequently thefts of powder, drills, and fuses become every day more common. My first visit (March 20) was to the Insimankáo concession. I left the surf-boat behind, and put my luggage into small canoes hired at Tumento, myself

proceeding in the large canoe. We shoved off from the beach at 8.5 A.M. The Ancobra had now, after the late rains, a fair current instead of being almost dead water; otherwise it maintained the same appearance. The banks are conglomerate, grey clay and slate; gravel, sand, shingle, and pebbles of reddish quartz, bedded in earth of the same colour, succeeding one another in ever-varying succession. Only two reefs, neither of them important, projected from the sides.

After an hour and a half paddling we reached the Fura, which I should call a creek; it is not out of the mangrove-region. The bed is set in high, steep banks submerged during the rains; and the narrowness of the mouth, compared with the upper part, made it run, after the late showers, into the Ancobra like a mill-race. In fact, the paddlers were compelled to track in order to make headway. After ten minutes (=200 yards) we reached a landing-place, all jungle with rotting vegetation below. I do not think that as a waterway the Fura Creek can be made of any practical use; but it will be very valuable for 'hydraulicking.' Canoes and small surf-boats may run down it at certain seasons, but the flow is too fast and the bed is too full of snags and sawyers to be easily ascended.

At the landing-place I mounted my hammock and struck the path which runs over level ground pretty thick with second-growth. The chief Bimfú, who met

me at Tumento, had broken his promise to guide me, and had neglected to clear the way. On a largish creek which was nearly dry I saw a number of 'women's washings.' Then we passed on the right a hillock seventy to eighty feet high, where quartz showed in detached and weathered blocks. Beyond it were native shafts striking the auriferous drift at a depth of eight to ten feet. A few yards further on the usual washings showed that the top soil is also worth working.

Another half-hour brought us to about a dozen native shafts in the usual chimney shape. They were quite new and had been temporarily left on account of the rise of the water, which was here twenty-four feet below the surface. The top soil is of sandy clay, and the gold-containing drifts, varying in thickness, they told me, from two to four feet, consisted of quartz pebbles bedded in red loam. The general look of the stratum and the country suggested an old lagoon.

An hour and a half of hammock brought me from the landing-place of the Fura Creek to the village of Insimankáo. Rain was falling heavily and prevented all attempts at observation. The settlement is the usual group of swish and bamboo box-huts nestling in the bush. A small clean bird-cage, divided into two compartments, with standing bedstead, was assigned to me.

Next morning I walked to the Insimankáo mine by a path leading along, and in places touching, the bank of the Fura Creek, which runs through the whole property. After thirty-three minutes we reached the 'marked tree.' Here the land begins to rise and forms the Insimankáo Hill, whose trend is to north-north-east. Mr. Walker calls it Etia-Kaah, or Echia-Karah, meaning 'when you hear (of its fame) you will come.' It is the usual mound of red clay, fairly wooded, and about 150 feet high; the creek runs about 100 yards west of the pits. The reefs seemed to be almost vertical, with a strike to the north-north-east; and the walls showed slate, iron-oxide, and decomposed quartz. The main reef[1] was from eight to ten feet thick, and I believe that there are other and parallel formations. But the ground is very complicated, and for proper study I should have required borings and cross-cuts.

There were two big rough pits called shafts. I

[1] Mr. O. Pegler (A.R.S.M.) describes it as a 'very powerful reef outcropping boldly from a hill at a short distance from the native village, the strike being north-north-east to south-south-west, and the vein having a great inclination. At the crest of the hill it presents a massive appearance, and is many feet in width—in some places between twenty and thirty feet. This diminishes towards the native pits, and there the vein diverges into two portions, both presenting a decomposed appearance, the casing on both foot and hanging wall having a highly talcose character.' This engineer also washed gold specks from the loose soil. Finally, he notes that the massive quartz-outcrop is homogeneous and crystalline, giving only traces of gold, but that the stone improves rapidly with depth.

descended into the deeper one, which was fourteen to fifteen feet below ground. The walls would repay washing on a large scale; and the look of the top soil reminded me of the descriptions of old California and Australia when there were rushes of miners to the gold-fields, carrying for all machinery a pick, a pan, and a tin 'billy.'

The Insimankáo concession contains 1,000 fathoms square; the measurements being taken from a 'marked tree' on the north-western slope of the hill with the long name. The position is N. lat. 5° 18′ 15″ and the long. W. (Gr.) 2° 14′ 03″. West of the centre the Fura Creek receives a small tributary. Mr. Walker took fair samples from the well-defined reef and the out-cropping boulders, whose strike is from north-north-east to south-south-west. He notes that the land Egwira, which lies between Wásá and Aowin, was long famous for its mining-industry, and that it appears in old maps as a 'Republick rich in gold.' We heard of the Abenje mine on the same reef, four to five miles east of Insimankáo; and he declares that it has been abandoned ause the population is too scanty.

I left this mining property convinced that working it will pay well. The only thing to be guarded against is overlapping the French concession of Mankuma, which lies immediately to the east.

From the mine I walked back to the village, break-

fasted, and returned in the canoes to the sluice-like mouth of the Fura Creek. I then ascended the Ancobra, in order to inspect the Butabué rapids, said to be the end of canoe-navigation. We passed on the right a reef and a shallow of conglomerate, washed out of the banks and forming a race; there is another reef with its rip at Aroásu. In the early part of the afternoon we got to the village of Ebiásu, which means 'not dark.' Here the equinoctial showers began to fall heavily, and I was again obliged to sleep without observations. The village is built upon a steep bank of yellow clay, with rich red oxides; it stands forty feet above the present level, and yet at times it is flooded out.

Leaving Ebiásu next morning, I found the banks of sand, clay, and small pebbles beginning to shelve. We passed over slaty rocks in the bed; and the depth of water was often not more than three feet. Women's washings were seen on the left bank, and the river had risen after they had been worked. We could not approach them on account of the reefs and the current. The opposite bank, about five minutes further up, is of soft sandstone; and here a native tunnel of forty to fifty feet had been run in from the river to communicate with a shaft. My men were nervous about leopards, and I had to encourage them by firing my rifle into the hole. The normal formation continued, and here the land is evidently built by the river; there are

few hills, and the present direction of the bed has been determined by the rocks and reefs, the outliers of the old true coast. These features may have been lower than they are now, and owe their present elevation to upheaval. Immature conglomerate—that is, a pudding of pebbles and hardened clay—seems to have been deposited in the synclinal curve of the bed-rock, principally slate. Overlying both are the top soil and the sands, the latter often resembling the washed out tailings of stamped rock.

Passing the village Abanfokru, I found myself amongst the extensive concessions of the French, who have taken the alluvial grounds for washing and working. M. Bonnat's map gives the approximate positions and dimensions; and the several sites are laid down by M. Dahse. I shall have more to say about this section on my return.

Navigation now becomes more intricate and difficult, owing to rocks and reefs, rips and rapids. A large stony holm about mid-stream is called Eduásim, meaning 'thief in river.' I need not repeat from my map the names of the unimportant settlements. At the mouth of the Abonsá the bed widens to nearly double, and the north-easterly direction shifts to due north. This great drain, falling into the left bank, lies between five and six miles above the Fura Creek. I shall have more to say about it when describing my descent.

Two miles further north brought us to the beginning of the rapids, which apparently end the boat-navigation. The only canoes are used for ferrying; I saw no water-traffic, and there were no longer any fish-weirs. Moreover, the country has been deserted, I was told, since the arrival of strangers. The natives have probably been treated with little consideration. A quarter of an hour's hauling, all hands being applied to the canoe, took us about fifty yards over the Impayim rapid, whose fall is from four to five feet deep. Immediately after the Butabué influent on the right bank the bed bends abruptly east, and we reached the far-famed rapids of that name. Here the whole surface, as far up as the eye can see, is a mass of rocks and of broken, surging water. The vegetation of the banks, bound together by creepers, llianas, and rattans, is peculiarly fine. I landed upon one of the rocks, sketched the Butabué, whose name none could explain, and returned down stream to the 'great central Depôt,' Tumento.

I can say little about the River Ancobra above the rapids, except that it resumes its course from the north-north-east and the north, apparently guided by the hills. The sources are now only a few miles distant, but the stream is unnavigable, and they must be reached on foot. The late M. Bonnat walked up by a hunter's path, now killed out, to the ruins of Bush Castle, which

Jeekel calls Fort Ruyghaver. He there secured possession of the rich Asamán mines, which the work was intended to defend. There is some fetish there, and the place is known as the burial-ground of the kings. I was also told that four or five marches off a *cache* of treasure, described to be large, had been made during the Ashanti-Gyáman war, and had been defended by the usual superstitions. Fetish may have lost much of its power on the coast; in the interior, however, it is still strong, and few white men live long after being placed under its ban.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TO EFFUENTA, CROCKERVILLE, AND THE AJI BIPA HILL.

AT Tumento the halt of a day (March 22) was necessary in order to hire carriers and get ready for the march eastward. Here, too, I washed sundry specimens of soft earth from various parts of the river-banks, finding colour of gold in all except the grey clay. Our Mohammedan friends were there; the eldest called upon me and was exceedingly civil, besides being to a certain extent useful. For the hire of a shilling and two cakes of Cavendish he found me eggs in a village some three miles off, and he ended by writing me a 'safy,' which would bring me good luck in all my undertakings. It consists of the usual Koranic quotations in black, and of magic numbers in pink, ink.

Dr. Roulston and Mr. Higgins, the new District Commissioner for Tákwá, entered Tumento about 3 P.M. The carriers hired in addition to my canoe-men would now be wanted, said the cunning old chief, for the 'Government man,' with whom he wished to stand well. As the porters had received an advance of pay I

objected to this proceeding. The fresh arrivals had to find other hands, and were not very successful in the search. Their detachment of twenty-five Haussa soldiers, who had escorted to the coast Dr. Duke, the acting commissioner lately invalided, were sent abroad in all directions to act press-gang, and the natural lawlessness of the race came out strong. The force is injured by enlisting 'Haussas' who are not Haussa at all; merely semi-savage and half-pagan slaves. On detached duty they get quite out of hand; and they by no means serve to make our Government popular. By the rules of the force they should never be absent from head-quarters for more than six months; their transport costs next to nothing, as they march by bush-paths. And yet they are kept for years on outpost-duty, where it would require a Glover to discipline them and to make them steady soldiers. They live by plunder. A private on a shilling a day will eat three fowls, each worth 9*d.* to 10*d.*, and drink any taken amount of palm-wine. There are no means of punishment, or even of securing a criminal; the colony cannot afford irons or handcuffs; there is no prison, and a Haussa, placed under arrest in a bamboo-hut, cuts his way out as easily as a rat from a bird-cage.

One of these men was accused of murdering a woman in one of the villages on the way. His comrades brought in husbands, wives, and children indiscrimi-

nately, not sparing even the chiefs. Bimfú, of Insimankáo, was among the number; next morning, however, he threw his pack, bolted to the bush, and eventually reported his grievances to Axim. The second headman of Tumento, when pressed, managed to secure a very small load. But as payment is by weight, 6*d.* per 10 lbs. from the river to Effuenta, and no subsistence is allowed, his gains were small in proportion; he received for three days only 9*d.*, the ordinary value of porter's rations.

Next day (March 23) we left Tumento at 7.30 A.M. The caravan consisted of thirty-two men, all told—canoe-men from Axim, Tumento bearers, boatswain, and my three body-servants. All were under the command of Joe the Indefatigable, who formed a kind of body-guard of gun-carriers out of the porters that carried the lightest packs. Mr. Dawson assisted me in collecting; Paul prepared to shoulder a bed, and the boatswain was ordered to catch butterflies. The cries of 'bátli,' 'basky,' and 'bokkus' (bottle, basket, and box) continually broke the silence of the bush and gladdened the collector's ears. I was still able to dispense with the hammock.

In the first few minutes the path trends southwards; it then assumes and keeps an easterly direction. Here is a water-parting: the many little beds, mostly full of water, flow either north towards the Abonsá or south

and westwards to the Ancobra. They are divided by detached hills, or rather oblong mounds, of the same formation as the beds; quartz, gravel, and red clay, all disposed in the usual direction. Women's washings were seen everywhere along the road, and in some places oozings of iron from the soil heavily charged the streamlets. Some of the quartz-boulders were coloured outside like porphyry by the oxide. About three-quarters of the way from Tumento to Apankru is a hill rich in outcrops of quartz. I believe it to be French property.

These rises and falls led over 7½ direct geographical miles, usually done in three hours, to Apankru, a second 'great central Depôt.' The village lies on the right bank of the Abonsá River, here some forty feet high. It is composed almost entirely of the store-houses of the several companies—(Gold Coast) Effuenta, and Swanzy's (English), the African Gold Coast and Mines d'Or d'Aboassu[1] (French). Only the latter use the Abonsá for transport purposes—I think very unwisely. My descent of the stream will show all its dangers of snags, rapids, and heavy currents. Here it rises high during the floods, and sometimes it swamps the lower courtyards.

I put up at Mr. Crocker's establishment, which was,

[1] At first I supposed the word to be Abo-Wásá, or Stones of Wásá: it is simply Abosu, meaning 'on the rock.'

as usual, nice and clean; and the officials went on to Effuenta. The native clerk took good care of me, probably moved thereto by Mr. Joe, who addressed him, 'Here, gib me key; want house for *my* master!' During the evening, in the intervals of heavy rain, I obtained a latitude by Castor. Apankru lies in north latitude 5° 13′ 55″, and its longitude (by calculation) is 0° 20′ 6″ west.

The next morning (March 24) was dark and threatening. At 6.30 A.M. we struck into the path, a mere bush-track, the corduroys and bridges made by the Swanzy house having completely disappeared. This want of public feeling, of 'solidarity,' amongst the several mining companies should be remedied with a strong hand. These men seem not to know that rivalry may be good in buying palm-oil, but is the wrong thing in mining. Such a jealousy assisted in making the Spanish proverb 'A silver mine brings wretchedness; a gold mine brings ruin.' Even in England I have met with unwise directors who told me, 'Oh, you must not say that, or people will prefer such and such a mine.' But, speaking generally, employers are aware that unity of interest should produce solidarity of action. The local employés like to breed divisions, in order to increase their own importance. This should be put down with a strong hand; and all should learn the lesson that what benefits one mine benefits all.

Many of the little streams run between steep banks, and in the rainy season mud and water combine to make the line impracticable. Yet there is nothing to stand in the way of a cheap tram; and perhaps this would cost less and keep better than a metalled road. The twisting of the track, 'without rhyme or reason,' reminded me of the snakiest paths in Central Africa. Our course, as the map shows, was in every quadrant of the compass except the south-western.

On our left or north ran the Aunábé, M. Dahse's Ahunabé,[1] the northern fork of the Abonsá, which falls into the right bank below Apankru. It has a fine assortment of mixed rapids, which show well during the floods. Hills of the usual quartz blocks, gravels, sand, and clay lead, after 1 hr. 40 min. walking and collecting, at the rate of two geographical miles an hour, to Mr. Crocker's second set of huts. They were built on a level for shelter and resting-places before Apankru was in existence, and were baptised 'Sierra Leone' by emigrants from the white man's grave and the black man's Garden of Eden.

Beyond this settlement is a fine quartz hill, round the northern edge of which the path winds to the little Kwansakru. This is a woman's village, where the

[1] M. Dahse's paper, *Die Goldküste* (Geog. Soc. of Bremen, vol. ii., 1882), has been ably translated by Mr. H. Bruce Walker, jun., of the India Store Depôt.

wives of chiefs who have mining-rights, accompanied by their slaves, are stationed, to pan gold for their lazy husbands. In this way may have arisen the vulgar African story of Amazon settlements. Messieurs Zweifel and Moustier [1] were told by a Kissi man that twelve marches behind their country is a large town called Nahalo, occupied only by the weaker sex. A man showing himself in the streets, or met on the road, is at once put to death; however, some of the softer-hearted have kept them prisoners, and the result may easily be divined. All the male issue is killed and only the girls are kept.

Many large 'women's washings' of old date give us a hint how the country should be worked. All along the line of the Aunábé white sands, the tailings of natural sluices, have been deposited; the black sand sinking by its own weight. I was unable to find out the extent of the French concessions, and look forward to the coming day of compulsory definition of boundaries and registration in Government offices. These grants are mingled in inextricable confusion with those secured by 'Surgeon-Major Dr. James Africanus Beale Horton, Esq.'

Soon after Kwansakru we exchanged the ordinary path for a mere thread in the bush, leading to the southern end of Tebribi Hill. The name, according to Mr. Sam, means 'when you hear, it shakes,' signify-

[1] *Voyage*, &c., p. 115.

ing that the thunder reverberates from the heights owing to its steep side and gives it a tremulous motion. This abrupt, cliff-like side is the western, where the schistose gneiss is exposed for a thickness of 60 feet and more: the stone is talcose, puddinged in places with quartz pebbles, and everywhere showing laminations of black sand. The long oval mound of red clay, overgrown with trees, and rising 295 feet above sea-level, is all auriferous; but there are placers richer than their neighbours. Tebribi was the favourite washing-ground of the Apinto Wásás; but the old shafts were all neglected after the Dutch left, and no deep sinking was known within the memory of man until the last twelve years. I passed a pit on the western flank; the winch had been removed, and my people found it impracticable: we descended to it by cut steps and followed a cornice, mainly artificial, for a short distance to where its mouth opened. This hole had been sunk 70 to 80 feet deep in the talcose stone; and it would have been far easier and better to have driven galleries and adits into the face of the rock.

We took fourteen minutes to clamber up the stiff side in the pelting rain, with a tornado making ready to break. Ten minutes more, along the level, and a total of three hours, placed us at Mr. Crocker's Bellevue House. I had been asked to baptise it, and gave the name after a place in Sevenoaks which over-

looks the wooded expanse of the Kentish weald. The place being locked up, we at once committed burglary; I occupied one of the two boarded bedrooms with plank walls, and my men established themselves in the broad and well-thatched verandah. When the view cleared we saw various outliers of hill, all running nearly parallel and striking north with more or less easting; the temperature was delightful, and between the showers the breezes were most refreshing. At night a persistent rain set in and ruined all chance of getting sights.

The next morning broke dull and grey with curtains of smoky fog and mist hanging to the hills; and the heavy wet made the paths greasy and slippery. Leaving Bellevue House, we walked along the whole length of the ridge in half an hour; and, descending the north-western slope, we struck the main thoroughfare—such as it is. Reaching the level, we found more 'women's washings,' and the highly auriferous ground looked as if made for the purpose of hydraulic mining.

Another half-hour along the lower flat led us to Burnettville, Crocker's *Ruhe* No. 3. It is a large native-built house fronted by long narrow quarters for negroes on the other side of the road. The path crossed several streamlets trending north to the Aunábé, and a bad mud which had seen corduroy in its better days. Blocks of quartz and slate protruded between the

patches of bog. We then traversed fairly undulating and well-wooded ground, clay-stone coated with oxide of iron; we crossed another small stream flowing northwards, and we began the ascent leading to 'Government House, Tákwá.' It is also known as Mount Pleasant, Prospect Mount, and Vinegar Hill.

The site facing the Effuenta mine is the summit of a long thin line about 275 feet high. This queer specimen of official head-quarters was built by the united genius of the owners of the ground, Mr. Commissioner Cascaden and Dr. Duke. As before said the really comfortable house of boarding has been bequeathed to the white ants at Axim by the Government of the Golden Land, too poor to pay transport. Commissioner and doctor receive no house-allowance, and according to popular rumour, which is probably untrue, were graciously told that they might pig in a native hut in or about Tákwá. Consequently they built this place and charge a heavy rent for it.

Government House is a large parallelogram of bamboo. The roof is an intricate mass of branches and tree-trunks, with a pitch so flat that it admits every shower. Mr. Higgins was at once obliged to expend 10*l.*–12*l.* in removing and restoring the house-cover. Under it are built two separate and independent squares of wattle with plank floors raised a foot or so off the ground; these dull and dismal holes, which have doors

but no windows, serve as sleeping-places. The rest of the interior goes by the name of a sitting-room. The outer walls are whitewashed on both sides, and between them and the two wattle squares is a space of 6 to 8 feet, adding to the disproportionate appearance of the interior. Had it been divided off in the usual way the tenement would have been much more comfortable. There is a scatter of ragged huts, grandiosely designated as the barracks, on the level space where the Haussas parade. When Mr. Higgins was making himself water-tight, these lazy loons had the impudence to ask that he would either have their lines mended or order new ones to be built. I would have made them throw down their ramshackle cabins, knock up decent huts, and keep them in good order.

Leaving Government House, I descended the steep incline of Vinegar Hill, passed through the little Esa-numa village, and crossed two streams flowing south. One is easily forded; the eastern has a corduroy bridge 176 ft. long, built to clear the muds on either side. I shall call this double water the Tákwá rivulet, and shall have more to say about it on my return.

Another steep ascent placed me at the Effuenta establishment. I was now paying my second visit to the far-famed Tákwá Ridge. It is a long line running parallel with Vinegar Hill, but instead of being regular, like its neighbour, it is broken into a series of small

crests looking on the map like vertebræ; these heights being parted by secondary valleys, some of which descend almost to the level of the flowing water. Westward the hog's-back is bounded by the Tákwá rivulet, rising in the northern part of the valley. Eastwards there is a corresponding feature called by the English 'Quartz Creek:' it breaks through the ridge in the southern section of the Effuenta property and unites with the Tákwá. My aneroid showed the height of the crest to be 260 feet above sea-level, and about 160 above the valley. Mr. Wyatt has raised it to 1,400 feet—a curious miscalculation.

At Effuenta I found Mr. MacLennan, the manager whom we last met at Axim. Owing to the drowned-out state of 'Government House' he had given hospitality to Messieurs Higgins and Roulston, and I could not prevent his leaving his own sleeping-room for my better accommodation. I spent two days with him inspecting the mine and working up my notes; during this time Mr. Bowden, of Tákwá, and Mr. Ex-missionary Dawson passed through the station; and I was unfortunate in missing the former.

'Effuenta House' is a long narrow tenement of bamboo and thatch, divided into six or seven rooms, and built upon a platform of stone and swish raised seven feet off the ground. All the chambers open upon a broad verandah, which shades the platform. The inmate

was talking of rebuilding, as the older parts were beginning to decay. He had just set up in his 'compound' two single-room bamboo houses, with plank floors raised four feet off the ground; these were intended to lodge the European staff. Other bamboo huts form the offices and the stores. The Kru quarters are at the western base of the hill; a few hands, however, live in the two little villages upon the Tákwá rivulet. The Sierra Leone and Akra artificers occupy their own hamlet between the Kru lines and the stamps. Last year there was a garden with a small rice-field, but everything was stolen as soon as it was fit to gather.

Next morning Mr. MacLennan led me to the diggings. This concession, which is the southernmost but one upon the Tákwá ridge, contains one thousand by two thousand fathoms; and desultory work began in 1880. The rock, a talcose gneiss, all laden with gold, runs along the whole length of the hill, striking, as usual, north 6° east (true). In places it forms a basset, or outcrop, cresting the summit; and the eastern flank is cliffy, like that of the Tebribi. To get at the ore three shafts have been sunk on the western slope of the ridge just below the highest part, and a passage is being driven to connect the three. A rise for ventilation, and for sending down the stone, connects this upper gallery with a lower one; and the latter is being pushed forward to unite the three tunnels pierced

horizontally near the foot of the hill, at right angles to the lode. There is also a fourth tunnel below the manager's house, which will be joined on to the others. The three tunnels open westward upon a tramway, along which the ore is carried to the stamps. I judged the output already made to be considerable, but could not make an estimate, as it was heaped up in different places.

The stamp-mill, lying to the extreme north of the actual workings, is supplied with water by a leat from the eastern Tákwá rivulet. The twelve head of stamps, on Appleby's 'gravitation system,' are driven by a Belleville boiler and engine; this has the merit of being portable and the demerit of varying in effective power, owing to the smallness of the steam-chest. The battery behaves satisfactorily; only the pump, which is worked by the cam-shaft, wants power to supply the whole dozen; consequently another and independent pump has been ordered. Krumen, who will never, I think, make good mine-workmen, are constantly employed in washing the blankets as soon as they are charged; and the resulting black sand is carried to the washing-house to be panned, or rather calabashed, by native women. In time we shall doubtless see concentrating buddles and amalgamating barrels.

The three iron-framed stamp-boxes discharge their sludge into two parallel mercury- or amalgam-boxes,

which Mr. Appleby declares will arrest 75 to 80 per [illegible]ent. of free gold. It then passes on to the distributing [illegible]ble, the flow to the strakes being regulated by small [illegible]ices. Of the latter there is one to each width of green baize or of mining-cloth made for the purpose. The overflow of the sluices runs into a large tailing-tank of board-work, with holes and plugs at different levels to tap the contents. These tailings are also washed by women.

Finally, the mercury is squeezed through leathers and the hard amalgam is sent for treatment to England. Retorting is not practised at present in any of the mines. The only reduction-gear belongs to the Gold Coast Mining Company; and some time must elapse before it is ready for use. My discovery of native cinnabar will then prove valuable.

The Effuenta can now bring to bank, with sufficient hands, at least a hundred tons a day of good paying ore; whereas the stamps can crush at most one-tenth. When this section of the lode, about 200 fathoms, shall be worked, there will still be the balance of 1,000. But even this fifth of the property will supply material for years. The proportion of gold greatly varies, and I should not like to hazard a conjecture as to average, but an ounce and a half or two ounces will not be above the mark.

At present the manager works under the difficulty

of wanting European assistants. His mining-engineer and one mechanic lately left him to return home; and he has only a white book-keeper, an English working miner, and a mechanic, besides a man who made his way from the coast on foot, and who is now doing good, honest work. The progress made by Mr. MacLennan, during his ten months of charge, has been most creditable. He has literally opened the mine, the works of which were begun by M. Dahse. He has personally supervised the transport and erection of all the machinery; and at present, in addition to the ordinary managerial routine, he has to act as chief of each and every department. Owing to his brave exertions the future of the Effuenta mine is very promising: it will teach those to come 'how to do it,' in contrast with another establishment which is the best guide 'how *not* to do it.' If the Board prove itself efficient, this property will soon pay a dividend. But half-hearted measures will go far to stultify the able and energetic work I found on the spot.[1]

The northern extremity of the Tákwá ridge, whose length may be nine to ten miles, remains unappro-

[1] This forecast has been unexpectedly verified with the least possible delay. Perfect communication has been established between the shafts and levels; and the mine can now (October 1882) turn out 100 tons a day at five shillings. But imperfect pumps have been sent out, and the result is a highly regretable block. Of the value of the mine there can be no doubt.

priated, as far as can be known. The furthest concession has been made, I am told, to Mr. Creswick. South of the section in question lies a property now in the hands of the late M. Bonnat's executors: the grant was given to him as a wedding-present by his friends, the chiefs. Report says that from this part of the lode, which is riddled with native pits, came some of the specimens that floated the G. C. M. Company. Succeeds in due order the African Gold Coast Company, French and English, which was brought out in 1878. It is popularly and locally known as the Tákwá (not 'Tarcquah') mine, from the large native village which infests its grounds. I have described the Effuenta, its southern neighbour. Beyond this again is a strip belonging to the Franco-English Company; and, lastly, at the southern butt-end, divided by a break from the main ridge, lies the 'Tamsoo-Mewoosoo mines of Wassaw.' The latter has lately been 'companyed,' under the name of the 'Tacquah Gold Mines Company,' by Dr. J. A. B. Horton and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzgerald, of the famous 'African Times.' When its directors inform us that 'twenty ounces of gold lately arrived from a neighbouring mine, the produce of stamping of twenty-five tons of ore, similar to that of Tamsoo-Mewoosoo,' they may not have been aware that the produce in question was worked from the alluvial drift discovered, about the end May 1881, in the north-western corner of

the Swanzy estates. This drift has no connection with the Tákwá ridge-lodes.

After morning tea on March 28 I bade a temporary adieu to my most hospitable host, and walked along the ridge-crest to the establishment of the Franco-English or African Gold Coast Company. Here I found only one person, Dr. Burke, an independent practitioner, who is allowed lodging, but not board. M. Haillot, of Paris, formerly accountant and book-keeper, was in temporary charge of this mine and of Abosu during Mr. Bowden's absence. I shall give further detail on my return march. Passing through the spirit-reeking Tákwá village, where nearly every hovel is a 'shebeen,' I walked along the valley separating the ridge from its western neighbour, Vinegar Hill, and in half an hour entered the huts belonging to the Gold Coast Mining Company.[1] Here I breakfasted with the brothers Gowan, who had been left in charge by Mr. Creswick. My notes on this establishment must also be reserved for a future page.

Twenty-five minutes' walking brought me to where the main road, a mere bush-path, strikes across a gully separating two crests of the Tákwá ridge. Then came a good stretch of level ground, composed of sand and gravel of stained quartz, clothed with the ordinary second-growth. When this ended I passed over the

[1] These gentlemen are still (October 1882) doing hard and successful work at the mines.

northern heads of two small *buttes* which lie unconformably; the direction of their main axes lies north-north-west, whereas all their neighbours trend to the north-north-east. The climb was followed by a second level, bounded on the left, or north, by the Abo Yáo Hill, the *emplacement* of the 'Mines d'Or d'Aboassu.' Two branch paths lead up to it from the main line of road. Near the western is a place chosen as a cemetery for Europeans; as usual it is neglected and overgrown with bush.

Presently I arrived at the village of Abosu, a walk of about two hours from the Tákwá mine. Ten months ago it contained forty to fifty head of negroes; now it may number 3,000, although the May emigration had begun, when the workmen return to their homes, being unable to labour in the flooded flats. There was the hum of a busy, buzzing crowd, sinking pits and shafts, some in the very streets and outside their own doors. This alluvial bed must be one of the richest in the country; and it is wholly native property under King Angu, of Apinto. There is little to describe in the village; every hut is a kind of store, where the most poisonous of intoxicants, the stinkingest of pomatum, and the gaudiest of pocket-handkerchiefs are offered as the prizes for striking gold. There are also a few goldsmiths' shops, where the precious metal is adulterated and converted to coarse, rude ornaments. The people

are able 'fences,' and powder, fuses, and mining-tools easily melt into strong waters. Hence Abosu is a Paradise to the Fanti police and to the Haussa garrison of Tákwá.

I looked about Abosu to prospect the peculiarities of the place, where the Sierra Leonite and the Cape Coast Anglo-nigger were conspicuous for 'cheek' and general offensiveness. These ignoble beings did not spare even poor Nero; they blatantly wondered what business I had to bring such a big brute in order to frighten the people. Resuming my way along the flat by a winding path, I came upon a model bit of corduroying over a bad marsh, crossed the bridge, and suddenly sighted Mr. F. F. Crocker's coffee-mill stamping-battery. It lies at the south-western end of a *butte*, one of a series disposed in parallel ranges and trending in the usual direction. All have quartz-reefs buried in red clay, and are well wooded, with here and there small clearings. The names are modern—Crocker's Reef to the east, Sam's Reef, and so forth.

Then I passed an admirably appointed saw-mill. At this distance from the coast, where transport costs 24*l.* to 26*l.* a ton, carpenter's work must be done upon the spot. A wide, clean road, metalled with gravel, and in places bordered by pine-apples, led to store-houses of bamboo and thatch, built on either side of the way. After walking from Effuenta seven and a

half geographical miles in three hours and forty-five minutes, I reached the establishment known as Crockerville. It dates from 1879, and in 1880 it forwarded its first remittance of 11*l.* 10*s.* to England. The village was laid out under the superintendence of Mr. Sam, the ablest native employé it has ever been my fortune to meet. He is the same who, when District-commissioner of Axim, laid out the town and planted the street-avenues. In conversation with me he bitterly derided the native association formed at Cape Coast Castle for obtaining concessions and for selling them to the benighted white man. He resolved not to put his money in a business where all would be at loggerheads within six months unless controlled by an European.

The houses are bamboo on stone platforms. One block is occupied by the owner, and a parallel building lodges Mr. Sam and his wife, the two being connected by an open dining-hall. The kitchen and offices lie to the north and east. Further west are quarters for European miners, and others again for Mr. Turner, now acting manager, and his white clerk. Furthest removed are the black quarters, the huts forming a street.

Crockerville at present is decidedly short of hands. The number on the books, all told, black and white, is only sixty-two: when the whole property comes to be worked, divided and subdivided, it will require between

a thousand and fifteen hundred. The hands are mostly country people, including a few gangs employed to sink shafts. One gang lately deserted, for the following reason. Two men were below charging the shots from a heap of loose powder, whilst their friends overhead were quietly smoking their pipes. A 'fire-'tick,' thrown across the shaft, burnt a fellow's fingers, and he at once dropped it upon his brethren underground; they were badly scorched, and none of the gang has been seen since. I mention this accident as proving how difficult it is to manage the black miner. The strictest regulations are issued to prevent the fatuous nigger killing himself, but all in vain: he is worse, if possible, than his white *confrère*. If I had the direction all the powder-work should be done by responsible Europeans. I would fire by electricity, the battery remaining in the manager's hands, and no native should be trusted with explosives.

Here I fell amongst old acquaintances, and was only too glad to remain with them between Friday and Thursday. Mr. Turner gave me one of his bed-rooms, and Mr. Crocker's sitting-room was always open by day. We messed together, clerks, mechanics, and all, in the open dining-dall: this is Mr. Crocker's plan, and I think it by far the best. The master's eye preserves decorum, and his presence prevents unreasonable complaints about rations. The French allow each

European employé 4*s.* 9*d.* a day for food and hire of servants, and attempt most unfairly to profit by the sale of provisions and wines. The consequence is that everything is disjointed and uncomfortable: some starve themselves to save money; others overdrink themselves because meat is scarce; and all complain that the sum which would suffice for many is insufficient for one.

The Swanzy establishment has set up an exceptionally light battery of twelve stamps, made in sections for easier transport. Neither here nor in any of the mines have stone-breakers or automatic feeders yet been introduced: the stuff is all hand-spalled. One small 'Belleville' drives the stamps, another works the Tangye pump, and a third turns the saw-mills. I will notice a few differences between the Swanzy system and that of Effuenta. The wooden framework of the stamp-mill is better than iron. The cam-shaft here carries only single, not double cams, a decided disadvantage: in order to strike the same number of blows per minute it has to make double the number of revolutions. Moreover, by some unhappy mistake, it is too far from its work, and the result is a succession of sharp blows on the tappets, with injury to all the gear. On the other hand proper fingers are fitted to the stamps: this is far better than supporting them by a rough chock of wood.

At Crockerville, as at Effuenta, only six of the twelve stamps were working: there the pump was at fault; here the blanket-tables had not been made wide enough. I could hardly estimate the total amount of ore brought to grass, or its average yield: specimens of white quartz, with threads, strings, and lobs of gold, have been sent to England from Crocker's Reef. The best tailings are reserved either for treatment on the spot or for reduction in England. The mine, as regards present condition, is in the stage of prospecting upon a large and liberal scale. The stamps are chiefly used to run through samples of from 50 to 100 tons taken from the various parts of the property: in this way the most exact results can be obtained. During my visit they were preparing to work a hundred tons from Aji Bipa, the fourth and furthest *butte* to the north-west.

I visited this mound in company with Mr. Sam, who interpreted the name to be that of the gamboge-fruit. We descended, as we had ascended, by the stamping-battery, crossed the bridge, and then struck northwards, over the third hillock, to No. 4. Unlike Crocker's Reef, Aji Bipa does not show visible gold; its other peculiarities will best be explained by the report I wrote on the spot.

This property is situated near Crockerville and can always be easily reached from that place. In fact, the

southern boundary marches with the northern limit of the Crockerville estate. The rich gold-bearing lode is situated on the western slope of the hill, and can be seen in all the three shafts which have been sunk. The formation of the hill seems in many respects to correspond with the Lingula flags at and near Clogau, Dolgelli, and Gogafau. This formation is practically the same as that of the range of hills on which the concessions of the Gold Coast Mining Company, of the African Gold Coast Mining Company, of the Effuenta Company, of the Mines d'Or d'Aboassu (Abosu), and the Tamsu concessions are situated, and also as that of Tebribi Hill; but each of the three areas has its own marked features. In all the rocks are talcose and show a sort of conglomerate of quartz pebbles, in some cases water-worn and in others angular, bedded in a mixture of quartz and granite detritus. This has in the three areas undergone varying degrees of pressure, and has been upheaved at different angles. In some cases the pressure and heat have been so great that the rock assumes a distinctly gneissic character.

At Aji Bipa the lode runs N. 38° E. (Mag.) in the centre shaft, and N. 40 E. in the southern shaft, a sort of fault occurring in the centre shaft. In the northern shaft I should put it at 38°, but from the way in which the neighbouring rock had cleaved it was difficult to get the strike accurately. The dip is the same in all

three shafts, viz. 82°. The lode being so near vertical, it can be clearly traced for the whole depth of the shafts, and is very well defined. The hanging (eastern) wall is highly coloured with iron oxides, and contains many quartz crystals which are through-coloured with the same, and I do not think it at all unlikely that garnets and other gems may be found in it. One or two minute crystals showed a green colour, and might be tourmaline or emerald; but perhaps it was only a surface-colour caused by the presence of copper. The foot wall is very well marked by a strip of whitish yellow clay about an inch in thickness. The rock on both sides of the lode is gold-bearing, and is evidently, as well as the real lode, formed of the débris of old quartz and granites. Talcose flakes are frequent, and in some places it seems to be clearly gneiss. Although with a small plant it might not be profitable to treat this, still with large and suitable machinery it may be made to pay, and the trouble of separating the rich lode from the inferior stone avoided. One remarkable trait in the lode is the manner in which it splits into blocks and slabs, all the faces of the quartz pebbles being cloven in precisely the same plane.

The length of the concession along the line of lode is 2,780 feet, and from the way in which the lode stands on the western slope of the hill, and the dip being eastward, I am of opinion that if a drift were

put through the hill other and parallel lodes would be found. Of course this can only be proved by experience.

The thickness of the lode where I measured it varied from 22½ to 25 inches in the southern shaft; and although I saw one pinch in the northern, and the fault in the centre one, it can easily be traced and worked, and should prove most profitable. In the centre shaft it is 24 inches, and in the northern 30 inches.

A curious sort of black substance occurs close to the line of clay which defines the under side of the lode, and may be remnants of some vegetable material; but with the means at my disposal I will not give any decided opinion.

Over the rock which forms the main body of the hill lie the usual red clay and oxidised quartz gravels, which, if treated by hydraulic mining, ought, as it contains gold, to prove a paying stuff: moreover washing off the surface-dirt would lay bare the rock and render all after-work easy and simple.

The alluvials in the bottoms should here prove unusually rich, and means might be adopted by which they should be raised mechanically and then flumed down again.

Ample water supply exists both for hydraulic mining and reef-working; there are good sites for all

necessary machinery and building, and timber as usual is to be had in any quantity that may be required.

The question of transport is of course a most important one, and in the present state of the roads and country very expensive; but from the route-survey I have made I am convinced that a cheap and efficient service to the mines of this and neighbouring districts would be easily organised, and that instead of paying, as at present, the absurd price of 4*s.* or 5*s.* per ton per mile, it could be reduced to an average of from 4*d.* to 6*d.* The shafts now open are—

South, 45 feet deep, 9 feet by 4 feet 9 inches.

Centre, 36 feet deep, 8 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 2 inches.

North, 45 feet deep, 8 feet by 5 feet 10 inches.

This is both a most valuable and interesting piece of country to work, and I hope that it may soon be provided with all necessary staff, plant, and machinery.

Rich returns may be confidently expected, and under proper management should prove a most paying business.

The exploratory works now existing have been done in an honest and businesslike manner, like all I have seen where Mr. Crocker and Mr. Turner have worked; and the zeal and intelligence displayed by Mr. Sam could scarcely be equalled and certainly not surpassed.

I have not said anything about the quantity of

gold to the ton, as the experimental crushings at Crockerville will enable a much more accurate idea to be formed than any I could make from the hand-washings I saw done.

The boxes of specimens sealed by me are the result of blasts and excavation done whilst I was on the spot.[1]

[1] TEMPERATURE, ETC., AT CROCKERVILLE.

Date	Thermometer		Bar.	Rain-fall	Date	Thermometer		Bar.	Rain-fall
	Max.	Min.	Inches	Ins.		Max.	Min.	Inches	Ins.
April 1	91°	73°	29·55		May 2	90	72	29·45	0·74
„ 2	91	75	29·50	0·06	„ 3	81	72	29·50	
„ 3	93	74	29·50		„ 4	86	73	29·50	0·03
„ 4	90	73	29·50		„ 5	88	73	29·55	0·04
„ 5	96	76	29·40		„ 6	83	71	29·55	
„ 6	91	71	29·45	3·02	„ 7	89	73	29·50	0·05
„ 7	80	70	29·50		„ 8	90	74	29·50	
„ 8	75	71	29·55		„ 9	91	73	29·45	
„ 9	93	72	29·50	0·01	„ 10	80	71	29·50	0·95
„ 10	92	73	29·50		„ 11	89	73	29·45	0·05
„ 11	93	74	29·45	0·02	„ 12	89	74	29·50	
„ 12	94	72	29·50	0·09	„ 13	94	73	29·35	0·01
„ 13	95	74	29·50	0·50	„ 14	84	74	29·50	
„ 14	96	74	29·50		„ 15	89	72	29·50	2·90
„ 15	92	74	29·50		„ 16	85	73	29·50	
„ 16	88	74	29·45		„ 17	79	72	29·60	1·23
„ 17	92	73	29·55		„ 18	85	74	29·50	
„ 18	89	74	29·55		„ 19	82	74	29·55	0·06
„ 19	85	74	29·55	0·03	„ 20	87	74	29·50	
„ 20	91	73	29·60	0·47	„ 21	88	70	29·50	0·30
„ 21	88	74	29·55	0·01	„ 22	84	70	29·60	0·92
„ 22	93	74	29·60	0·03	„ 23	88	72	29·60	0·02
„ 23	92	73	29·55		„ 24	87	73	29·60	
„ 24	94	73	29·56	0·28	„ 25	86	72	29·60	0·5)
„ 25	93	73	29·50	0·18	„ 26	82	71	29·60	1·23
„ 26	93	73	29·50	0·26	„ 27	86	71	29·60	1·54
„ 27	93	74	29·55	0 27	„ 28	85	73	29·50	
„ 28	88	70	29·50		„ 29	88	73	29·60	
„ 29	94	74	29·45		„ 30	82	73	29·55	0·56
„ 30	93	74	29·40	0·26	„ 31	82	72	29·55	
May 1	90	73	29·45	0·40	June 1	79	72	29·60	0·18

TEMPERATURE, ETC., AT CROCKERVILLE—*continued.*

Date	Thermometer		Bar.	Rain-fall	Date	Thermometer		Bar.	Rain-fall
	Max.	Min.	Inches	Ins.		Max.	Min.	Inches	Ins.
June 2	82	72	29·60	1·05	July 14	79	70	29·65	
„ 3	83	74	29·55	0·16	„ 15	80	69	29·70	0·40
„ 4	84	73	29·65	0·05	„ 16	83	70	29·70	
„ 5	84	73	29·60	0·14	„ 17	81	70	29·60	0·40
„ 6	84	73	29·55		„ 18	80	71	29·60	
„ 7	82	72	29·50	0·16	„ 19	79	71	29·65	
„ 8	82	72	29·65		„ 20	79	71	29·55	
„ 9	85	73	29·55		„ 21	80	70	29·60	
„ 10	84	73	29·60	1·95	„ 22	80	70	29·60	0·02
„ 11	80	73	29·55		„ 23	81	71	29·65	
„ 12	81	72	29·60		„ 24	80	71	29·65	
„ 13	81	68	29·60	0·02	„ 25	79	71	29·70	3·30
„ 14	85	66	29·60		„ 26	79	70	29·70	
„ 15	86	68	29·65		„ 27	80	70	29·70	
„ 16	86	68	29·60		„ 28	85	71	29·70	
„ 17	87	69	29·60		„ 29	81	71	29·65	
„ 18	83	70	29·60		„ 30	78	70	29·65	0·70
„ 19	82	71	29·60	0·70	„ 31	79	70	29·65	
„ 20	79	72	29·65	0·14	Aug. 1	78	69	29·65	
„ 21	82	72	29·60		„ 2	83	72	29·70	
„ 22	85	72	29·65	0·03	„ 3	82	72	29·65	0·56
„ 23	82	73	29·50		„ 4	80	70	29·65	
„ 24	75	71	29·65	2·20	„ 5	82	72	29·60	
„ 25	80	71	29·70		„ 6	79	70	29·60	0·28
„ 26	86	71	29·70		„ 7	81	70	29·60	
„ 27	80	71	29·65	0·34	„ 8	80	70	29·60	
„ 28	81	71	29·65		„ 9	81	70	29·65	
„ 29	81	71	29·60	0·14	„ 10	82	70	29·65	0·40
„ 30	78	70	29·65		„ 11	82	70	29·65	0·60
July 1	79	67	29·70		„ 12	81	68	29·65	
„ 2	79	68	29·65		„ 13	81	67	29·60	
„ 3	80	71	29·70		„ 14	80	69	29·70	
„ 4	86	72	29·70	0·60	„ 15	83	71	29·65	
„ 5	79	72	29·70	0·40	„ 16	81	69	29·65	
„ 6	81	71	29·60	0·17	„ 17	90	70	29·70	
„ 7	79	72	29·70		„ 18	86	71	29·65	
„ 8	81	71	29·70		„ 19	81	70	29·65	
„ 9	80	70	29·75	0·06	„ 20	85	68	29·70	
„ 10	79	72	29·60		„ 21	83	70	29·70	
„ 11	80	71	29·60	0·50	„ 22	80	70	29·65	
„ 12	80	72	29·60		„ 23	81	73	29·70	
„ 13	78	70	29·60		„ 24	84	71	29·65	

TEMPERATURE, ETC., AT CROCKERVILLE.—*continued.*

Date	Thermomete		Bar.	Rain fall	Date	Thermometer		Bar.	Rain-fall
	Max.	Min.	Inches	Ins.		Max.	Min.	Inches	Ins.
Aug. 25	86	70	29·70		Sept. 13	77	72	29·65	0·50
„ 26	82	70	29·70		„ 14	79	72	29·65	0·40
„ 27	84	71	29·65	0·02	„ 15	83	72	29·65	0·17
„ 28	84	71	29·70	0·01	„ 16	82	71	29·65	0·46
„ 29	85	72	29·70	0·02	„ 17	78	70	29·70	0·07
„ 30	86	70	29·70		„ 18	86	72	29·55	0·12
„ 31	85	71	29·65		„ 19	78	72	29·70	1·14
Sept. 1	84	72	29·65		„ 20	87	72	29·60	0·43
„ 2	85	72	29·65		„ 21	78	71	29·65	0·02
„ 3	87	72	29·65	0·01	„ 22	78	70	29·65	0·30
„ 4	86	73	29·65	0·15	„ 23	85	71	29·60	0·03
„ 5	85	72	29·70	0·22	„ 24	85	72	29·70	
„ 6	80	72	29·70	0·15	„ 25	87	72	29·60	
„ 7	85	72	29·70		„ 26	84	72	29·60	0·24
„ 8	86	71	29·60	0·18	„ 27	91	73	29·50	
„ 9	86	72	29·60	1·00	„ 28	89	71	29·50	
„ 10	80	72	29·70	0·01	„ 29	89	71	29·55	0·65
„ 11	85	72	29·70	0·01	„ 30	91	72	29·55	
„ 12	85	73	29·65						

Meteorological Register.

1880	Average Tem. per Diem	Total Rain-fall per Month	1881	Average Tem. per Diem	Total Rain-fall per Month
April	79·00	—	April	83·55	5·89
May	78·40	8·27	May	77·67	11·21
June	75·50	11·24	June	76·73	7·08
July	74·79	3·44	July	75·32	6·55
August	74·22	5·30	August	76·46	1·89
Sept.	76·28	3·08			
Oct.	78·05	4·89			

Highest temperature on May 21, 94° (1880).

Lowest temperature on July 6 and 7, 65°.

Highest rainfall in 24 hours on June 20, 3·25.

Highest variation in 24 hours on May 2 and 3, 94° − 68° = 26°.

Lowest variation in 24 hours on May 14, 76° − 74° = 20°.

Highest temperature on April 5 and 14, 96° (1881).

Lowest temperature on June 14, 66°.

Highest rainfall in 24 hours on July 25, 3·30.

Highest variation in 24 hours on April 14, 96° − 74° = 22°.

Lowest variation in 24 hours on June 24, 75° − 71° = 4°.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TO THE MINES OF ABOSU, OF THE 'GOLD COAST,' AND OF THE TÁKWÅ ('AFRICAN GOLD COAST') COMPANIES.

On April 6 I reached the Mine d'Or d'Aboassu, this being my second visit. The first, on the previous Sunday, had been more interesting in the point of anthropological than of geological study. The day of rest had been devoted to a general jollification by most of the whites, and the blacks had ably followed suit. The best example was set by the doctor attached: he was said to have emptied sixty-two bottles of cognac during his twenty-three days of steamer-passage. But, brandy proving insufficient, he had recourse to opium, chloral, and bromide of potassium, a pint and a half of laudanum barely sufficing for the week. I need hardly say where the abuse of stimulants and opiates lands a man, either in Western Africa or in England.

From the Abosu village and its abominations I turned sharp to the north-west, and ascended the steep western flank of Abo Yáo, whose highest point is 312 feet above sea-level. The distance from Crockerville

is a mile and three-quarters, or a mile in a straight line, and from Tákwá about six. M. Dahse increases the latter to nine miles, the difference of latitude being three and a quarter miles, and of longitude four. My map will be the first to correct these distances, which are exaggerated by the native carriers to get more pay.

The summit of Abo Yáo commands an extensive view to the north. Here the range of vision is about sixteen miles over the greenest of second growths; and the whole is dotted with *buttes* of red clay, somewhat lower than 'On the Stone' (*Abosu*). It is easy to see that here again we have an ancient archipelago, like that which formerly fringed the shore of Axim, but of older formation. In fact, I should not expect to find a true coast before entering the grassy zone north of the great belt of forest. Each hill must carry at least one core of auriferous reef. The intervening valleys, gullies, and gulches, seldom more than a hundred feet above ocean-level, have been warped up by gradual deposition from the north, and are doubtless full of rich alluvium. This might be worked by steam-navvies, and washed upon the largest possible scale; the result would be excellent ground for plantations.

I look upon Abosu as an eastern outlier of the greater Tákwá ridge. But although the hill preserves the normal direction the reef lies almost at right angles to it, crossing the upper end and striking from

north 40° west to south 40° east. I am unable to divine what caused this curious dislocation. The gold matrix is still the Tákwá gneiss, rarely showing visible metal. Possibly the present diggings have struck only a large branch or a break.

Here mining-operations have been extensive, and about 1,800 tons of rich stuff have already been brought to bank. The diggings begin with an open cut of 110 feet; this leads to a tunnel in the rock partly timbered, by which the lode with a dip of 41° is bisected. Eastward from the tunnel a gallery has been driven 147 feet along the vein, and westwards there is a similar passage of 202 feet. About 140 feet on either side of the tunnel two rises, one 16, the other 12 feet long, are being driven up the slope of the reef. On the hill-side above the tunnel a shaft 80 feet deep has been sunk, but it has not struck the vein: for some peculiar reason the bottom is made broader than the top; and the mining-captain has a shrewd idea that, like the native pits of similar form, it may end by 'caving in.' Again, a second tunnel has just been opened in the southern end of the *butte*, the engineer hoping to find the main lode lying conformably, or north with easting.

A little above the northern foot of the Abo Yáo the native workmen are employed in making a large platform, or terrace, for stamps and other machinery;

now it is about 150 × 40 yards. As yet there is no power. A large open shed of timber-posts, with a roofing of corrugated iron, stands ready to receive the expected saw-mill. The only actual industry is digging.

At Abosu the *personnel* is lodged in bamboo-houses scattered over the hill-side, and the settlement contrasts dismally with the orderly comfort of Crockerville. M. Haillot, acting manager of Abosu and Tákwá, leads a caravan-life between the two. Fortunately for him the distance is inconsiderable. I here met Mr. Symonds, a Cornish miner, who has worked in Mexico, and who speaks Spanish fluently, enabling him to converse with M. Plisson. He was one of our fellow-passengers, and he rejoiced exceedingly to see me. He and his youngster, Mr. Mitchell, who suffers from chest-complaint, praised the prospects of the mine, but did not enjoy their pay being cut for passage and the system of ration-money. Another unwise plan adopted by the French Company is to stipulate upon twenty working-days, each of ten hours per mensem, in default of which salaries undergo proportional deduction. This makes the miner work even when he is unfit for exertion. White labour, however, is confined to superintendence and to laying out and building tunnels. A Swiss, M. Schneuvelly, acts as general superintendent, and he is assisted by two French *ouvriers*. The hands are chiefly Krumen. The style

of working is decidedly 'loafy,' and the pipe is touched at all hours and in all places.

North of Abosu lies the Dahse concession, a square of 1,000 fathoms, to be worked by an Anglo-German company. I know it only by hearsay and by seeing it upon the owner's map.

M. Haillot invited me to be his guest, and I spent my day in the mine. Next morning (April 8) we retraced our steps towards Tákwá, halting by the way at the northernmost establishment on the ridge, the 'Gold Coast Mining Company (Limited).' This concession, an area of 1000 × 500 fathoms, on the west of the hill-height, does not as yet show much progress; and the works seem to have increased but little since last year. There are two shafts and two tunnels to strike the lode. The ore brought to grass was not in large quantities, although I had heard to the contrary. The stone is said to be abnormally rich, yielding seven ounces of gold to the ton; but I did not think it richer than its neighbours, and I suspect that it will have to be rated at one-seventh. The manager's house, also on the west of the hill, consists of one large room of plankage, raised on posts and thatched. The brothers Gowan, who are working exceedingly hard, and Mr. Kenyon, who is leaving for England, were the only white men I saw. The hands are chiefly Kruboys and the artificers Sierra Leonites.

Since Mr. Creswick's departure for Europe some changes have been made. Mr. Gowan, the acting manager, has transferred the future works to a higher level, and has fitted up a reduction-office where there is, at present, nothing to reduce. Crucibles and chemicals are ranged round a long room with an iron roof. The tenant has borrowed a mortar-box, two stamp-heads, shoes, and dies, and has fitted them with wooden stems and cam-shafts. He proposes to drive them by two-man power, in order to crush three tons of ore per diem and to test a new patent amalgamator.

I breakfasted with the scanty staff and then walked down the western valley to the Tákwá establishment, the oldest of the new mining-industries in the Protectorate. I place the African Gold Coast Company, by calculation, in N. lat. 18° 20′ and W. long. (Gr.) 1° 57′ 40″. It is therefore fifteen direct geographical miles from Tumento instead of thirty; twenty-seven (not sixty) from Axim, and thirty-five from Dixcove, formerly supposed to be the nearest port. This position will make an important difference in sundry plans and projects which were made under old and erroneous ideas of its topography. At present the cost of transport from Tumento to Effuenta is 6*d.* for 10 lbs., 8*d.* to Tákwá, and 10*d.* to Abosu.

The head of the valley shows a single stream, the Babeabárbawo or Tákwá rivulet, rising close to the

works of the Gold Coast Company. It is swollen by small tributaries from either side; and, just below the settlement, an eastern dam with a small sluice has been thrown across the valley of the Franco-English company. As there is plenty of water in and near the mine, they should cut at once this abominable dam, which forms a pestilential swamp, the cess-pool of the neighbourhood. The Tákwá settlement, a line of bamboo and swish huts well built enough, lies, like a hamlet in Congo-land, along the winding road. It is bare of trees, but here and there a shaft yawns before the doors. M. Dahse makes the population before 1879 to have been 6,000 souls, and in 1881 about 3,000. I should reduce the latter figure to 600, and propose for 1882, before the May emigration, 1,500 to 1,600. The people are Coast-men and islanders of every tribe, with a fair sprinkling of dissolute ruffians, 'white blackmen,' from Sierra Leone and Akra, drunken Fanti policemen, and plundering Haussa soldiers. The ex-manager of the Effuenta mine says, in allusion to his early residence there, 'So wird Einem das Leben daselbst zu einer wahren Hölle;' and he rightly describes the peculiar industries of these true infernal regions as 'Schnappskneipen, Spielhöllen und Schlimmeres.' Almost every house combines the pub. and the agapemone: all the chief luxuries of the Coast-'factories' are there, and the 'blay' (basket) of Sierra Leone comes

out strong. Brilliant cottons and kerchiefs hang from the normal line; there is pomatum for the lucky dandy and tallow for the miner down in his luck; whilst gold-dust is conjured from pouch or pocket by pipes and tobacco, needles and thread, beads, knives, and other notions.

The northern part of this veritable 'Nigger Digger's Delight' is now comparatively deserted: some chief died there, and the people have crowded into the main body of the settlement. The village of Kwabina Angu, King of Eastern Apinto, is now joined to Tákwá. I could not distinguish the 'Palast' of King Kwámi Enimill, who rules western Wásá, and whose capital is Akropong.

M. Haillot had preceded me in a hammock, and welcomed me to his quarters. He occupied one of the three or four raised plank-houses; another lodged Dr. Burke, and a third M. Voltaire, Mr. Carlyon, another young Cornishman, who came out with us, and sundry French *ouvriers*. A large bamboo-house had been built for a general restaurant: it became a barrack during the 'Ashanti scare,' and now it is quite unused. Standing farther back are the very respectable tenements of the same material, with broad verandahs, occupied at times by Mr. Ex-missionary Dawson and family. The negro quarters are mostly in the Tákwá village.

The 'Father of the African Mines,' dating from

1878, lies on the northern third of the celebrated Tákwá ridge, and its concession embraces an area of 1000 × 2000 fathoms. The rich auriferous reef is the backbone of a long narrow line of hill whose diameter ranges between 1,000 feet to 600 where it is pinched. The lode strikes to the north-north-east with a dip of 47° west. The angle of underlay, I may remark, greatly varies in these Gold Coast reefs; some are nearly vertical (82°), others are moderately inclined (20° to 50°), and others run almost flat. The richest part, not including the broken-off ore, is from eighteen inches to two feet broad. It is decidedly more than 'one to two hundred years old,' as reported home by a scientific official on the spot. The 'coffins,' or abandoned native diggings, must date from at least two centuries ago. The natives scraped off the gold-bearing stone till the water drove them out. The formation is upper Silurian or lower Devonian, a transition to gneiss, but not highly metamorphic. No fossils have yet been found: if any exist they would be microscopic. Where talcose it is bluish, and shows streaks of 'black sand,' titaniferous iron. The grey sand washes to white. There are pot-holes which have been filled with either a pudding or a breccia of quartz. In places the gneiss has been so little changed by heat and pressure that it forms arenaceous flags and shales. It suggests a deposit in some ancient lagoon, alter-

nately fresh and salt. A hard fissile slate of purple colour is based upon the ground-rock of grey granite; there is also a modern clay-slate, which lies unconformably to the older, and through it the great veins of gneiss and quartz seem to pass. The alluvial detritus, which fills up the valleys to their present level, is formed by the diluvium of the hills: in parts these bottoms show strata, from one to three feet thick, of water-rolled pebbles bedded in clay. Here and there the couch must be a hundred feet deep, and the whole should be raised for washing by machinery. These strata were apparently deposited in a lagoon of more modern date.

The gold is sometimes visible in the gneiss; and I have seen pieces whose surface is dotted with yellow spots resembling pyrites. It is often in the form of spangles called float-gold and flour-gold. Select specimens have yielded upwards of eight ounces to the ton. If the blanketings and first tailings be properly treated, it should afford an average of at least an ounce and a half per ton. Treating a hundred tons a day gives a sum of 30,000 per annum; and, assuming 6*l.* of gold to the ton, we have a total of 180,000*l.* The working of this section of the mine should not exceed 30,000*l.* a year, which leaves a net gain of 150,000*l.*

The *Bergwerke* consist of four tunnels driven into

the lower part of the western hill-side, further down than the bottom of the abandoned native workings. They are eccentrically disposed in curves and other queer figures. All abut upon galleries running in sections along the lode-line, and intended ultimately to connect. The total length may be a thousand feet. Being cut in the gneiss, they require no timbering; but the floors are little raised above the level of the rivulet, and water percolates through roofs and walls. The latest tunnel has been driven past the new gallery, and has struck a second lode; this has never been worked by the natives, and stoping to above the springs may be found advisable. Ventilation is managed by means of the old abandoned native shafts. A very large quantity of ore is brought to bank. I found it hard to form an estimate, because it was in scattered heaps overgrown with vegetation; but I should not be surprised if it amounted to 5,000 tons. This means that want of proper machinery has resulted in a dead capital of from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*

A space has been cleared on the level of the trams uniting the mouths of the tunnel, and here will be placed the 'elephant-stamps' actually on their way out. They have now two batteries, each of six head, worked by the same shaft: the steam-engine, as usual, is the Belleville. The material is bad; the gratings, on the levels of the dies, have been smashed by the

stones bombarding them, and the ill-constructed foundations of native wood are eaten by white ants. Yet they have done duty for only eighteen months. The sludge was treated in fancy amalgamators, especially in one with a pan and revolving arms, probably evolved out of the inner consciousness of some gentleman in Paris. The result was discharging upwards of 1,500 lbs. of mercury into the valley below. A little amalgam was obtained, and proved that the rock does contain gold—a fact perfectly well known for centuries to the natives.

The history of the 'African Gold Coast' Mine in the hands of Franco-English shareholders has already been noticed. M. Bonnat preferred reworking the old native diggings to the virgin reefs lying north and south of them. Some of the latter can be worked for years without pumping; on the others the plant will be expensive. But the Company, instead of mining, has gone deeply into concession-mongering, and their grants are scattered broadcast over the country. One of them, the 'Mankuma,' near Aodua, the capital of Eastern Apinto, extends twenty-six miles, with a depth of 500 yards on either bank of the Ancobra River above the mouth of the Abonsá influent. These gigantic areas will give rise to many lawsuits, and no man in the country has power to make such a grant. The ownership of the land is vested in a 'squirearchy,' so

to speak, and only the proprietors have a right to sell or lease. When gold is worked the 'squire' takes his royalty from the miner, and he or his chiefs must in turn pay tribute to the 'king.' Hence the money may pass through three or four hands before reaching its final destination.

These indiscriminate concessions will be very injurious to the future of the Protectorate, and should be limited by law. At present the only use is to sell them to syndicates and companies, and so to pay a fictitious dividend to the *actionnaires*. Evidently such a process is rather on the 'bear and bull' system of the stock-market than legitimate mining.

I was well acquainted with the late M. Bonnat, a bright, cheery little Frenchman of great energy, some knowledge of the Fanti, or rather the Ashanti, language, and perfect experience of the native character. Born at a village near Macon, he began life as a cook on board a merchant ship; he soon became agent to some small French trading firm, and then pushed his way high up the unexplored Volta River. Here the Ashantis barred his passage, and eventually took him prisoner as he attempted to cross their limits; he was carried to Kumási, where he remained in confinement for three years. When the war of 1873–1874 set him at liberty he passed through Wásá to Europe, and by his local information, and that gathered in captivity, he

secured the public ear for the gold-mines. His later proceedings are well known, and some of their unfortunate results are best unrelated.

I met M. Bonnat last in June 1881; he was then going up to Tákwá in company with Messieurs Bowden and Macarthy, and I was canoeing down the Ancobra on my way home. He was suffering severely from a carbuncular boil on the thigh, which he refused to have properly opened. His death, which occurred within a fortnight, is usually attributed to pleuro-pneumonia, but I rather think it was due to blood-poisoning. He had been exposing himself recklessly for some months, and two drenchings in the rain brought him to his end; yet there are people who remember his visit to the forbidden fetish-valley of Apatim. The father of the modern gold-mines, the Frenchman who taught Englishmen how to work their own wealth, lies buried at Tákwá; I did not see his tomb.

The two French mines, Tákwá and Abosu, have at last agreed to join hands and to become one. The capital has been fixed at 250,000*l.*, and Paris will be the head-quarters. Mr. Arthur Bowden, the manager, has been sent for to, and has now returned from France: it is to be hoped that his extensive experience will instil some practical spirit into the new Directory.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETURN TO AXIM AND DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

I AWOKE on Saturday, April 9, in bad condition, and during the afternoon had my third attack of fever, the effect of the dam and its miasma. Wanting change of air, and looking forward to Effuenta, I set off in my hammock and found my friends. The tertian lasted me till Monday, Sunday being an 'off-day;' and, as the Tuesday was wet and uncomfortable, I delayed departure till Wednesday morning. My 'Warburg' had unfortunately leaked out: the paper cover of the phial was perfect, but of the contents only a little sediment remained. Treatment, therefore, was confined to sulphate of quinine and a strychnine and arsenic pill; arseniate of quinine would have been far better, but the excellent preparation is too economical for the home-pharmist, and has failed to secure the favour of the Coast-doctors. One of my friends has made himself almost fever-proof by the liberal use of arsenic; but I can hardly recommend it, as the result must be corrected by an equally liberal use of Allan's

anti-fat. Burton, who has studied its use amongst the Styrian arsenic-eaters, denies that this is the common effect: he found that it makes the mountaineer preserve his condition, wind and complexion, arms him against ague, and adds generally to his health. He is still doubtful, however, whether it shortens or prolongs life.

On Wednesday, April 12, I left Effuenta after morning tea. My hospitable host had nearly seen the last of his stores, to which he had made me so cordially welcome; and there were no signs of fresh supplies, although they had long been due. This is hardly fair treatment for the hard-working employé: let the Company look to it. With a certain tightening of the heart I made over my canine friend, Nero, to Dr. Roulston. He had lost all those bad habits which neglected education had engrafted upon the heat of youth. He now began to show more fondness for sport than for sheep-worrying; and he retrieved one bird, carrying it with the utmost delicacy of mouth.

I set out on foot for Vinegar Hill, and found that the steep eastern ascent from the Tákwá ridge had been provided with a series of cut steps by Mr. Commissioner: in these lands, as elsewhere, new brooms sweep clean; but they are very easily worn out. This place has been for years the 'black beast' of travellers, especially in rainy weather, when the rapid incline

becomes so slippery that even the most sure-footed slither and slide.

After crossing the Abonsá Hill I took to my hammock and was carried through rain, and a very devilry of weather, into the Abonsá village. The whole path was shockingly bad and muddy. Once more I became a lodger of Mr. Crocker's; his house, being as usual far the best, gave us good shelter for the night.

Next morning (7.30) we set out down the Abonsá stream in a small canoe belonging to Mr. MacLennan. The natives made the usual difficulties; the craft (which was quite sound) could not float, and amongst other things she had no paddles: for this, however, I had provided by making my men cut them last evening. Almost immediately after leaving this head of navigation, barred above by a reef and a fall, we saw that eternal mangrove. Presently the Aunábé creek broke the line of the right bank. Our course was as usual exceedingly tortuous, turning to every quadrant of the compass; and, during the last fortnight, the water-level had risen four feet. The formation of the trough is that of the Ancobra, and the bed bristles with rocks. In a distance of seven miles and a half by course there were four small breaks, and one serious rapid about a hundred yards long, where the decline exceeded five feet. Here the men had to get overboard and to ease the canoe down the swirling waters, which dashed

heavily on the rocks. The snags were even thicker than on the upper Ancobra, and were far more dangerous than on the St. John's. In places the mangrove fallen from the banks had taken root in the river-bed. In fact, unless some exertion be soon made, even the present insufficient channel will be blocked up.

At the Abonsá *embouchure* Mr. Wyatt's map, copied from M. Dahse, shows an island backed by a ridge running nearly east—west. I found no river-holm, and only a small broadening of the Ancobra to about double its usual breadth. The banks at the sharp angle of junction are, however, low; and, perhaps, my predecessor saw them when flooded. The Mankuma Hill, on the right bank, belonging to the Franco-English Company, is somewhat taller than its neighbours: as usual in this silted-up archipelago, it trends from the north-east to the south-west.

I had already shot the Ancobra River when paddling up, and was not over lucky when coming down. The big kingfisher did not put in an appearance, and the sun-birds equally failed me: the smallest item of my collection measures two and a quarter inches, and is robed in blue, crimson, and sulphur. I was fortunate enough to bring home four specimens of a rare spur-plover (*Lobivanellus albiceps*): they are now in Mr. Sharp's department of the British Museum. I killed a few little snakes and one large green tree-snake; two

crocodiles, both lost in the river, and an iguana, which found its way into the spirit-cask. A tzetze-fly (*Glossina morsitans*) was captured in Effuenta House, curiously deserting its usual habit of jungle-life in preference to a home on clear ground: its dagger-like proboscis, in the grooved sheath with a ganglion of muscles at the base, assimilated it to the dreaded and ferocious cattle-scourge which extends from Zanzibar to the Tanganyika Lake and from Kilwa (Quiloa) to the Transvaal. My kind friend and hospitable host Dr. (now Sir) John Kirk, who did the geography and natural history for the lamentable Zambeze expedition, met it close to the Victoria Falls. Burton also sent home a specimen from the Gold Coast east of Accra.

Mr. MacLennan gave me sundry beetles, but insisted on retaining one which is the largest I ever saw. The hunting-dog must scour the bush in packs, for the voice is exactly that of hounds. The laugh of the hyæna and the scream of the buzzard are commonly heard. The track of a 'bush-cow' once crossed my path: the halves of the spoor were some five inches long by three wide, and the hoofs knuckled backwards so as to show false hoofs of almost equal size. I was unable to procure for Dr. Günther a specimen of the 'bush-dog,' as the Kruboys call it; last year I was bringing home a live one in the s.s. *Nubia*; but one day the fellow in charge reported that it was dead and had been

thrown overboard. I hold it to be a tailless lemur, the *galago* of the East Coast. The French name is *orson*, the popular idea being that it is an ursine. The Fanti peoples, whose 'folk-lore' is extensive, and who have some tale about every bird, beast, and fish, thus account for the loud cries which we heard at night in every 'bush.' King Leo, having lost his mother, commanded by proclamation all his subjects to attend her funeral, and none failed save Orson. One evening his Feline Majesty, when going his rounds, found the delinquent upon the ground, and roughly demanded the reason why. Orson, shuffling towards the nearest tree, pleaded in all humility, 'O King, is thy beloved parent really deceased? I never heard of it. I am so sorry; I would never have failed to show the respect due to the royal house.' When he had climbed the foot of the tree his tone began to alter. 'But, Sire, if thy Majesty hath lost a mother, I see no cause compelling me to attend her funeral.' And when quite safe the change was notable. 'Bother the old woman! very glad she is dead, and may her grave be defiled!' These people know the stuff of which courtiers are made.

My collection of specimens from the mines and the river-beds filled a dozen cases. The butterflies, of which we collected a large number, were all spoilt by the moth for want of camphor. 'Insect-powder' had been our only preservative. I had also a thirty-

gallon cask of plants preserved in spirits, two boxes well stuffed, a large case of orchids, and a raceme of the bamboo-palm (*Raphia vinifera*), whose use has still to be found. The animals, including insects in tubes, filled nearly two kegs and three bottles, and I had two small cases of stuffed birds, the handiwork of Mr. Dawson.

Of stone-implements I was lucky enough to secure thirty-six, and made over four of them to my friend Professor Prestwich. They are found everywhere throughout the country, but I saw no place of manufacture except those noted near Axim. Mr. Sam, of Tumento, promised to forward many others to England. The native women search for and find them not only near the beds of streams, but also about the alluvial diggings. Nearly all are shaped like the iron axe or adze of Urúa, in Central Africa, a long narrow blade with rounded top and wedge-shaped edge. This tool is either used in the hand like a chisel, or inserted into a conical hole burnt through a tree-branch, and the shape of the aperture makes every blow tighten the hold. The people mount it in two ways, either as an axe in line with, or as an adze at a right angle to, the helve.

At Akankon I obtained from Mr. Amondsen a stone-implement of novel shape, not seen by me elsewhere. A bit of the usual close-grained trap had been cut into a parallelopiped seven and a half inches long with a flat head one inch and a half in diameter and a bevel-

edge of two inches and one-third along the slope. This part had been chipped ready for grinding, and the article was evidently unfinished; one side still wanted polishing, and the part opposite the bevel showed signs of tapering, as if a point instead of an edge had been intended. At Axim I split off by gads and wedges a large slice of the grooved rocks described by Burton; it came home with me, and is now lodged in the British Museum.

The rest of my story is told in a few words. I canoed safely down the Ancobra River, and reached Axim on April 14. This return was made sad and solitary by the absence of my canine friend, Nero.

A week soon passed away at the port of the Gold-region. Mr. Grant presently returned from his excursion to the west. He showed me fine specimens of gold collected at Newtown, the English frontier-settlement immediately east of French Assini. I had also warned him to look out for, and he succeeded in finding, beds of bitumen permeated with petroleum: this material will prove valuable for fuel and for asphalting, if not for sale. My time was wholly taken up with papering and repacking my collection, which had now assumed formidable proportions, and time fled the faster as the days were occupied in also fighting an impertinent attack of ague and fever.

On April 24 the B. and A. s.s. *Loanda* (Captain

Brown) anchored in the roads. Mr. Grant accompanied me on board, and showed himself useful and energetic as usual. At Cape Palmas we shipped the Honourable Doctor and Professor Blyden. He pointed out to me certain hillocks on the coast about Grand Bassá, where he said gold had lately been found. The lay of the land and the strike and shape of the eminences reminded me strongly of those I had left behind me. The 'Secretary of the Interior,' who had been compelled to leave his college, assured me that if wiser counsels prevail Liberia will abandon her old Japanese policy of exclusion, and will open her ports to European capital and enterprise. At Sierra Leone I called upon Governor Havelock, who was recovering from the accident of a dislocated shoulder. Both he and the 'Governess' were in the best of health. At Madeira, on May 12, my companion Burton joined us, and we had a week of dull passage to Liverpool. As we left on Friday and carried a reverend gentleman on board, the cranky old craft was sorely tossed about for two successive days, and we were delayed off the Liverpool bar, arriving on the 20th instead of the 18th of May, 1882.

CONCLUSION.

The journey and the voyage ended, as such things should do, with a dinner of welcome at the Adelphi, given to us by our hospitable friend Mr. James Irvine. And here we had the first opportunity of delivering the message which we had brought home from the Golden Land.

APPENDIX I

§ 1. THE ASHANTI SCARE.

THAT fears of an Ashanti attack upon the mines of the Gold Coast Protectorate are rather fanciful than factual we may learn from the details of the Blue Book 'Gold Coast, '1881.' The 'threatened Ashanti invasion,' popularly termed the 'Ashanti scare,' did abundant good by showing up the weakness of that once powerful despotism, and the superiority in numbers and in equipment of the coast-landers over the inlanders. It is true that there are tribes, like the Awunahs of the Volta, and villages, like Béin in Apollonia, which still sympathise with our old enemy. But only the grossest political mismanagement, like that which in 1876 abandoned our ally, the King of Juabin, to the tender mercies of his Ashanti foeman, aided by the unwisest economy, which starves everything to death save the treasure-chest, will ever bring about a general movement against us.

On December 1, 1880, died, to the general regret of native and stranger, Mr. Ussher, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast; a veteran in the tropics and an ex-commissariat officer, whose political service dated from

1861. In British India a change of rulers is always supposed to offer a favourable opportunity for 'doing something,' often in the shape of a revolt or a campaign. The same proved to be the case in West Africa, where the Ashanti is officially described as 'crafty, persistent, mendacious, and treacherous.'

It may easily be imagined that after the English victories at Amoaful and Ordusu in 1873–74 the African despotism sighed for *la revanche*. The Treaty of Fománá, concluded (February 13), after the capture (February 4) and the firing (February 6) of Kumasi, between Sir Garnet Wolseley and the representative of the King, Kofi Kalkali, or Kerrikerri, subsequently dethroned, stripped her of her principal dependencies—lopped off, in fact, her four limbs. These were the ever-hostile province of Denkira, auriferous Akim, Adansi, and lastly Assin, now part of our Protectorate. The measure only renewed the tripartite treaty of April 27, 1831, when King Kwáko Dúa, in consideration of free access to the seaboard, and in friendship with the unfortunate and ill-treated Governor (George) Maclean, 'renounced all right or title to any tribute, or homage, from the Kings of Denkira, Assin, and others formerly his subjects.' But *nulla fronti fides* is the rule of the hideous little negro despotism which, in 1853, again invaded the coveted lands on its southern frontier, Assin.

The treaty of 1874, moreover, compelled Ashanti formally to renounce all pretensions to sovereignty over Elmina and the tribes formerly in connection with the Dutch Government. It vetoed her raids and forays upon neighbouring peoples; like Dahome she had her annual slave-hunts and the captives were sold for gold-dust to the inner tribes.

The young officers who replaced the veterans of the war would naturally desire, in Kafir parlance, to 'wash their spears.' Nor are they satisfied with the defeats sustained by their sires. 'I believe,' wrote Winwood Reade, 'that Sir Garnet Wolseley attained the main object of the expedition, namely, the securing of the Protectorate from periodical invasion. Yet still I wish that the success had been more definite and complete.' The wish is echoed by most people on the coast; and the natives still say, 'White man he go up Kumasi, he whip black boy, and then he run away.'

It is regretable that the Commander-in-Chief, if he could not occupy Kumasi himself, did not leave Sir John H. Glover in charge, and especially that he did not destroy the Bantama (royal place of human sacrifice),[1] or at least remove from it the skull of Sir Charles Macarthy.[2] And

[1] Sir Garnet Wolseley's admirable conduct of the Egyptian campaign, where he showed all the qualities which make up the sum of 'generalship,' have wiped out the memory of his failures in Ashanti and Kafir-land. Better still, he has proved that the British soldier can still fight, a fact upon which the disgraceful Zulu campaign had cast considerable doubt. But the public ignores a truth known to every professional. Under an incompetent or unlucky commander all but the best men will run: the worst will allow themselves to be led or driven to victory by one they trust. Compare the Egyptian troops under old Ibrahim Pasha and under Arabi, the Fellah-Pasha.

[2] Captain Brackenbury throws doubt upon the skull being preserved in the Bantama; but his book is mainly apologetic, and we may ask, If the cherished relic be not there, where is it? The native legend runs thus: 'And they took him (*i.e.* Macarthy) and cut off his head, and brought it to their camp and removed the brains; but the skull, which was left, they filled it with gold, and they roasted the whole body and they carried it to Ashanti. . . . And the head, which they bore to Ashanti, has become their "fetish," which they worship till this day.'—Native account of Macarthy's death, Zimmermann's *Grammar of the Accra or Gã Language*, Stuttgart, 1858.

yet we now learn that the campaign did good work. Captain Lonsdale, who has spent some time in Kumasi, reports that the Caboceers have built huts instead of repairing their 'palaces.' Moreover, he declares that the story of sacrificing girls to mix their blood with house-swish is a pure fabrication; the Ashantis would no longer dare to do anything so offensive to the conqueror.

Last on the list of solid Ashanti grievances is her exclusion from the seaboard. Unknown to history before A.D. 1700, the Despotism first invaded the Coast in 1807, when King Osai Tutu Kwámina pretended a wish to recover the fugitive chiefs Chibbu and Aputai. These attacks succeeded one another at intervals of ten years, say the Fantis. The main object was to secure a port on the coast, where the inlanders could deal directly with the white man, and could thus escape the unconscionable pillaging, often fifty per cent. and more, of the Fanti middleman. This feeling is not, indeed, unknown to Europe: witness Montenegro. I see no reason why the people should not have an 'Ashanti-mile' at the Volta mouth; and I shall presently return to this subject.

Hardly was Governor Ussher buried than troubles began. Mr. Edmund Watt, a young District-commissioner at Cape Coast Castle, officially reported to Lieutenant-Governor W. B. Griffith, subsequently Administrator of Lagos, that Opoku, 'King' of Bekwa (Becquah), had used language tending to a breach of the peace. This commander-in-chief of the Ashanti forces in 1873–74 had publicly sworn in his sober senses at Kumasi, and in presence of the new king, Kwámina Osai Mensah, that he would perforce reduce Adansi, the hill-country held to be the southern

boundary of Ashanti-land. Such a campaign would have been an infraction of treaty, or at least a breach of faith: although the province is not under the protection of the Colonial Government, King Kofi Kalkali[1] had promised to respect its independence and to leave it unmolested.

Lieutenant-Governor Griffith lost no time in forwarding the report to the Colonial Office, adding sundry disquieting rumours which supported his suspicions. Missionaries and merchants had observed that certain 'messengers,' or envoys, sent from Kumasi to acknowledge the presents of the late Governor Ussher, were lingering without apparent reason about Cape Coast Castle, after being formally dismissed. Moreover, their residing in the house of 'Prince Ansah,' a personage not famous for plain dealing, boded no good.

A new complication presently arose. Prince Owusu, nephew of the King and heir to the doughty Gyáman kingdom, fled from Kumasi to the Protectorate, and reached Elmina on January 18. He appeared in great fear, and declared that a son of the chief Amankwá Kwomá and three 'court-criers,' or official heralds, were coming down to the coast on a solemn mission to demand his extradition. They carried, he said, not the peaceful cane with the gold or silver head, but the mysterious 'Gold Axe.' Opinions at once differed as to the import and object of this absurd implement. According to some its mission portended war, and it had preceded the campaigns of 1863 and 1873. Others declared that it signified a serious 'palaver,' being a strong hint that the King would cut through and down every

[1] This ruler succeeded his father, King Kwáko Dúa, in 1868; and his compulsory abdication is considered to have been an ill-advised measure.

obstacle. Strange to say, the first Ashanti messengers were never called upon to explain before the public what the 'Gold Axe' really did mean.

The Colonial Office acted with spirit and wholesome vigour. It was urged on by Mr. Griffith, whose energetic reports certainly saved the Protectorate grave troubles. He has thereby incurred much blame, ridicule, and obloquy; nor has he received due credit from those under whom he served.

The newly-appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast, Sir Samuel Rowe, at once ordered out to relieve Mr. Griffith, left England in mid-February. He was accompanied by a staff of seven officers temporarily employed. Reinforcements were hurried from Sierra Leone and the West Indies. The Admiralty was applied to for the reunion of cruisers upon the Gold Coast waters. Estimates of native allies were drawn up, showing that 20,000 half-armed men could be brought into the field against the 30,000 of Ashanti. The loyal and powerful chief Kwámina Blay, of Atábo, in Amrehía, or Western Apollonia, offered 6,000 muskets, and an additional 1,000 hands if the Government would supply arms and ammunition.

On January 19 the ambassador with the 'Gold Axe' presented himself at Elmina. He was accompanied by Saibi Enkwiá, who had signed the treaty at Fománá, a village in Assin, between Kumasi and the Bosom Prah River. The envoy formally demanded possession of Prince Owusu and of one Amangkrá, an Ashanti trader who had aided him to escape. Saibi Enkwiá added by way of threat, 'The King said, if the Governor would not order the return of Owusu to Kumasi, he would attack the

Assins.' He further explained that these Assins were the people who always caused 'palavers' between the Ashantis and the Protectorate, to which they belonged.

Naturally the ignominious demand was refused. The messengers left for Kumasi, and Lieutenant-Governor Griffith telegraphed from Madeira to England (January 25), 'War imminent with Ashanti.' It was considered suspicious that all the inlanders were disappearing from the coast. This was afterwards explained: they were flocking north for the 'native Christmas,' the Yam-custom, or great festival of the year.

Our preparations were pushed forward the more energetically as time appeared to be tight. The Ashantis were buying up all the weapons they could find when the sale of arms, ammunition, and salt was prohibited. Detachments were despatched to the Mansu and Prahsu stations; the latter is upon the Bosom (Abosom, or Sacred) Prah, the frontier between Ashanti and the Protectorate, to cross which is to 'pass the Rubicon.' Here, as at other main fords and ferries, defensive works were laid out. Arrangements were made for holding nine out of the eighteen forts, abandoning the rest; and Accra was strengthened as the central place. The 'companies,' or 'native levies,' who, with a suspicious unanimity, applied for guns and gunpowder, lead and flints, were urged to the 'duty of defence.' Five cruisers, under Commander (now Captain, R.N.) J. W. Brackenbury, were stationed off the three chief castles, Elmina, Cape Coast, and Anamabo, and the naval contingent was drilled daily on shore. The Haussa constabulary was reinforced. The First West India Regiment sent down men from Sierra Leone, and the Second 500 rank and file

from Barbadoes. In fact, such ardour was shown that the Ashantis, scared out of their intentions of scaring, began to fear another English invasion. 'The white men intend to take Kumasi again!' they said; and perhaps the reflection that 48,000 ounces of gold were still due to us suggested a motive. They had been making ready for offence; now they prepared for defence.

About mid-February the 'situation' notably changed. Messieurs Buck and Huppenbauer, two German missionaries who were making a 'preaching-tour,' reported from Kumasi that King Mensah was afraid of war, and that his kingdom was 'on the point to go asunder.' The despot, with African wiliness, at once threw the blame of threatening Assin upon his confidant, Saibi Enkwiá. No one believed that an Ashanti-man would thus expose himself to certain death; but the explanation served for an excuse. The King also asserted that his 'Gold Axe' meant simply nothing. Thereupon the officials of the Protectorate began looking forward to an ample apology, and to a fine of gold-dust for the disturbing of their quiet days. In fact, they foresaw 'peace with honour.'

Governor Sir Samuel Rowe, with his usual good fortune, landed at Elmina on March 9, exactly the right time. The attempt to intimidate had ignobly failed, and had recoiled upon the attempter. King Mensah, in order to remove all suspicions of intending a campaign, had resolved to send coastwards the most important and ceremonious mission of the age. It was to conclude a kind of *Paix des Dames*. Queen Kokofu had threatened that in case of hostilities she would go over to the British. The Queen-mother, a power in the country, which has often kept the peace for it and

plunged it into war, threatened to take her own life—and here such threats are always followed by action. In fact, the peace-party had utterly overthrown the war-party.

The mission left Kumasi in May. It was headed by Prince Bwáki, step-father to the two royal brothers, Kofi Kalkali and Kwábina Osai Mensah, and the number as well as the high rank of the retinue made it remarkable. At Prahsu, where the envoys were met by Governor Rowe, a preliminary conversation took place. Despite the usual African and barbarian fencing and foiling, the Englishman carried the day; the message must be delivered with all publicity and proper ceremony in the old 'palaver-hall' of historic Elmina Castle.

A conclusive interview took place on May 30. Prince Bwáki explained that 'mistakes had been made, but that the mistakes had not been alone those of his king and son-in-law.' He declared that the messenger, Saibi Enkwiá, had exceeded his powers in threatening Assin. The King, he said, had sworn by 'God and earth,' that is, by the 'spirits' above and by the ghosts below, that he had sent no such message. At the same time the King confessed being partly to blame, as the message had been delivered by his own servant. In the matter of the 'Gold Axe,' however, the mistake was the mistake of the Lieutenant-Governor (Griffith).

The Prince further explained that Ashanti has two symbols of war, a peculiar sword and a certain cap; whereas the 'Gold Axe' being 'fetish' and endowed with some magical and mysterious power, is never sent on a hostile errand. He offered, in the King's name, as further evidence of friendly feeling, to surrender the 'so-called Golden Axe,'

which important symbol of Ashanti power had been forwarded from head-quarters with an especial mission. It was delivered on the express understanding that it should be despatched to England for the acceptance of H.B. Majesty, and not be kept upon the coast, exposed to the ribaldry of the hostile Fantis. The weapon, said Prince Bwáki, is so old that no one knows its origin, and it is held so precious that in processions it precedes the Great Royal Stool, or throne, of Ashanti. The leopard-skin, bound with gold upon the handle, symbolises courage in the field; the gold is wealth, and the iron is strength.

Finally, the unhappy 'Gold Axe,' after being publicly paraded upon a velvet cushion through the streets of Elmina, was entrusted to Captain Knapp Barrow, who returned to England by the next steamer. It was duly presented, and found its way to the South Kensington Museum, after faring very badly at the hands of the 'society journals' and other members of the fourth estate.[1] Needless to say it was an utter impostor. The real

[1] For instance: 'The gold axe of King Koffee of Ashantee, lately sent, for an unexplained reason, to the Queen, is described as a triangular blade of iron, apparently cut from a piece of boiler-plate, roughly stuck into a clumsy handle of African oak. The handle is covered with leopard-skin, part of which, immediately above the blade, is deeply soiled, apparently with blood. Bands of thin gold, enriched with uncouth chevrons and lunettes *en repoussé*, are placed round the handle. The sheath of the blade, which is of tiger-(leopard) skin, accompanies this hideous implement, and attached to it is the sole element which has anything like artistic merit. This is a nondescript object of beaten gold, in shape something like a large cockle-shell with curved horns extending from the hinge, and not inelegantly decorated with lines and punctures, *en repoussé* and open work of quasi-scrolls.'

Golden Axe is great 'fetish,' and never leaves either Kumasi or, indeed, the presence of the King.

The ceremony of delivering the message in the palaver-hall was satisfactory. Prince Bwáki grasped the knees of Governor Rowe, the official sign of kneeling. He expressed the devotion of his liege lord to the Majesty of England; and finally he offered to pay down at once two thousand ounces of gold in proof of Ashantian sincerity. All these transactions were duly recorded; the promises in the form of a bond.

The play was now played out; cruisers and troops dispersed, and golden Peace reigned once more supreme. Prince Owusu, a drunken, dissolute Eupatrid, who had caused the flutter, when ordered on board a man-of-war for transportation to a place of safety, relieved the Gold Coast from further trouble. He was found hanging in the 'bush' behind Elmina Castle. Most men supposed it to be a case of suicide; a few of course surmised that he had been kidnapped and murdered by orders from Kumasi.

Since that time to the present day our Protectorate has been free from 'scare.' The affair, as it happened, did abundant good by banishing all fear for the safety of the Wásá (Wassaw) diggings. During the worst times not a single English employé of the mines had left his post to take refuge in the Axim fort. This does them honour, as some of the establishments lay within handy distance of the ferocious black barbarians.

The native chiefs, especially 'King Blay,' proved themselves able and willing to aid us in whatever difficulties might occur. The kingdom of Gyáman further showed that it can hold its own against shorn Ashanti, or rather that

it is becoming the more powerful of the two. The utter failure of the scare is an earnest that, under normal circumstances, while King Mensah, a middle-aged man, occupies the 'stool,' we shall hear no more of 'threatened Ashanti invasions.'

But the true way to pacify the despotism is to allow Ashanti to 'make a beach'—in other words, to establish a port. This measure I have supported for the last score of years, but to very little purpose. The lines of objection are two. The first is in the mercantile. As all the world knows, commercial interests are sure to be supported against almost any other in a reformed House of Commons; and, in the long run, they gain the day. The Coast-tribes under our protection are mere brokers and go-betweens, backed up and supported by the wholesale merchant, because he prefers *quieta non movere*, and he fears lest the change be from good to bad. I, on the other hand, contend that both our commerce and customs would gain, in quantity as well as in quality, by direct dealings with the peoples of the interior. The second, or sentimental, line belongs to certain newspapers; and even *their* intelligence can hardly believe the *ad captandum* farrago which they indite. The favourite 'bunkum' is about 'baring the Christian negro's throat to the Ashanti knife.' But the Fantis and other Coast-tribes were originally as murderous and bloodthirsty in their battles and religious rites as their northern neighbours: if there be any improvement it is wholly due to the presence and the pressure, physical as well as moral, of Europeans —of Christians, if you like. Even Whydah is not blood-stained like Agbome, because it has been occupied by a few slavers, white and brown. Why, then, should the Ashantis

be refused the opportunity and the means of amendment? Ten years' experience in Africa teaches me that they would be as easily reformed as the maritime peoples; and it is evident that the sentimentalist, if he added honesty and common sense to the higher quality, should be the first to advocate the trial.

But I would not allow the Ashantis to hold a harbour anywhere near Elmina. They should have their 'mile' and beach east of the Volta River, where they would soon effect a lodgment, despite all the opposition of their sanguinary friends and our ferocious enemies the Awunah and the Krepi (Crepee) savages.

I will end this paper with a short notice of the kingdom of Gyáman, generally written Gaman and too often pronounced 'Gammon.' Its strength and vigour are clearly increasing; it is one of the richest of gold-fields, and it lies directly upon the route to the interior. Of late years it has almost faded from the map, but it is described at full length in the pages of Barbot (1700) and Bosman (1727), of Bowdich (1818), and of Dupuis (1824). They assign to it for limits Mandenga-land to the north and west; to the south, Aowin and Bassam, and the Tando or eastern fork of the Assini to the east. This Tando, which some moderns have represented as an independent stream, divides it from Ashanti-land, lying to the south and the south-east. Dupuis places the old capital, Bontuko, whence the Gyamans were formerly called 'Bontukos,' eight stages north-west of Kumasi; and the new capital, Huraboh, five marches beyond Bontuko. The country, level and grassy, begins the region north of the great forest-zone which subtends the maritime

mangrove-swamps. It breeds horses and can command Moslem allies, equestrian races feared by the Ashantis.

The Gyámans, according to their tradition, migrated, or rather were driven, southwards from their northern homes. This was also, as I have said, the case with the Fantis and Ashantis; the latter occupied their present habitat about 1640, and at once became the foes of all their neighbours. King Osai Tutu, 'the Great,' first of Ashanti despot-kings (1719), made Gyáman tributary. The conquest was completed by his brother-successor, Osai Apoko (1731), who fined Abo, the neighbour-king, in large sums of gold and fixed an annual subsidy. Gyáman, however, rebelled against Osai Kwájo (Cudjoe), the fourth of the dynasty (1752), and twice defeated him with prodigious slaughter. The Ashanti invader brought to his aid Moslem cavalry, and succeeded in again subjugating the insurgents. The conquered took no action against the fifth king, but they struck for independence under Osai Apoko II. (1797). Aided by Moslem and other allies, they crossed the Tando and fought so sturdily that the enemy 'liberally bestowed upon them the titles of warlike and courageous.' The Ashantis at length compelled the Moslems of their country to join them, and ended by inflicting a crushing defeat upon the invaders.

Osai Tutu Kwamina, on coming to the throne (1800), engaged in the campaign against Gyáman called, for distinction, the 'first Bontuko war.' He demanded from King Adinkara his ancestral and royal stool, which was thickly studded and embossed with precious metal. The craven yielded it and purchased peace. His brave sister presently replaced it by a seat of solid gold: this the Ashanti again

requisitioned, together with a large gold ornament in the shape of an elephant, said to have been dug from some ruins. The Amazon replied, with some detail and in the 'spade' language, that she and her brother should exchange sexes, and that she would fight *à l'outrance*; whereupon the Ashanti, with many compliments about her bravery, gave her twelve months to prepare for a campaign.

In 1818 Dupuis found Ashanti engaged in the 'second Bontuko war' with Adinkara, who had again thrown off his allegiance. But small-pox was raging in the capital, and this campaign ended (1819–20) with the defeat and death of the womanly monarch, with a massacre of 10,000 prisoners, and with the sale of 20,000 captives. Thus Gyáman was again annexed to Ashanti-land as a province, instead of enjoying the rank of a tributary kingdom; and the conqueror's dominions extended from Cape Lahou (W. long. 4° 36′) through Gyáman to the Volta River (E. long. 0° 42′ 18″), a coast-line of some 318 direct geographical miles.

Gyáman, however, seems to have had a passion for liberty. She fought again and again to recover what she had lost in 1820; and, on more occasions than one, she was successful in battle. During the 'Ashanti scare' the sturdy kingdom was preparing for serious hostilities; and a little war of six or seven months had already been waged between the neighbours. The late Prince Owusu, before mentioned, deposed before the authorities of our Protectorate as follows: 'At Kumasi I was ordered to eat the skull of the late King of Gyáman, which was kept there as a trophy from the conquest of Gyáman; but I did not do it.' He also asserted that, in 1879, a white man, Nielson, and his interpreter,

Huydecooper, had been sent by an intriguer to Gyáman, bearing a pretended message from the British Government and the Fanti chiefs, enjoining the King to conclude peace with the Ashantis, and to restore their 3,700 captives. Neither of these men saw the ruler of Gyáman, and it is believed that Nielson, having begun a quarrel by firing upon the people, was killed in the fray.

At this moment Gyáman is battling with her old enemies, and threatens to be a dangerous rival, if not a conqueror. Here, then, we may raise a strong barrier against future threats of Ashanti invasion, and make security more secure. The political officers of the Protectorate will be the best judges of the steps to be taken; and, if they are active and prudent, we shall hear no more of the Kumasi bugbear.

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§ 2. THE LABOUR-QUESTION IN WESTERN AFRICA.

In their present condition our African colonies are colonies only because they are administered by the Colonial Office.

Most of these stations—for such they should be termed—were established, for slaving purposes, by the Portuguese, and were conquered by the Dutch. Thence they passed into the hands of England, who vigorously worked the black *traite* for the benefit of her West Indian possessions.

The 'colonies' in question, however, saw their occupation gone with negro emancipation, and they became mere trading-ports and posts for collecting ground-nuts, palm-oil, and gold-dust. Philanthropy and freedom expected from them great things; but instead of progressing they have gradually and surely declined. The public calls them 'pest-

houses,' and the Government pronounces them a 'bore.' Travellers propose to make them over to Liberia or to any Power that will accept such white elephants.

Remains now the task of placing upon the path of progress these wretched West African 'colonies,' and of making them a credit and a profit to England, instead of a burden and an opprobrium.

Immigration, I find, is *le mot de l'énigme.*

Between 1860 and 1865 I studied the labour-question in West Africa, and my short visit in 1882 has convinced me that it is becoming a vital matter for our four unfortunate establishments, Bathurst, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Lagos.

A score of years ago many agreed with me that there was only one solution for our difficulties, a system of extensive coolie-importation. But in those days of excited passions and divided interests, when the export slave-trade and the *émigration libre* were still rampant on either coast, it was by no means easy to secure a fair hearing from the public. Not a small nor an uninfluential section, the philanthropic and the missionary, raised and maintained the cuckoo-cry, 'Africa for the Africans!'—worthy of its successor, 'Ireland for the Irish!' Others believed in imported labour, which has raised so many regions to the height of prosperity; but they did not see how to import it. And the general *vis inertiæ*, peculiar to hepatic tropical settlements, together with the unwillingness, or rather the inability, to undertake anything not absolutely necessary, made many of the colonists look upon the proposal rather as a weariness to the flesh than a benefit. A chosen few steadily looked forward to it; but they contented themselves with a the-

oretical prospect, and, perhaps wisely, did not attempt action.

The condition of the Coast, however, has radically changed during the last two decads. The export slave-trade has died the death, never to 'resurrect.' The immense benefits of immigration are known to all men, theoretically and practically. India and China have thrown open their labour-markets. And, finally, the difficulty of finding hands, for agriculture especially, in Western Africa has now come to a crisis.

Here I must be allowed a few words of preliminary explanation. In this matter, the reverse of Europe, Africa, whose social system is built upon slavery, holds field-work, and indeed all manual labour, degrading to the free man. The idea of a 'bold peasantry, its country's pride,' is utterly alien to Nigritia. The husband hunts, fights, and trades—that is to say, peddles—he leaves sowing and reaping to his wives and his chattels. Even a slave will rather buy him a slave than buy his own liberty. 'I am free enough,' he says; 'all I want is a fellow to serve me.' The natives of the Dark Continent are perfectly prepared to acknowledge that work is a curse; and, so far scripturally, they deem

Labour the symbol of man's punishment.

No Spaniard of the old school would despise more than a negro those new-fangled notions glorifying work now familiar to stirring and bustling North Europe. Nor will these people exert themselves until, like the Barbadians, they must either sweat or starve. Example may do something to stir them, but the mere preaching of industry is hopeless. I repeat: their *beau idéal* of life is to do nothing for six days in the week and to rest on the seventh. They are

quite prepared to keep, after their fashion, 365 sabbaths per annum.

In the depths of Central Africa, where a European shows a white face for the first time, the wildest tribes hold markets once or twice a week; these meetings on the hill-side or the lake-bank are crowded, and the din and excitement are extreme. Armed men, women, and children may be seen dragging sheep and goats, or sitting under a mat-shade through the livelong days before their baskets and bits of native home-spun, the whole stock in trade consisting perhaps of a few peppers, a heap of palm-nuts, or strips of manioc, like pipe-clay. This savage scene is reflected in the comparatively civilised stations all down the West African coast, where the inexperienced and ardent philanthrope is apt to suppose that the lazy, feckless habits are not nature-implanted but contracted by contact with a more advanced stage of society.

Again, in many parts of Africa the richest lands, and those most favourably situated, are either uninhabited or thinly peopled, the result of intestine wars or of the export slave-trade. Mr. Administrator Goulsbury, of Bathurst, during his adventurous march from the Gambia to the Sierra Leone River, crossed league after league of luxuriant ground and found it all desert. He says,[1] 'I think the fact has never been sufficiently recognised that Africa, and especially the west coast of the continent, is but very sparsely populated. . . . It is not only very limited, but is, I believe, if not stationary, actually decreasing in numbers. . . . I commend this fact to the consideration of those who indulge in day-dreams as to the almost unlimited increase of commerce

[1] Blue Book of 1882, quoted in Chap. X.

which they fondly imagine is to be the result and reward of opening up the interior of the country.'

In regions richer than the Upper Gambia the disappearance of man is ever followed by a springing of bush and forest so portentous that a few hands are helpless and hopeless. Such is the case with the great wooded belt north of the Gold Coast, where even the second-growth becomes impenetrable without the matchet, and where the swamps and muds, bred and fed by torrential rains, bar the transit of travellers. The Whydah and Gaboon countries are notable specimens of once populous regions now all but deserted.

Nothing more surprising, to men who visit Africa for the first time, than the over-wealth of labour in Madeira and its penury on the Western Coast. At Bathurst they find ships loading or unloading by the work of the Golah women, whose lazy husbands live upon the hardly-earned wage. They see the mail-steamers landing ton after ton of Chinese rice shipped *vid* England. The whole country with its humid surface and its reeking, damp-hot climate is a natural rice-bed. The little grain produced by it is far better than the imported, but there are no hands to work the ground. It is the same with salt, which is cheaper when brought from England: no man has the energy to lay out a salina; and, if he did, its outlay, under 'Free Trade,' would be greater than its income.

Steaming along the picturesque face of the Sierra Leone peninsula, the stranger remarks with surprise that its most fertile ridges and slopes hardly show a field, much less a farm, and that agriculture is confined to raising a little garden-stuff for the town-market. The peasant, the hand,

is at a discount. The Sierra Leonite is a peddler-born who aspires to be a trader, a merchant; or he looks to a learned profession, especially the law. The term 'gentleman-farmer' has no meaning for him. Of late years a forcing process has been tried, and a few plantations have been laid out, chiefly for the purpose, it would appear, of boasting and of vaunting the new-grown industry at home. Mr. Henry M. Stanley remarks,[1] 'In almost every street in Sierra Leone I heard the voice of praise and local prayer from the numerous aspirants to clerkships and civil service employ; but I am compelled to deny that I ever heard the sound of mallet and chisel, of mortar, pestle, and trowel, the ringing sound of hammer on anvil, or roar of forge, which, to my practical mind, would have had a far sweeter sound. There is virgin land in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone yet untilled; there are buildings in the town yet unfinished; there are roads for commerce yet to be made; the trade of the African interior yet waits to be admitted into the capacious harbour of Sierra Leone for the enrichment of the fond nursing-mother of races who sits dreamily teaching her children how to cackle instead of how to work.'

The same apathy to agriculture prevails in Liberia. For the last forty years large plantations have been laid out on the noble St. Paul River between Cape Mount and Mount Mesurado. The coffee-shrub, like the copal-tree, belts Africa from east to west—from Harar, where I saw it, through Karagué, where it grows wild, the bean not being larger than a pin's head, to Manywema, in the Congo valley, and to the West Coast, especially about the

[1] *Coomassie and Magdala*, p. 8

Rio Nunez, north of Sierra Leone. It is of the finest quality, second only to the Mocha; but what hope is there of its development? The Váy tribe, which holds the land, is useless; the rare new comers from America will work, but the older settlers will not; and there is hardly money enough to pay Krumen.

On the Gold Coast there is no exceptional scarcity of population: under normal circumstances, the labour-market is sufficiently supplied, but a strain soon exhausts it. Sir Garnet Wolseley found his greatest difficulty in the want of workmen: he was obliged to apply for 500 British navvies; and, at one time, he thought of converting the first and second West India Regiments, with Wood's and Russell's men, into carriers. On the other hand, the conduct of the women was admirable; as the conqueror said in the Mansion House, he hardly wondered at the King of Dahome keeping up a corps of 'Amazons.' I shall presently return to the gold-mines.

At Lagos M. Colonna, Consular Agent for France, informs me that by his firm alone 600 hands are wanted for field-service, and that the number might rise to a thousand. He would also be glad to hire artisans, blacksmiths and carpenters, masons and market-gardeners. The Yorubas from the upper country, who will engage for three years, demand from a franc to a shilling per diem, rations not given. Labour ranges from sixteen to twenty-four francs per mensem; and coolies could not command more than twenty-five francs, including 'subsistence.' Here Kruboys are much used. M. Colonna pays his first-class per mensem $5 (each =5 francs 20 centimes), his second class $4, and his third $3.

Returning to the Gold Coast, I find two classes of

working men, the country-people and the Kruboys: the Sierra Leonites are too few to be taken into consideration. At present, when there are only five working mines, none of which are properly manned, labour is plentiful and cheap. It will be otherwise when the number increases, as it will soon do, to fifty and a hundred. Upwards of seventy concessions have already been granted, and I know one house which has, or soon will have, half a dozen ready for market. Then natives and Kruboys will strike for increased wages till even diamond-mines would not pay. The Gold Coast contains rich placers in abundance: if they fail it will be for want of hands, or because the cost of labour will swallow up profits.

The country-people, Fantis, Accra-men, Apollonians of Béin, and others, will work, and are well acquainted with gold-working. But they work in their own way; and, save under exceptional conditions, they are incapable of regular and continuous labour. It gives one the heart-ache to see their dawdling, idling, shuffling, shiftless style of spoiling time. They are now taking to tribute, piece and contract work. The French mines supply them with tools and powder, and, by way of pay and provisions, allow them to keep two-thirds of the produce. It is evident that such an arrangement will be highly profitable to the hands who will 'pick the eyes out of the mine,' and who will secrete all the richest stuff, leaving the poorest to their employers. No amount of European surveillance will suffice to prevent free gold in stone being stolen. Hence the question will arise whether, despite the price of transport, reduction in England will not pay better.

The Kruboys in the north and the Kabinda boys in the south have been described as the Irishmen of West

Africa: they certainly do the most work; and trading-ships would find it almost impossible to trade without them. During the last twenty years they have not improved in efficiency even on board men-of-war. In 1861–65 the gangs with their headmen willingly engaged for three years. Now they enlist only for a year; they carefully keep tallies, and after the tenth monthly cut they begin to apply for leave. Thus the men's services are lost just as they are becoming valuable. It is the same with the Accra-men. When the mines learn the simple lesson *l'union fait la force* they will combine not to engage Krumen for less than two years.

There are two great centres at which Kruboys are hired. The first is Sierra Leone, where they demand from all employers what the mail-steamers pay—the headmen half-a-crown and the hands a shilling a day besides rations. The second is the Kru-coast. In 1850 the 'boys' received 5*s.* per mensem in goods, which reduced it to 3*s.* They had also daily rice-rations, 'Sunday beef,' and, at times, a dash of tobacco, a cap, a blanket or a waist-cloth. In 1860 the hire rose to 9*s.* in kind, or 4*s.* 6*d.* in coin. About this time cruisers began to pay them the monthly wages of ordinary seamen, 1*l.* 10*s.*, with white man's rations or compensation-money, amounting to another 12*l.* a year. In 1882 headmen engage for the Oil Rivers at 1*l.*, and 'boys' for 10*s.* to 12*s.* For the gold-mines of Wásá they have learned to demand 1*s.* 3*d.* per diem, and at the cheapest 1*l.* a month, the headmen receiving double.

The Kru-market does not supply more than 4,000 hands,[1] and yet it is already becoming 'tight.' In a few years demand will be excessive.

[1] The usual estimate of the Kru-hands employed out of their own country is as follows:—

The following notes were given to me by the managers of mines, whom I consulted upon the subject.

Mr. Crocker prefers Fantis, Elminas, and others; and he can hire as many as he wants; at Cape Coast Castle alone there are some eighty hands now unemployed. He pays 36*s.*, without rations, per month of four weeks. He has about a score of Kruboys, picked up 'on the beach;' these are fellows who have lost all their money, and who dare not go home penniless. Their headman receives per mens. $3.50, and in exceptional cases $4. The better class of 'boys' get from $2.50 to $3; and lesser sums are given to the 'small boys,' whose principal work is stealing, skulking.

Mr. Creswick has a high opinion of Krumen working in the mines, and has found sundry of them to develop into excellent mechanics. The men want only good management. Under six Europeans, himself included, he employs a hundred hands, and from eight to ten mechanics. The first headman draws 37*s.* 6*d.*, the second 22*s.*, full-grown labourers 18*s.*, and 'small boys' from 4*s.* to 6*s.* and 9*s.*

For the Oil Rivers: 150 each for Brass and Bonny, New Calabar and Camarones; 150–200 for the Niger, and 150 for Fernando Po and the Portuguese Islands . .	1200–1500
At Lagos	1000
On board the 25 Bristol ships, at 20 each .	500
For nine to ten ships of war	200
For ten mail-steamers	200
In the mines: (May, 1882) Izrah 7, Akankon 14, Effuenta 120, the two French companies 200, the Gold Coast 100, and Crockerville 20	461
Total	3861; say 4000

Mechanics' wages range between 1*l.* 5*s.* and 4*l.* All have rations or 'subsistence,' which here means 3*d.* a day.

Mr. MacLennan has a few Fanti miners, whom he pays at the rate of 6*d.* per half-day. His full muster of Krumen is 120; the headmen receive 27*s.* 6*d.*, rising, after six months, to 35*s.* The first class of common boys get 20*s.*; the second from 13*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.*; and the third, mostly 'small boys,' between 5*s.* and 10*s.* His carpenters and blacksmiths, who are Gold Coasters and Sierra Leonites, draw from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 3*l.* The rations are, as usual, 1½ lb. of rice per day, with 1 lb. of 'Sunday beef,' whose brine is converted into salt.

Mr. A. Bowden, manager of the Tákwá and Abosu Mines, also employs a 'mixed multitude.' His Sierra Leone carpenters and blacksmiths draw 3*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* 10*s.* per month without rations, and his native mechanics 3*l.* to 3*l.* 10*s.* The Fanti labourers are paid, as usual, a shilling per diem and find themselves. The Kruboys, besides being lodged and fed (1½ lb. rice per day and 1 lb. beef or fish per week), draw in money as follows: headman, 2*l.*; second ditto, 1*l.* 7*s.* to 1*l.* 12*s.*; miners, 18*s.* to 20*s.* and labourers 9*s.* to 16*s.*

This state of the labour-market is, I have said, purely provisional. It will not outlast the time when the present concessions are in full exploitation; and this condition of things I hope soon to see. We can then draw from the neighbouring countries, from Yoruba to the north-east, and perhaps, but this is doubtful, from the Bassás[1] and the Drewins to the west. But we must come, sooner or later,

[1] A manly and powerful race, who call themselves Americans and will have nothing to do with the English.

and the sooner the better, to a regular coolie-immigration, East-African, Indian, and Chinese.

The benefit of such an influx must not be measured merely by the additional work of a few thousand hands. It will at once create jealousy, competition, rivalry. It will teach by example—the only way of teaching Africans—that work is not ignoble, but that it is ignoble to earn a shilling and to live idle on three-pence a day till the pence are exhausted. Its advantages will presently be felt along the whole western coast, and men will wonder why it was not thought of before. The French, as they are wont to do in these days, have set us an example. Already in early 1882 the papers announced that a first cargo of 178 Chinese —probably from Cochin-China—had been landed at Saint-Louis de Sénégal for the proposed Senegambian railway.

The details of such an immigration and the measures which it will require do not belong to this place. Suffice it to say that we can draw freely upon the labour-banks of Macáo, Bombay, and Zanzibar. The intelligent, thrifty, and industrious Chinese will learn mining here, as they have learnt it elsewhere, with the utmost readiness. The 'East Indian' will be well adapted for lighter work of the garden and the mines. Finally, the sturdy Wásawahíli of the East African coast will do, as carriers and labourers, three times the work of Fantis and Apollonians.

I need hardly say that Captain Cameron and I would like nothing better than to organise a movement of this kind; we would willingly do more good to the West African coast than the whole tribe of its so-called benefactors.

§ 3. GOLD-DIGGING IN NORTH-WESTERN AFRICA.

a. Sketch of its Origin.

THE mineral wealth of Central Africa has still to be studied; at present we are almost wholly ignorant of it. We know, however, that the outlying portions of the Continent contain three distinct and grand centres of mining-industry. The first worked is the north-eastern corner—in fact, the Nile-valley and its adjacencies, where Fayzoghlú still supplies the noble metal. The second, also dating from immense antiquity, is the whole West African coast from Morocco to the Guinea Gulf, both included. The third and last, the south-eastern gold-fields, have been discovered by the Portuguese in comparatively modern days.

In this paper I propose to treat only of the western field. Its exploitation began early enough to be noticed by Herodotus, the oldest of Greek prose-writers. He tells us (lib. iv. 196, &c.) that the Carthaginians received gold from a black people, whose caravans crossed the Saharâ, or Great Desert, and that they traded for it with the wild tribes of the West Coast. His words are as follows:—'There is a land in Libya, and a nation beyond the Pillars of Hercules [the Straits of 'Gib.'], which they [the Carthaginians] are wont to visit, where they no sooner arrive but forthwith they break cargo; and, having disposed their wares in an orderly way along the beach, leave them, and, returning aboard their ships, raise a great smoke.

'The natives, when they see the smoke, come down to the shore, and, laying out to view so much gold as they think the worth of the wares, withdraw themselves afar. The

Carthaginians upon this come ashore and look. If they deem the gold sufficient they take it and wend their way; but if it does not seem to them sufficient, they go aboard once more and wait patiently. Then the others draw near and add to their gold till the Carthaginians are content. Neither party deals unfairly by the other; for they themselves never touch the gold till it comes up to the worth of their goods, nor do the natives ever carry off the goods till the gold is taken away.'

Plato ('Critias'[1]) may refer to this dumb trade when he tells us, 'Never was prince more wealthy than Atlas [eldest son of Poseidon by Cleito]. His land was fertile, healthy, beautiful, marvellous; it was terminated by a range of gold-yielding mountains.' Lyon, speaking of the western Sudán, uses almost the very words of Herodotus. 'An invisible nation, according to our informant, inhabit near this place, and are said to trade by night. Those who come to traffic for their gold lay their merchandise in heaps and retire. In the morning they find a certain quantity of gold-dust placed against every heap, which if they think sufficient they leave the goods; if not, they let both remain till more of the precious ore is added' (p. 149).[2]

The classical trade in gold and slaves was diligently prosecuted by the Arabs or Saracens after Mohammed's day. Their caravans traversed the great wilderness which lies behind the fertile Mediterranean shore, and founded negroid empires in the western Sudán, or Blackland. Ghana,

[1] The celebrated Dialogue which treats of Altantis and describes cocoas as the 'fruits having a hard rind, affording drinks and meats and ointments.'

[2] Shaw gives a similar account (*Travels*, p. 302).

whence, perhaps, the Portuguese Guiné and our Guinea of 'the dreadful mortal name,' became the great gold-mart of the day. Famous in history is its throne, a worked nugget of solid gold, weighing 30 lbs. It has been rivalled in modern times by the 'stool' of Bontuko (Gyáman), and by the 'Hundredweight of gold' produced by New South Wales. Most of the wealth came from a district to the south-west, Wangara, Ungura, or Unguru, bordering on the Niger, and supposed to correspond with modern Mandenga-land. In the lowlands, after the annual floods, the natives dug and washed the diluvial deposits for the precious metal exactly as is now done upon the Gold Coast; and they burrowed into the highlands which surround in crescent-form the head-waters of the great River Joliba. Presently Timbukhtu succeeded, according to Leo Africanus (1500), Ghaná as the converging point of the trade, and made the name for wealth which endures even to the present day. Its princes and nobles lavishly employed the precious ore in ornaments, some weighing 1,300 ounces.

In due time the Moroccan Arabs were succeeded by their doughty rivals, the Portuguese of the heroic ages of D. D. João II. and Manoel. I here pass over the disputed claim of the French, who declare that they imported the metal from 'Elmina' as early as 1382.[1] The first gold was discovered on his second voyage by Gonçalo Baldeza (1442) at the Rio de Ouro, the classical Lixus and the modern El-Kus, famed for the defeat and death of Dom Sebastiam.[2]

[1] See Chapter II.

[2] I have noticed it in *Camoens, his Life and his Lusiads*, vol. ii. chapter iii. The identification with the Rio de Ouro is that of Bowdich (p. 505). Another Rio de Ouro was visited in 1860 by Captain George Peacock (before alluded to), 'having a French frigate

In 1470 João de Santarem and Pero d'Escobar, knights of the King, sailed past Cape Palmas, discovered the islands of São Thomé and Annobom (January 1, 1471); and, on their return homewards, found a trade in gold-dust at the village of Sama (Chamah) and on the site which we miscall 'Elmina.'[1] During the same year Fernan' Gomez, a worthy of Lisbon, bought a five years' monopoly of the gold-trade from the King, paying 44*l.* 9*s.* per annum, and binding himself to explore, every year, 300 miles down coast from Sierra Leone. One of these expeditions landed at 'Elmina' and discovered Cape Catherine in south latitude 1° 50′ and west longitude (Gr.) 9° 2′. The rich mines opened at Little Kommenda, or Aprobi, led to the building of the Fort São Jorje da Mina, by Diego d'Azembuja, sent out (A.D. 1481) to superintend the construction. But about 1622 the falling in of some unbraced and untimbered shafts and the deaths of many miners induced Gweffa, the King, to 'put gold in Fetish,' making it an accursed thing; and it has not been worked since that time.

Thus Portugal secured to herself the treasures which made her the wealthiest of European kingdoms. But when she became a province of Spain, under D. Philip II., her Eastern conquests were systematically neglected in favour of the Castilian colonies that studded the New World. The weak Lusitanian garrisons were massacred on the Gold Coast, as in other parts of Africa; and the Hollanders, the

under his orders.' The 'River of Gold' of course would become a favourite and a banal name.

[1] This form of the word, a masculine article with a feminine noun, cannot exist in any of the neo-Latin languages. In Italian and Spanish it would be La Mina, in Portuguese A Mina. The native name is Dina or Edina.

'Water-beggars,' who had conquered their independence from Spain, proceeded to absorb the richest possessions of their quondam rivals. 'Elmina,' the capital, fell into Dutch hands (1637), and till 1868 Holland retained her forts and factories on the Gold Coast.

In their turn the English and the French, who had heard of the fabulous treasures of the Joliba valley and the Tinbukhtu mart, began to claim their share. As early as 1551 Captain Thomas Wyndham touched at the Gold Coast and brought home 150 lbs. of the precious dust. The first English company for exploring the Gambia River sent out (1618) their agent, Richard Thompson. This brave and unfortunate explorer was rancorously opposed by the Portuguese and eventually murdered by his own men. He was followed (1620) by Richard Jobson, to whom we owe the first account of the Gambia River. He landed at various points, armed with mercury, aqua regia (nitric acid), large crucibles, and a 'dowsing' or divining rod;[1] washed the sands and examined the rocks even beyond the Falls of Barraconda. After having often been deceived, as has occurred to many prospectors since his day, he determined that gold never occurs in low fertile wooded lands, but in naked and barren hills, which embed it in their reddish ferruginous soil. Hence it was long and erroneously determined that bare rocks in the neighbourhood of shallow alluvia characterise rich placers, and that the wealthiest mining-regions are poor and stunted in vegetation. California and Australia, the Gold Coast and South Africa, are instances of the contrary.

[1] A form of this old and almost universal magical instrument, worked by electricity, has, I am told, been lately invented and patented in the United States.

Wásá, however, confirms the old opinion that the strata traversed by lodes determine the predominating metal; as quartz produces gold; hard blue slate, lead; limestone, green-stone and porphyry, copper; and granite, tin.[1]

After twenty days' labour Jobson succeeded in extracting 12 lbs. from a single site. He declares that at length he 'arrived at the mouth of the mine itself, and found gold in such abundance as surprised him with joy and admiration.' Unfortunately he leaves us no notice of its position; it is probably lost, like many of the old Brazilian diggings. The Gambia River still exports small quantities of dust supposed to have been washed in the Ghauts, or sea-subtending ridges, of the interior. Most of it, however, finds its way to the wealthier and more prosperous French colony.

Whilst the English chose the Gambia the French preferred Senegal, where they founded (1626) 'St. Louis,' called after Louis XIV. The Sieur Brue, Director-General of the Senegal Company, made a second journey of discovery in 1698, and reached with great difficulty the gold-mines of desert and dreary Bambúk. There he visited the principal districts, and secured specimens of what he calls the *ghingan*, or golden earth. He proposed a third incursion, but the absolute apathy of his countrymen proved an insuperable obstacle.

M. Golberry describes Bambúk in gloomy and sombre colours. Its gold is distributed amongst low ranges of peeled and sterile hills. Probably this results from fires and disforesting. It occurs in the shape of spangles, grains, and

[1] Page 17, *A Treatise on Metalliferous Minerals and Mining*, by D. C. Davies. London, Crosby and Co., 1881. The volume is handy and useful to explorers.

pépites (nuggets), whose size increases with the depth of the digging. In the Matakon mine the dust adhered to fragments of iron, emery, and lapis lazuli, from which it was easily detached and washed. The less valuable Semayla placer produced dust in a hard reddish loam, mixed with still more refractory materials; it was crushed in mortars with rude wooden dollies or with grain-pestles. The pits, six feet in diameter, reached a depth of from ten to twelve yards, where they were stopped by a bed of hard reddish marle; this the Frenchman held to be the hanging wall of a much richer lode. The people used ladders, but they neglected to collar or brace the mouth, and the untimbered pit-sides often fell in; hence fatal accidents, attributed to the 'earth-spirits.' They held gold to be a capricious elf, and when a rich vein suddenly ran barren they cried out, 'There! he is off!'

In later days Mungo Park drew attention by his famous first journey (1795–97) to the highlands of the Mandingoes (Mandenga-land), and revived interest in the provinces of Shronda, Konkodu, Dindiko, Bambúk, and Bambarra. Here the natives collect dust by laborious washings of detrital sand. His fatal second expedition (1805) produced an unfinished journal, which, however, gives the amplest and most interesting notices concerning the gold-production of the region he traversed. My space compels me to refer readers to the original.[1]

The traveller Caillié (1827), after crossing the Niger *en route* to Tinbukhtu, passed south of the Bouré province, in the valley of the Great River; and here he reports an abundance of gold. As in the districts visited by Park, it is all alluvial and washed out of the soil. The dust,

[1] Murray's edition of 1816, vol. i. p. 40, and vol. ii. p. 751.

together with native cloth, wax, honey, cotton and cattle, finds its way to the coast, where it is bartered for beads, amber and coral, calicoes and firearms. The gold-mines of Bouré were first visited and described by Winwood Reade.[1]

The peninsula of Sierra Leone is not yet proved to be auriferous. Here stray Moslems, mostly Mandengas, occasionally bring down the Melakori River ring-gold and dust from the interior. The colonists of Liberia assert that at times they have come upon a pocket which produced fifty dollars; the country-people also occasionally offer gold for sale. From the Bassam coast middle-men travel far inland and buy the metal from the bushmen. Near Grand Bassam free gold in quartz-reefs near the shore has been reported.

We now reach the Gold Coast proper, which amply deserves its glorious golden name. I have shown that the whole seaboard of West Africa, between it and Morocco, produces more or less gold; here, however, the precious metal comes down to the very shore and is washed upon the sands. Its length from the Assini boundary-line to the Volta[2] has been laid down at 220 direct geographical miles by a depth of about 100. The area of the Protectorate, which has been a British colony since 1874, is assumed to be 16,620 instead of 24,500 square miles, and the population may exceed half a million. Its surface is divided into twelve petty kingdoms; and its strand is studded with forts and ruins of forts, a total of twenty-five, or one to every eight miles. This small section of West Africa poured a flood of gold

[1] *Coomassie*, &c., p. 126.

[2] Chapter XIV. I would not assert that gold is not found east of the Volta River. M. Colonna, of Lagos, told me that he had good reason to suspect its presence on the seaboard of Dahome, and promised me to make further enquiries.

into Europe; and, until the mineral discoveries of California and Australia, it continued to be the principal source of supply to the civilised world.

The older writers give us ample details about gold-digging and trading two centuries ago. Bosman (Letter VI.) shows that the people prospected for the illustrious metal in three forms of ground. The first was in, or between, particular hills, where they sank pits; the second was about the rivers and waterfalls; and the third was on the seashore near the mouths of rivulets after violent night-rains. He ends his letter with these sensible words: 'I would refer to any intelligent metallist whether a vast deal of ore must not of necessity be lost here, from which a great deal of gold might be separated, from want of skill in the metallic art; and not only so, but I firmly believe that vast quantities of pure gold are left behind; for the negroes only ignorantly dig at random, without the least knowledge of the veins of the mine.[1] And I doubt not that if the land belonged to Europeans they would soon find it to produce much richer treasures than the negroes obtain from it. But it is not

[1] The origin of these mineral veins is still disputed, science being as yet too young for the task of solving the mystery. Probably, as Mr. Davies remarks, 'the mode of the origin and means of the deposition are not one only but many,' and we have the Huttonian (igneous) and Wernerian (aqueous) theories, the sublimation of Necker, the electricity of Mr. R. W. Fox, the infiltration and gravitation of fluid metals towards cracks, vughs (cavities), and shrinkages, and the law of replacement. 'If a steel plate be removed atom by atom,' says Mr. R. Brough Smyth (*Gold Fields of Victoria*, Melbourne, 1869), 'and each atom be replaced by a corresponding atom of silver—a fact established by direct experiment—it will be readily seen that a mineral vein may be formed in the same way.'

probable that we shall ever possess that liberty here, wherefore we must be content with being so far masters of it as we are at present, which, if well and prudently managed, would turn to a very great account.'

Times, however, are changed. England is now mistress of the field, and it will be her fault if she leaves it untilled.

The good old Hollander first mentions amongst his six gold-sites the kingdom of Denkira; it then included the conquests of Wásá (Wassaw), of Encasse,[1] and of Juffer or Quiforo. The gold of that region is good, but much alloyed for the trade with 'fetish'-figures. These are composed sometimes of pure mountain-gold; more often the ore is mixed with one-third, or even a half, of silver and copper, and stuffed with half-weight of the black earth used for moulding. The second was Acanny (D'Anville's Akanni), with gold so pure and fine that 'Acanny sika' meant the best lev. Then came the kingdom of Akim, which 'furnishes as large quantities of gold as any land that I know, and that also the most valuable and pure of any that is carried away from the coast.' It was easily distinguished by its deep colour. The fourth and fifth were Ashanti and Ananse, a small tract between the ex-great despotism and Denkira. The sixth and last was Awine, our Aowin, the region to the east of the Tándo, then and now included in the British Protectorate. The Dutch 'traded here with a great deal of pleasure,' the people 'being the civilest and fairest dealers of all the negroes.'

The Ashanti war of 1873–74 had the effect of opening to transit a large area of workable ground. English officers traversed the interior in all directions, and their reports

[1] The Inkassa of D'Anville, 1729.

throw vivid light upon the position, the extent, and the value of the auriferous grounds which subtend the Gold Coast and which supply it with the precious metal.

The gold-provinces best known to us are now three—Wásá, of which these pages treat; Akim, the hill-land, an easy journey of a week north with westing from Akra; and Gyáman, the rival of Ashanti.

Akim is divided into eastern and western. Mr. H. Ponsonby, when travelling through both regions, found the natives getting quantities of gold by digging holes eight to ten feet deep on either side of the forest-paths. He saw as much as three ounces taken up in less than half an hour. Around the capital of eastern Akim, Kyebi, or Chyebi, the land is also honeycombed with man-holes, making night-travel dangerous to the stranger. It requires a sharp eye to detect the deserted pits, two feet in diameter and 'sunk straight, as if they had been bored with huge augurs.' I have seen something of the kind in the water-meadows near Shoreham. The workman descends by foot-holes, and works with a hoe four to six inches long by two broad: when his calabash is filled it is drawn up by his companions. The earthquakes of April and July 1862[1] so tossed and

[1] I happened to be at Akra during the convulsion of July 10. The commandant, Major (now Colonel) de Ruvignes, and I set out for a stroll along the sands to the west. The morning was close and cloudy: what little breeze there was came from the south-west, under a leaden sky and over a leaden sea. At 8.10 A.M., as we were returning from the rocks about three-quarters of a mile off, there was a sudden rumbling like a distant thunder-clap; the sands seemed to wave up and down as a shaken carpet, and we both staggered forwards. Others described the movement as rising and falling like the waters of a lagoon. I looked with apprehension at the sea; but the direction of the shock was apparently from west-north-

broke up the hill-strata of Akim that all the people flocked to the diggings and dispensed with the chimney-holes generally sunk. The frontier-village of Adadentum, on the Prah, was nearly buried by a landslip from a spur of the 'Queeshoh Range.' Huge nuggets were uncovered, and the people filled their calabashes daily, thankful to their great fetish, the Kataguri.[1]

west; and the line was too oblique to produce one of those awful earthquake-waves, seventy feet high, which have swept tall ships over the roofs of cities. We ran as fast as we could to the town, where everything was in the wildest confusion. The 'Big House' and Mr. John Hansen's were mere ruins; the Court-house had come to pieces, and the prison-cells yawned open. I distinctly saw that the rock-ledge under Akra, between Fort James and Crèvecœur, had been upraised: canoes passed over what was now dry. A second shock at 8.20 A.M., and a third about 10.45, completed the destruction, split every standing wall, and shook down the three forts into ruinous heaps. Nor did the seismic movements cease till July 15, when I made my escape.

Men who remembered as far back as March 1858, when Colonel Bird ruled the land, declared that Akra had never felt an earthquake; but on the morning of April 14, 1862, there had been a sharp shock followed by sundry lighter movements, and lastly by the most severe. The direction was said to be north-south, and it was supposed to be the tail of a great earthquake, whose focus was behind Sierra Leone. A rumbling, like the rolling of guns, had been heard under the main square of Akra; the shocks were felt by the ships in the roads, and the disturbance was reported to have been even more severe up-country. When the wave reached Agbome, Gelelé, King of Dahome, with characteristic filial piety, exclaimed, 'Don't you see that my father is calling for blood, and is angry because we are not sending him more men?' Whereupon he at once ordered three prisoners from Ishaggà to take the road to Ku-to-men, Hades or Dead-land.

[1] This is a huge brass pan which fell from heaven: it is or was surrounded by drawn swords and gold-handled axes in its sanctuary, the fetish-house.

The provinces of Gyáman, especially Ponin, Safwi, and Showy, are famed for wealth of gold. In African phrase, while 'the metallic veins of Ashanti, Denkira, and Wásá lie twelve cubits deep, those of Gyáman are only five.' The ore dug from pits is of deep colour, and occurs mixed with red gravel and pieces of white granite (quartz?). It is held to be rock-gold (nuggets), and more valuable than that of Ashanti, although the latter, passing for current, is mostly pure. This pit-gold appears in lumps embedded in loam and rock, of which 14 to 15 lbs. would yield 1 to 1½ lb. pure metal. Nuggets are also produced, and chiefs wear them slung to hair and wrists; some may weigh 4 lbs. The dust washed from the torrent-beds is higher-coloured, cleaner, and better than what is produced elsewhere. It found its way to the Nigerian basin as well as to the Gold Coast, and was converted into ducats (miskals) and trinkets, chains, bracelets, anklets, and adornments for weapons. The King of Gyáman became immensely rich by the produce of his mines; and, according to Bowdich, his bed had steps of solid gold.

The reader will have gathered from the preceding pages that the negroes have worked their gold-fields for centuries but to very little purpose. Their want of pumps, of quartz-crushers, and of scientific appliances generally, has limited their labour to scratching the top-soil and nibbling at the reef-walls. A large proportion of the country is practically virgin-ground, and a rich harvest has been left for European science, energy, and enterprise.

The Fantis have many curious usages and superstitions which limit production. As a rule nuggets are the royalty of kings and chiefs; but in many places these 'mothers of

gold' are re-buried, in order that gold may grow from them.[1] I have noted that a smoke, or thin vapour, guides to the unknown placer, and that white gold causes a mine to be abandoned. Rich ground is denoted by a peculiar vegetation, especially of ferns. Gold is guarded here not by a dragon, but by a monstrous baboon; and when golden dogs are found the finder dies. In 1862 I visited with Major de Ruvignes Great Sankánya, a village west of the Volta, where a large gold-field was reported. As we drew near the spot we were told that the precious metal appears during the 'yam-customs,' and that only prayers, sacrifices, and presents to the fetish will make it visible. Presently we saw a white rag on a pole, which the dark youth, our guide, called a 'sign,' and groaned out that it would surely slay us. A woman, whose white and black beads showed a 'religious,' pointed to a place where gold is 'common as ashes after a fire'—the priest being first paid. The report of this excursion spread to Akra; Major de Ruvignes had taken up in his arms a golden dog, and at once fell dead. I can hardly connect the superstition with old Anubis.

Whenever the unshored pit caves in the accident has been caused by evil-minded ghosts, the kobolds of Germany, in which Cornwall till lately believed. Fetish then steps forward and forbids further search. Thus many of the richest placers have been closed. Such, for instance, is the

[1] It was long supposed in Europe that alluvial gold grew by a succession of layers imposed upon a solid nucleus, and by the coalescence of grains as a snow-ball is constructed. Mr. Sellwyn still holds that 'nuggets and particles of alluvial gold may gradually increase by the deposition of metallic gold (analogous to the electro-plating process), from the meteoric waters that circulate through the drifts.'—*Gold Fields of Victoria*, p. 357.

Monte do Diabo (Devil's Hill), the native Mankwadi,[1] near Winnebah, fifteen leagues east from Elmina. The miners were killed by the heat of the shafts, and the mine was at once placed 'in fetish.' But 'fetish' has now lost much of its authority; the Satanic hill will soon be exploited, and its only difficulty is its disputed ownership by 'Ghartey, King of Winnebah,' and 'Okill Ensah, King of Ejemakun.' These dignitaries condescend to advertise against each other in the local papers.

At Adá (Addah), west of the Volta and in its neighbourhood, the Krôbo Hills included, a beggar would be grossly insulted by the offer of a sovereign; he dashes it to earth, spitting upon it with wrath. The Ashantis, as the story runs, once dug treasure near Sakánya; and, as the chiefs and people were becoming too independent of them, the high priests put the precious metal 'in fetish,' with the penalty of blindness to all who worked it. A Danish governor once filled his pockets, and recovered sight only by throwing away the plunder. A brother of the Adá chief offered to show this magic-fenced placer to the late Mr. Nicol Irvine, *moyennant* the trifle of 50*l*. The transaction reminded me of the Hindu alchemist who asks you ten rupees to make a ton of gold.

As regards the gold-supply of this El Dorado, the Gold Coast, it has been estimated that the total since A.D. 1471 amounted to six or seven hundred millions of pounds sterling. Elmina alone, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, annually exported, according to Bosman, 3,000,000*l*. At a

[1] Again, I cannot connect Mankwadi (or even Manquada) with 'Maquida or Azeb, Queen of Sheba'—the latter country probably lying in South Arabian Yemen.

later period Mr. M'Queen increased the figures to 3,400,000*l.* Then came the abolition of slavery, which caused the decline and fall of mining-industry amongst the natives. In 1816 the export was reduced to 400,000*l.* (=100,000 ounces), a figure repeated in 1860 by Dr. Robert Clarke; and in 1862 the amount was variously reported at 192,000*l.* (=48,000 ounces) and half a million of money.

The following proportions were given to me by M. Dahse. Till 1870 the figures are computed by him; after that date the value is declared :— [1]

1866	1867	1868	1869
120,333*l.*	146,182*l*	118,875*l.*	100,214*l.*

1870	1871	1872
116,142*l.*	137,328*l.*	108,869*l.*

Now began the notable falling-off, which reached its maximum next year :—

1873	1874	1875	1876
77,523*l.*	136,263*l.*	117,321*l.*	145,511*l.*
1877	1878	1879	1880
120,542*l.*	122,497*l.*	115,167*l.*	125,980*l.*

M. Dahse assumes the annual average to be in round numbers, 126,000*l.*

The official returns of imported silver from the Coast show :—

1872	1873	1874	1875	1876
7,074*l.*	6,841*l.*	40,964*l.*	23,587*l.*	21,667*l.*

1877	1878	1879	1880
10,905*l.*	41,254*l.*	61,755*l.*	63,337*l.*

[1] *Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom.* Eyre and Spottiswoode. London, 1881.

Totals of gold and silver :—

1872	1873	1874	1875	1876
115,943*l.*	84,364*l.*	177,227*l.*	140,908*l.*	167,178*l.*

1877	1878	1879	1880
131,447*l.*	163,751*l.*	176,922*l.*	189,317*l.*

I was lately asked by an illustrious geologist and man of science, how it came to pass that the Gold Coast, if so rich, has not been worked before this time. These notes will afford a sufficient reply.

b.' The Kong Mountains.

This range, which has almost disappeared from the maps, may have taken its name either from the town of Kong on the southern versant, or it may be a contraction of the Kongkodu, the mountain-land described by Mungo Park. Messieurs J. Zweifel and M. Moustier,[1] who did not reach the Niger sources in 1879, explain 'Kong' as the Kissi name of the line which trends from north-west to south-east, and which divides Koronko-land from Kono-land. When nearing their objective they sighted the Kong-apex, Mount Daro, measuring 1,240 mètres. Older travellers make it a latitudinal chain running nearly east—west, with its centre about the meridian of Cape Coast Castle, and extending 500 to 600 miles on a parallel of north latitude 7°—8°. Westward it bends north behind Cape Palmas, and, like the Ghauts of Hindostan, follows the line of seaboard. I have before noticed the traditions of Mount Geddia, an occidental Kilima-njáro. About the parallel of Sierra Leone the feature splits into a network of ranges, curves, and zigzags,

[1] *Expédition, C. A. Verminck, Voyage aux Sources du Niger.* Marseille, 1880.

which show no general trend. The eastern faces here shed to the Niger, the western to the various streams between the Rokel-Seli, the Gambia, and the Senegal; and the last northern counterforts sink into the Saharâ Desert. The western versant supplies the gold of Senegambia, the southern that of Ashanti and Wásá. The superficial dust is washed down by rains, floods, and rivers; and the dykes and veins of quartz, mostly running north—south, are apparently connected with those of the main range.

That such a chain must exist is proved by the conduct of the Gold Coast streams. The Ancobra, for instance, which often rises and falls from twenty to forty feet in twenty-four hours, suggests that its sources spring from an elevated plane at no great distance from the sea. The lands south of the Kong Mountains are grassy and hilly with extensive plains. This is known through the 'Dŏnko slaves,' common on the coast. Many of them come from about Salagha, the newly-opened mart upon the Upper Volta; they declare that the land breeds ostriches and elephants, cattle and camels, horses and asses. Moreover, it is visited by the northern peoples who cross the Saharâ. I have already noticed the grass-lands of Gyáman.

Captain Clapperton, on his second journey, setting out from Badagry to Busa (Boussa), crossed a hill-range which would correspond with the Kong. It is described as about eighty miles broad, and is said to extend from behind Ashanti to Benin. The traveller, who estimated the culminating point not to exceed 2,500 feet, found the rugged passes hemmed in by denticulated walls and tors of granite, 600 to 700 feet high, and sometimes overhanging the path. The valleys varied in breadth from a hundred yards to half a mile.

A comparatively large population occupied the mountain-recesses, where they planted fine crops of yams, millet, and cotton. The strangers were made welcome at every settlement. Ascending hill after hill, they came to Chaki, a large town on the very summit of the ridge. The *caboceer* had a house and a stock of provisions ready for his guests, put many questions, and earnestly pressed them to rest for two or three days. When the whole chain was crossed they fell into the plains of 'Yaruba' (Yoruba).

The next eye-witness is Mr. John Duncan, who visited Dahome in 1845. King Gezo allowed him a guard of a hundred men, in order to explore with safety the 'Mahi, or Kong Mountains.' His son and successor was not so generous; he systematically and churlishly refused all travellers, myself included, permission to pass northwards of his capital. The Lifeguardsman found the chain, which is distant more than a hundred miles from Agbóme, differing from his expectations in character, appearance, and even position. The grand, imposing line looked from afar like colossal piles of ruins; a nearer view showed immense blocks, some of them 200 feet long, egg-shaped and lying upon their sides. Nearly all the settlements had chosen the summits, doubtless for defence. Mr. Duncan crossed the whole breadth of these 'Kong Mountains,' and pushed 180 miles beyond them over a level land which must shed to the Niger.

These descriptions denote a range of granite, the rock which forms the ground-floor of the Sierra Leone peninsula and the Gold Coast, possibly varied by syenites and porphyries. It would probably contain, like the sea-subtending mountains of Midian, large veins of eminently

metalliferous quartz, outcropping from the surface and forming extensions of the reefs below. From the coast-line the land gradually upslopes towards the spurs of the great dividing ridge; and thus we may fairly expect that the further north we go the richer will become the diggings.

The Kong Mountains are apparently cut through by the Niger south of Iddah, where the true coast begins. Travellers describe the features almost in the words of Clapperton and Denham—the towering masses of granite which contrast so strongly with the southern swamps; upstanding outcrops resembling cathedrals and castellations in ruins; boulders like footballs of enormous dimensions; pyramids a thousand feet high; and solitary cones which rise like giant ninepins. We know too little of the lands lying south-east of the confluence to determine the sequence of the chain, whose counterforts may give rise to the Eastern 'Oil Rivers.' It is not connected with the Peak of Camarones, round which Mr. Cumber, of the Baptist Mission, travelled, and which he determined to be an isolated block. Further south the Ghauts of Western Africa reappeared as the Serra do Crystal, and fringe the mighty triangle below the Equator. They are suspected to be auriferous in places. An American merchant on the Gaboon River, Captain Lawlin, carried home in 1843–44 a quantity of granular gold brought to him by the country-traders. He returned to his station, prepared to work the metals of the interior; but the people took the alarm, and he failed to find the spot.

Cameron and I, prevented by the late season of our landing from attempting this interesting exploration, were careful to make all manner of enquiries concerning the best

point de départ, and if fate prevent our attempting it we shall be happy to see some more favoured traveller succeed. The easiest way would be to march upon Crockerville, two days by the Ancobra River and three by land. The bush-paths, which would require widening for hammocks, lead north through Wásá. There are many villages on the way, and in places provisions can be procured; the people are peaceful and willing to show or to make the path. At Axim I consulted a native guide who knew the Kong village, but not the Kong Mountains. He made the distance six marches to Safwí, where the grass-lands begin; and here he ascended a hillock, seeing nothing but prairies to the north. Eight more stages, a total of fourteen, led him to Gyáman, where he found horses and horsemen. He also knew by hearsay the western route, *viâ* Apollonian Béin.

c. *Native Modes of Working Gold.*

In all places, and at all times, gold, probably the metal first used by man, has been worked in the same way. This is a fair evidence of that instinctive faculty which produces a general resemblance of rude stone-implements from England to Australia. There are six methods for 'getting' the precious metal—surfacing or washing; shallow-sinking: sluicing, or removing the earth through natural and artificial channels; deep sinking; tunnelling, and quartz-mining.

The preceding notes show that the natives of the Gold Coast, and of West Africa generally, are adepts at procuring their gold by 'surfacing,' washing with the calabash or wooden bowl the rich alluvial formations that underlie the top-soil. This is the rudest form of machinery, preceding in

California the cradle, the tom, and the sluice. Westerns made their pans of brass or copper, about sixteen inches in diameter, and nearly two inches deep in the middle where the gold gravitates. Panning in Africa is women's work, and the process has been described in the preceding pages.

But the natives, as has been shown, can also work quartz, an art well known to the Ancient Egyptians. They either pick up detached pieces showing visible gold, or they sink pits and nibble at the walls of the reefs. But whereas the Nile-peoples pounded the stone in mortars and washed the dust on sloping boards, here the matrix must be laboriously levigated. A handful of broken quartz is placed upon the 'cankey-stone,' with which the gudewife grinds her 'mealies.' It is a slightly hollowed slab of granite or hard conglomerate, some two feet square, sloping away from the worker, and standing upon a rude tripod of tree-branches secured by a lashing of 'tie-tie.' The stuff is then rubbed with a hand-stone not unlike a baker's roll, and a slight deviation is given to it as it moves 'fore and aft.' The reduced stone is caught in a calabash placed at the lower end of the slab. This is usually night-work, and all the dark hours will be wasted in grinding down a cubic foot of stone.

The late M. Bonnat had probably read Mr. Andrew Swanzy's evidence before the House of Commons in 1816: 'Gold is procured in every part of the country; it appears more like an impregnation of the soil than a mine.' His long captivity at Kumasi, where to a certain extent he learned the Oji speech, familiarised him with the native processes; and thus a Frenchman taught Englishmen to work gold in a golden land where they have been domiciled—true *fainéants*—for nearly three centuries. He came out in

the Dries of 1877 with the intention of dredging the Ancobra River where the natives dive for the precious metal. He was working in western Apinto, a province of Wásá, under Kofi Blay, a vassal of King Kwábina Angu, when he was visited (January 1878) by Major-General Wray, R.A., Colonel Lightfoot, and Mr. Hervey, who were curious to see the work. They remained only till the return of the mail-steamer, or about five weeks. The General left with some first-rate sketches; the Colonel caught a fever, which killed him at Madeira; and the Esquire, who bears a name well known in Australia, returned to the Gold Coast for the purpose of writing not unprofitable reports. M. Bonnat was presently informed of the Tákwá Ridge, mines well known for a century at least to Cape Coast Castle, and ever the principal source of the Axim currency. They were still worked in 1875 by the people who drew their stores from Axim. A five-weeks' residence convinced him that they were rich enough to attract capital; he went to Europe, and was successful in raising it. Thus began the Tákwá mines, where, by a kind of irony of Fate, the beginner was buried.

M. Bonnat wisely intended to open operations with wet-working. At Axim I was shown a model flume, made to order after the plans of a M. Boisonnet, or, as he signs himself, 'boisonnet.' He was reported to be a large landed-proprietor who had made a fortune by mining in French Guiana. He proposed for M. Bonnat and himself to secure the monopoly of washing the Protectorate with this flume —a veritable French toy, uselessly complicated, and yet to be used only upon the smallest scale. We must go for our models to California and Australia, not to French Guiana.

The following will be the implements with which

the natives of the future must do their work on the Gold Coast:—

The pan begat the cradle, a wooden box on rockers, shaped like the article which gave its name. It measures three feet and a half by eighteen inches, and is provided with a movable hopper and slides. Placed in a sloping position, it is worked to and fro by a perpendicular staff acting as handle, and the grain-gold, a metal seven times heavier than granite, collects where the baby should be. As some flour-gold is here found, the cradle-bottom should be cut with cross-grooves to hold mercury; and the latter must be tempered with sodium or other amalgam.

The cradle begat Long Tom and Broad Tom, the 'tom' proper being the upper box with a grating to keep out the pebbles. 'Long Tom's' body is a wooden trough, from twelve to fourteen feet long by a foot or a foot and a half broad, with ripples, riffles, or cross-bars. There is usually another grating at the lower end to intercept the smaller stones. The machine is fixed in a gently sloping position, at an angle determined by circumstances; the wash-dirt is lifted into the upper end by manual labour; when stiff it must be stirred or shovelled, and a stream of water does the rest. The greater gravity of the gold causes it to be arrested by the riffles. Instead of the bars grooves may be cut and filled with quicksilver. When the sludge is very rich, rough cloths rubbed with mercury, or even sheepskins, the lineal descendants of the Golden Fleece, may be used. 'Broad Tom,' *alias* the 'Victoria Jenny Lind,' is made about half the length of its long brother: the upper end is only a foot wide, broadening out to three below.

'Tom' begat the sluice, which is of two kinds, natural

and artificial. The former is a ditch cut in the floor, with a *talus* of one to forty or fifty. The bottom, which would soon wear away, is revetted with rough planks and paved with hard stones, weighing ten to twenty pounds, the grain being placed vertically. With a full head of water 400 cubic yards a day can easily be washed. The gold, as usual, gravitates through the chinks to the bottom, and finally is cradled or panned out. It is most efficiently treated when the sluice is long; it demands six times more water than the artificial article, but it wants less manual labour. This last property should recommend it to the Gold Coast. Here, I repeat, machinery must be used as much and manual labour as little as possible.

The artificial or portable box-sluice is a series of troughs each about twelve feet long, like the upper compartment of 'Long Tom.' They are made of half-inch boards, rough from the saw, the lower end being smaller to fit into its prolongation. Each compartment is provided with a loose metal bottom pierced with holes to admit the dust; the true bottom below it has cross-riffles, and above it are bars or gratings to catch the coarser stones. These sluices are mounted on trestles, and the latter are disposed upon a slope determined by the quantity of water: the average fall or grade may be 1 to 50. In Australia four men filling a 'Long Tom,' or raised box-sluice, will remove and wash twenty-four cubic yards of ground per day. When the ore is fine, mercury may be dropped into the upper end of the sluice; and it picks up the particles, 'tailing,' as it goes, before the two metals have run far down. Both stop at the first riffle or resting-place.

The auriferous clays of the Gold Coast are thinly covered

with humus, and are not buried, as in Australia, by ten to thirty feet of unproductive top-drift. The whole, therefore, can be run through the sluices before we begin mining the underlying strata. Washing will be easier during the Rains, when the dirt is looser; in the Dries hard and compact stuff must be loosened by the pick and spade or by blasting. There will not be much loss by float-gold, flour-gold, or paint-gold, the latter thus called because it is so fine as to resemble gilding. Spangles and specks are found; but the greater part of the dust is granular, increasing to 'shotty gold.' The natives divide the noble ore into 'dust-gold' and 'mountain-gold.' The latter would consist of nuggets, 'lobs,' or pépites, and of crystals varying in size from a pin's head to a pea. The form is a cube modified to an octahedron and a rhombic dodecahedron. These rich finds are usually the produce of pockets or 'jewellers' shops.' I am not aware if there be any truth in the rule generally accepted: 'The forms of gold are found to differ according to the nature of the underlying rock: if it is slate the grains are cubical; if granite they are flat plates and scales.'

And, lastly, the sluice begat the jet, or hydraulicking proper, which is at present the highest effort of placer-mining. We thus reverse the primitive process which carried the wash-dirt to the water; we now carry the water to the wash-dirt. In California I found the miners washing down loose sandstones and hillocks of clay, passing the stuff through sluices, and making money when the gold averaged only 9*d.* and even 4*d.* to the ton. A man could work under favourable circumstances twenty to thirty tons a day. An Australian company, mentioned by Mr. R. Brough Smyth, with 200 inches of water, directed by ten

hands, 'hydraulicked' in six days 224,000 cubic feet of dirt. The results greatly vary; in some places a man will remove 200 cubic yards a day, and in others only 50.

Hydraulic mining on the Gold Coast, owing to the conformation of the country, will be a far simpler and less expensive process than in California or Australia. In the latter water has first to be bought, and then to be brought in pipes, flumes, leats, or races from a considerable distance, sometimes extending over forty miles. It is necessary to make a reservoir for a fall. The water then rushes through the flexible hose, and is directed by a nozzle against the face of the excavation. The action is that of a fireman playing upon a burning house. Most works on mining insist upon those reservoirs, and never seem to think of washing from below by the force-pump.

I have shown that the surface of the lands adjoining the Ancobra is a series of hummocks, rises, and falls, sometimes, though rarely, reaching 200 feet; that water abounds, and that it is to be had gratis. In every bottom there is a drain, sometimes perennial, but more often a blind gully or creek,[1] which runs only during the Rains, and in the Dries carries at most a succession of pools. Here Norton's Abyssinian tubes, sunk in the bed after it has been carefully worked by the steam-navvy for the rich alluvium underlying the surface, would act like pumps, and dams would form huge tanks. Nor would there be any difficulty in making reservoirs upon the ridge-tops, with launders, or gutters, to collect the rain. Thus work would continue throughout the year, and not be confined, as at present, to the dry season. A pressure of 100 to 200 lbs. per square

[1] The gully feeds a 'creek,' the creek a river.

foot can easily be obtained, and the force of the jet is so great that it will kill a man on the spot. The hose should be of heavy duck, double if necessary, rivetted and strengthened by metal bands or rings—in fact, the crinoline-hose of Australia. Leather would be better, but hard to repair in case of accidents by rats; guttapercha would be expensive, and perhaps thin metal tubes with flexible joints may serve best. The largest hose carried by iron-clads measures 19 to 20 inches in diameter, and is worked by 30 to 40 horse-power. Other vessels have a 15-inch hose worked by manual labour, fifty men changed every ten minutes, and will throw the jet over the royal yards of a first-class man-of-war. The floating power-engines attached to the Dockyard reserves would represent the articles required.

With a diameter of from ten to fifteen inches, and a nozzle of three to four inches, a 'crinoline-hose' will throw a stream a hundred feet high when worked by the simplest steam-power process, and tear down a hill more rapidly than a thousand men with shovels. The cost of washing gravel, sand, and clay did not exceed in our colonies 1*d.* to 2*d.* per ton; and thus the working expenses were so small that 4*d.* worth of gold to the ton of soft stuff paid a fair profit. Lastly, there is little danger to the miner; and this is an important consideration.

It is well known that California was prepared for agriculture and viticulture by 'hydraulicking' and other mining operations. It will be the same with the Gold Coast, whose present condition is that of the Lincolnshire fens and the Batavian swamps in the days of the Romans. Let us only have a little patience, and with patience perseverance, which, 'dear my Lord, keeps honour bright.' The water-jet will

soon clear away the bush, washing down the tallest trees; it will level the ground and will warp up the swamp till the surface assumes regular raised lines. We run no risk of covering the face of earth with unproductive clay. Here the ground is wanted only as a base for vegetation; sun and rain do all the rest. And thus we may hope that these luxuriant wastes will be turned into fields of bustling activity, and will tell the tale of Cameron and me to a late posterity.

But gold is not the only metal yielded by the Gold Coast. I have already alluded in the preceding pages to sundry silver-lodes said to have been worked by the old Hollanders. As is well known, there is no African gold without silver, and this fact renders the legend credible. Even in these dullest of dull days 63,337*l.* worth was the export of 1880. Iron is everywhere, the land is stained red with its oxide; and manganese with cobalt has been observed. I have mentioned that at Akankon my companion showed me a large vein of cinnabar. Copper occurs in small quantities with tin. This metal is found in large veins streaking the granite, according to M. Dahse, who gave me a fine specimen containing some ten and a half per cent. of metal. He has found as much as twelve per cent., when at home 2 to 2½ per cent. pays.[1] The aspect of the land is diamantiferous;[2] and it has been noticed that a crystal believed to

[1] 'The present percentage of block-tin derived from all the tin-ore . . . . of Cornwall is estimated at 2 per cent., or nearly 45 lbs. to the ton of ore.'—Davies, p. 391.

[2] I hear with the greatest pleasure that a syndicate has been formed for working the diamond-diggings of Golconda, a measure advocated by me for many years. Suffice to say here that the Hindús rarely went below 60 feet, because they could not un-

be a diamond has been found in auriferous gravel. In these granitic, gneissose, and quartzose formations topazes, amethysts and sapphires, garnets and rubies, will probably occur, as in the similar rocks of the great Brazilian mining-grounds. The seed-pearl of the Coast-oyster may be developed into a tolerable likeness of the far-famed pear-shaped *Margarita* of Arabian Katifah, which was bought by Tavernier for the sum, then enormous, of 110,000*l.*

Pearl-culture is an art now known even to the wild Arab fisherman of the far Midian shore. Lastly, the humble petroleum, precious as silver to the miner-world, has been found in the British Protectorate about New Town.

water the mine, and that the Brazilian finds his precious stones 280 feet below the surface. Moreover the Indian is the only true diamond: the Brazilian is a good and the Cape a bad natural imitation.

APPENDIX II.

PART I.

LIST OF BIRDS COLLECTED BY CAPTAIN BURTON AND COMMANDER CAMERON.

By R. Bowdler Sharpe, F.L.S.

Vulturine Sea-eagle.	Gypohierax angolensis.
Osprey.	Pandion haliaetus.
Touracou.	Corythaix persa.
Red-headed Hornbill.	Buceros elatus.
Black Hornbill.	Tockus semifasciatus.
Red-throated Bee-eater.	Meropiscus gularis.
Blue-throated Roller with yellow bill.	Eurystomus afer.
Kingfisher with black and red bill.	Halcyon senegalensis.
Small Woodpecker.	Dendropicus lugubris.
Sun-bird.	Anthothreptes rectirostris.
Grey Flycatcher (3 spec.)	Muscicapa lugens.
Dull olive-green Flycatcher with pale eyebrow, 19.	Hylia prasina.
Common Swallow, 33.	Hirundo rustica.
Black Swallow with white throat, 30.	Waldenia nigrita.
Grey-headed Wagtail, 22.	Motacilla flava.
Black and chestnut Weaver-bird, 23.	Hyphantornis castaneofuscus.
Turtle-dove, 15.	Turtur semitorquatus.
Whimbrel, 5.	Numenius phæopus.
Grey Plover, 13.	Squatarola helvetica.
Common Sandpiper, 18.	Tringoides hypoleucus.
Spur-winged Plover, 11.	Lobivanellus albiceps.
Green Heron, 7.	Butoides atricapilla.

PART II.

LIST OF PLANTS COLLECTED ON THE GOLD COAST BY CAPTAIN BURTON AND COMMANDER CAMERON, R.N.

(FURNISHED BY PROFESSOR OLIVER.)

A considerable number of specimens either in fruit only or fragmentary were not identifiable.

Oncoba echinata, Oliv.
Hibiscus tiliaceus, L.
„ Abelmoschus, L.
Glyphæa grewioides, Hk. f.
Scaphopetalum sp. ? fruit.
Gomphia reticulata, P. de B.
„ Vogelii, Hk. f.
„ aff. G. Mannii, Oliv. an sp. nov. ?
Bersama ? sp. an B. maxima? *fruit only.*
Olacinea ? an Alsodeiopsis ? *fruit only.*
Hippocratea macrophylla, V.
Leea sambucina, W.
Paullinia pinnata, L.
? Eriocœlum sp. (fruiting specimen).
Cnestis ferruginea, DC.
Pterocarpus esculentus, Sch.
Baphia nitida, Afz.
Lonchocarpus sp. ?
Drepanocarpus lunatus, Mey.
Phaseolus lunatus ? *imperfect*
Dialium guineense, W.
Berlinia an B. acuminata ? var. (2 forms.)
Berlinia (same ?) in fruit.
Pentaclethra macrophylla, Bth.
Combretum racemosum, P. de B. ?
Combretum comosum, Don.
Laguncularia racemosa, Gaertn.
Begonia sp. flowerless.
Modecca sp. nov. ? flowerless.
Sesuvium Portulacastrum ? barren.
Tristemma Schumacheri, G. and P.
Smeathmannia pubescens, R. Br.
Sabicea Vogelii, Benth. var.
Ixora sp. ?
Rutidea membranacea ? Hiern.
Randia acuminata ? Bth.
Dictyandra ? sp. nov.
Urophyllum sp.

Gardenia ? sp.

Pavetta ? sp.

Canthium, cf. C. Heudelotii, cf. Virecta procumbens, Hiern.; Sm.

Seven imperfect Rubiaceæ (Mussændæ, &c.).

Diospyros sp. ? (corolla wanting).

Rauwolfia Senegambiæ, A. DC.

Tabernæmontana sp. in fruit.

Apocynacea, fragment, in fruit.

Two species of Strychnos in fruit: one with 1-seeded fruit singular and probably new; the other a plant collected by Barter.

Ipomæa paniculata, Br.

Physalis minima, L.

Datura Stramonium ? scrap.

Clerodendron scandens, Beauv.

Brillantaisia owariensis, Beauv.

Lankesteria Barteri, Hk.

Lepidagathis laguroidea, T. And.

Ocymum viride, W.

Platystomum africanum, Beauv.

Brunnichia africana, Welw.

Teleianthera maritima, Moq.

Phyllanthus capillaris, Muell. Arg., var.

Alchornea cordata, Bth. (fruit).

Cyclostemon ? sp. (in fruit only).

Ficus, 3 species.

Musanga Smithii ? (young leafy specimens).

Culcasia sp. (no inflorescence).

Anchomanes, cf. A. dubius (no attached inflorescence).

Anubias ? sp. (no inflorescence).

Palisota thyrsiflora ? Bth. (imperfect).

Palisota prionostachys, C.B.C.

„ bracteosa, C.B.C.

Pollia condensata, C.B.C. (fruit).

Aneilema ovato-oblongum, P. de B.

Aneilema beninense, Kth.

Crinum purpurascens, Herb.

Hæmanthus cinnabarinus ? Dcne.

Dracæna ? sp. (fruit).

„ —(in fruit) aff. D. Camerooniana, Bkr.

Flagellaria indica, L.

Cyrtopodium (? Cyrtopera longifolia, R.f.), no leaf.

Bulbophyllum ? sp. (no inflorescence).

Costus afer ? Ker.

Trachycarpus (fruit) (= Vogel, no. 13).

Phrynium brachystachyum, Körn. (fruit).

Cyperus distans, L.

„ sp.

„ cf. C. ligularis, L.

Mariscus umbellatus, V.

Panicum ovalifolium, P. de B.

Centotheca lappacea, Desv.

In fruit: a fragment, perhaps Anacardiacea.

Pteris (Campteria) biaurita, L.

„ (Litobrochia) Burtoni, n. sp. 62*.

Pteris (Litobrochia) atrovirens, Willd.
Lonchitis pubescens, Willd.
Nephrolepis ramosa, Moore.
„ acuta, Presl.
Nephrodium subquinquefidum, Hook.
Nephrodium, type and var. N. variabile, Hook.
Nephrodium pennigerum, Hook.
Nephrodium ? sp.
Acrostichum sorbifolium, L.
„ fluviatile, Hook.
Lygodium pinnatifidum, Sw.
Selaginella Vogelii, Spring.
„ near anceps, A. Br.?
„ near cathedrifolia Spring.

FUNGI, NAMED BY Dr. M. C. COOKE.

Lentinus sp.
Polyporus (Mesopus) heteromorphus, Lev.
Polyporus (Mesopus) acanthopus, Fr.
Polyporus (Pleuropus) lucidus, Fr.
Polyporus (Pleuropus) sanguineus, Fr.
Polyporus (Placodermei) australis, Fr.
Polyporus (Placodermei) hemitephrus, Berh.
Trametes Carteri, Berk.
„ occidentalis, Fr.
Dædalea sanguinea, Kl.
Hydnum nigrum ? Fr.
Cladoderris dendritica, Pers.
Stereum sp.

The remainder not determinable.

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